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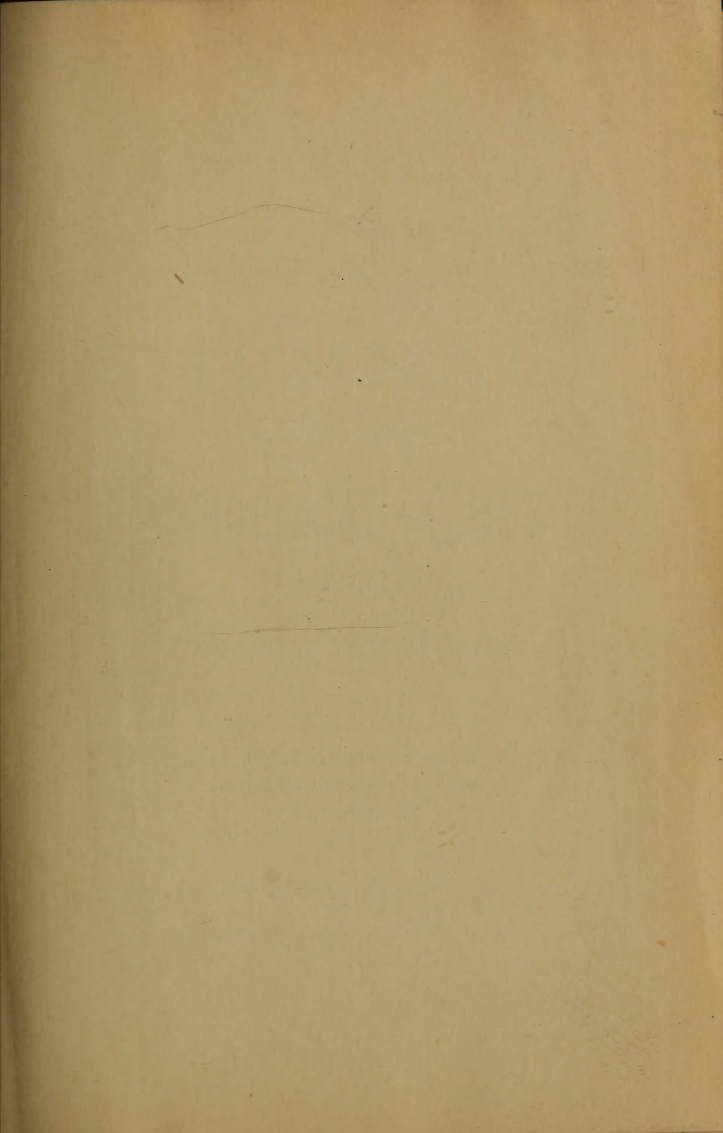
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







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# HYMNAL

— OF THE —

# EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

WORD EDITION.

EDEN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

1716-1718 Chouteau Avenue

St. Louis, Mo

\* \* \* \* \*

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## PREFACE.

THE GERMAN EVANGELICAL SYNOD OF NORTH AMERICA, organized A. D. 1840, has of late years been confronted by the necessity of giving to its children a Hymnal in the language of the country. The rising generation of this church, though of German ancestry, is gradually, in some sections even rapidly, drifting away from the language and customs of its forefathers, and is in danger of becoming estranged to a church, all of whose services hitherto have been conducted in the German language.

While there are many Hymnals in the English language, yet there is none that contains a sufficient number of beautiful, lofty and dignified German chorales, to merit its introduction into the Evangelical congregations, with whom the knowledge of these chorales is the very essence of their musical taste and education.

Accordingly, in February, 1899, a Hymnal in the English language, which should meet the requirements of the Evangelical Church, has been published. It is a splendid work, based upon the noble German chorales with the very cream of English and American hymns, both a *selection* and *collection* of choice tunes and distinctive Evangelical hymns. Old English tunes, which

#### IV.

have become obsolete and worthless, have been dropped, and the acquired space has been given to the most exquisite music of ancient and modern date only. Melodies of rare metre and merit, never before published in America, have been adopted and new translations of choice German hymns introduced. The arrangement of hymns according to the church-year and under many miscellaneous headings facilitates their selection.

The Hymnal has found the happy approval and praise of many men of national renown in the line of hymnological literature. Hardly a year has elapsed since its publication and introduction in many of the Evangelical congregations, and already comes the demand for a very cheap edition, without music, which might be used alongside the Hymnal proper. In order to meet this request, this word edition of the Hymnal of the Evangelical Church is now published, only the music and appendix being omitted, and placed into the hands of the public, with the sincere wish that this edition, too, may prove to be a source of great blessing and a means of establishing praise and glory to God, the Giver of all good.

Be filled with the spirit; speaking to yourselves in Psalms, and Hymns, and spiritual Songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord. Eph. 5, 18. 19.

#### BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

ST. LOUIS, JUNE, 1900.

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1877  
The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the office of Justice of the Peace for the year 1877.

Name	Residence
John A. Smith	St. Louis, Mo.
James B. Jones	St. Louis, Mo.
William C. Brown	St. Louis, Mo.
Charles D. White	St. Louis, Mo.
Edward F. Green	St. Louis, Mo.
George H. Black	St. Louis, Mo.
Franklin I. Gray	St. Louis, Mo.
Henry J. Hall	St. Louis, Mo.
Robert K. King	St. Louis, Mo.
Thomas L. Lee	St. Louis, Mo.
John M. Miller	St. Louis, Mo.
William N. Moore	St. Louis, Mo.
Charles O. Reed	St. Louis, Mo.
Edward P. Scott	St. Louis, Mo.
George Q. Taylor	St. Louis, Mo.
Franklin R. Walker	St. Louis, Mo.
Henry S. Young	St. Louis, Mo.

These persons have been elected to the office of Justice of the Peace for the year 1877.

## I. WORSHIP.

---

### At the Opening of Service.

---

1

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

- 1 All Glory be to God on high,  
Who hath our race befriended!  
To us no harm shall now come nigh,  
The strife at last is ended;  
God showeth His good-will to men,  
And peace shall reign on earth again,  
O thank Him for His goodness.
- 2 We praise, we worship Thee, we trust,  
And give Thee thanks for ever,  
O Father, that Thy rule is just,  
And wise, and changes never:  
Thy boundless power o'er all things reigns,  
Thou dost whate'er Thy will ordains;  
Well for us that Thou rulest!
- 3 O Jesus Christ, our God and Lord,  
Son of Thy heavenly Father,  
O Thou who hast our peace restored  
And the lost sheep dost gather,  
Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on high  
From out our depths we sinners cry,  
Have mercy on us, Jesus!

AT THE OPENING OF SERVICE.

- 4 O Holy Ghost, Thou precious Gift,  
Thou Comforter unfailing,  
O'er Satan's snares our souls uplift,  
And let Thy power availing  
Avert our woes and calm our dread:  
For us the Saviour's blood was shed;  
We trust in Thee to save us!

Nicolaus Decius, 1526.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1862

**2**

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all Creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

**3**

L. M.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise:  
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!  
Eternal truth attends Thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

**4**

L. M.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
||: He can create, and He destroy.:||
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,  
||: He brought us to His fold again.:||



AT THE OPENING OF SERVICE.

- 3 We are His people, we His care,  
Our souls and all our mortal frame;  
What lasting honors shall we rear,  
||: Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?:||
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
||: Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.:||
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,  
Vast as eternity Thy love;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,  
||: When rolling years shall cease to move.:||

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719, alt.

5

L. M

- 1 Thee we adore, eternal Lord!  
We praise Thy Name with one accord.  
Thy saints who here Thy goodness see,  
Thro' all the world do worship Thee.
- 2 To Thee aloud all angels cry,  
The heavens and all the powers on high:  
Thee, holy, holy, holy King,  
Lord God of hosts, they ever sing.
- 3 The apostles join the glorious throng;  
The prophets swell the immortal song;  
Thy martyrs' noble army raise  
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.
- 4 From day to day, O Lord, do we  
Highly exalt and honor Thee!  
Thy Name we worship and adore,  
World without end, forevermore!
- 5 Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,  
To keep us safe from sin this day;  
Have mercy, Lord! we trust in Thee;  
O, let us ne'er confounded be!

Tr. in Cotterill's Selection, 1815.

AT THE OPENING OF SERVICE.

6

L. M.

- 1 All people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:  
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord ye know is God indeed;  
Without our aid He did us make:  
We are His folk, He doth us feed,  
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto;  
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

W. Kethe, 1561.

7

L. M.

- 1 Lord Jesus Christ, be present now!  
And let Thy Holy Spirit bow  
All hearts in love and fear to-day,  
To hear the truth and keep Thy way.
- 2 Open our lips to sing Thy praise,  
Our hearts in true devotion raise,  
Strengthen our faith, increase our light,  
That we may know Thy Name aright:
- 3 Until we join the host that cry  
Holy art Thou, O Lord most High!  
And 'mid the light of that blest place  
Shall gaze upon Thee face to face.

AT THE OPENING OF SERVICE.

- 4 Glory to God, the Father, Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One!  
To Thee, O blessed Trinity,  
Be praise throughout eternity!

Wm. August. II., Duke of Saxe-Weimar, 1638.  
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1862.

8

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

- 1 Come, Thou Almighty King,  
Help us Thy Name to sing,  
Help us to praise!  
Father all glorious  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of days.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, descend;  
From all our foes defend,  
Nor let us fall;  
Let Thine almighty aid  
Our sure defense be made,  
Our souls on Thee be stayed;  
Lord, hear our call.
- 3 Come, Thou incarnate Word  
Gird on Thy mighty sword;  
Our prayer attend;  
Come, and Thy people bless;  
Come, give Thy word success;  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.
- 4 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour;  
Thou, who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power.

AT THE OPENING OF SERVICE.

5 To the great One in Three,  
The highest praises be,  
Hence evermore;  
His sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity

Love and adore. Unknown, c, 1757.

9

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

1 Glory to God on high;  
Let heaven and earth reply;  
Praise ye His Name;  
His love and grace adore,  
Who all our sorrows bore;  
And sing forevermore,  
“Worthy the Lamb.”

2 Ye who surround the throne,  
Cheerfully join in one,  
Praising His Name;  
Ye who have felt His blood  
Sealing your peace with God,  
Sound His dear Name abroad,  
“Worthy the Lamb.”

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,  
Our Lord and God to bless;  
Praise ye His Name;  
In Him we will rejoice,  
And make a joyful noise,  
Shouting with heart and voice,  
“Worthy the Lamb.”

4 Soon must we change our place;  
Yet will we never cease  
Praising His Name;  
To Him our songs we'll bring,  
Hail Him our gracious King,  
And through all ages sing,  
“Worthy the Lamb.”

Rev. James Allen, 1761. alt.



AT THE OPENING OF SERVICE.

10

C. M.

- 1 Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high;  
To Thee will I direct my pray'r,  
||: To Thee lift up mine eye.:||
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,  
To plead for all His saints;  
Presenting, at the Father's throne,  
||: Our songs and our complaints.:||
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand:  
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight  
||: Nor dwell at Thy right hand.:||
- 4 Now to Thy house I will resort  
To taste Thy mercies there,  
I will frequent Thy holy court  
||: And worship in Thy fear.:||
- 5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness;  
Make every path of duty straight,  
||: And plain before my face.:||

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

11

C. M.

- 1 Sing we, the song of those who stand  
Around th' eternal throne,  
Of every kindred, clime, and land,—  
||: A multitude unknown.:||
- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;  
To-day the young, the old,  
Our Saviour and His flock appear,  
||: One Shepherd and one fold.:||
- 3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await  
On earth the pilgrim throng;  
Yet learn we in our low estate  
||: The Church triumphant's song.:||

AT THE OPENING OF SERVICE.

- 4 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"  
Cry the redeemed above,  
"Blessing and honor to obtain,  
||: And everlasting love." :||
- 5 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,  
"Who died our souls to save:  
Henceforth, O death, where is thy sting?  
||: Thy victory, O grave?" :||
- 6 Then hallelujah, power and praise  
To God in Christ be given;  
May all who now this anthem raise,  
||: Renew the song in heaven.:||

James Montgomery, 1822.

12

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Open now thy gates of beauty  
Zion, let me enter there,  
Where my soul in joyful duty  
Waits for Him who answers pray'r:  
O how blessed is this place,  
Filled with solace, light and grace.
- 2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,  
Come Thou also down to me;  
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,  
There a heaven on earth must be.  
To my heart O enter Thou,  
Let it be Thy temple now.
- 3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,  
Here Thy seed is duly sown;  
Let my soul, where it is planted,  
Bring forth precious sheaves alone;  
So that all I hear may be  
Fruitful unto life in me.

AT THE OPENING OF SERVICE.

4 Thou my faith increase and quicken,  
Let me keep Thy gift divine,  
Howsoe'er temptations thicken;  
May Thy word still o'er me shine;  
As my pole-star through my life,  
As my comfort in my strife.

5 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,  
Let Thy will be done indeed;  
May I undisturbed draw near Thee  
While Thou dost Thy people feed.  
Here of life the fountain flows,  
Here is balm for all our woes.

Benjamin Schmolek, 1732.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863.

13

7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 8.

1 Blessed Jesus at Thy word  
We are gathered all to hear Thee;  
Let our hearts and souls be stirred  
Now to seek and love and fear Thee,  
By Thy teachings sweet and holy,  
Drawn from earth to love Thee solely.

2 All our knowledge, sense, and sight  
Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,  
Till Thy spirit breaks our night  
With the beams of truth unclouded.  
Thou alone to God canst win us,  
Thou must work all good within us.

3 Glorious Lord, Thyself impart!  
Light of Light, from God proceeding,  
Open Thou our ears and heart,  
Help us by Thy Spirit's pleading;  
Hear the cry Thy people raises,  
Hear, and bless our prayers and praises.

Tobias Clausnitzen, 1668.

Tr. Anon.

AT THE OPENING OF SERVICE.

14 7. 8. 7. 8, 7. 7.

1 Light of Light, enlighten me!  
Now anew the day is dawning;  
Sun of grace, the shadows flee,  
Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning!  
With Thy joyous sunshine blest,  
Happy is my day of rest.

2 Fount of all our joy and peace,  
To Thy living waters lead me;  
Thou from earth my soul release,  
And with grace and mercy feed me.  
Bless Thy word, that it may prove  
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice  
That upon my lips is lying;  
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,  
That, from every error flying,  
No strange fire may in me glow  
That Thine altar doth not know.

4 Let me with my heart to-day,  
Holy, holy, holy singing,  
Rapt awhile from earth away,  
All my soul to Thee up-springing,  
Have a foretaste, inly given,  
How they worship Thee in heaven.

5 Rest in me and I in Thee,  
Build a paradise within me;  
O reveal Thyself to me,  
Blessed Love, who diedst to win me:  
Fed from Thy exhaustless urn,  
Pure and bright my lamp will burn.

AT THE OPENING OF SERVICE.

- 6 Hence all care, all vanity,  
For the day to God is holy:  
Come, Thou glorious majesty,  
Deign to fill this temple lowly;  
Naught to-day my soul shall move,  
Simply resting in Thy love.

Benjamin Schmolek, 1715,  
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858.

**15** 10. 10. 10. 10.  
(Or to Longwood.)

- 1 Father, again in Jesus' Name we meet,  
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet;  
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,  
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.
2. O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,  
And all Thy work from day to day declare!  
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?  
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?
- 3 Alas, unworthy of Thy boundless love,  
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;  
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,  
Returning sinners to a Father's home.
- 4 O by that Name in which all fulness dwells,  
O by that love which every love excels,  
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,  
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in!

Lady L. E. G. Whitmore, 1824.

**16** 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

- 1 The Lord Jehovah reigns;  
His throne is built on high;  
The garments he assumes  
Are light and majesty;  
His glories shine with beams so bright  
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

AT THE OPENING OF SERVICE.

2 The thunders of His hand  
Keep the wide world in awe;  
His wrath and justice stand  
To guard His holy law;  
And where His love resolves to bless,  
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all His mighty works,  
Surprising wisdom shines;  
Confounds the powers of hell,  
And breaks their cursed designs;  
Strong is His arm, and shall fulfill  
His great decrees, His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King  
Of glory condescend,  
And will He write His Name,  
My Father and my Friend?  
I love His Name, I love His word;  
Join all my powers, and praise the Lord!

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

**17**

6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

1 Christ is our Corner-stone,  
On Him alone we build;  
With His true saints alone  
The courts of heaven are filled;  
On His great love our hopes we place  
Of present grace and joys above.

2 O then with hymns of praise  
These hallowed courts shall ring;  
Our voices we will raise  
The Three in One to sing;  
And thus proclaim in joyful song,  
Both loud and long, that glorious Name.

AT THE OPENING OF SERVICE.

3 Here. gracious God, do Thou  
For evermore draw nigh;  
Accept each faithful vow,  
And mark each suppliant sigh;  
In copious shower on all who pray,  
Each holy day, Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven  
The grace which we implore;  
And may that grace, once given,  
Be with us evermore,  
Until that day when all the blest  
To endless rest are called away.

Anon. (Latin, 6th or 7th Century.)  
Tr. Rev. John Chandler, 1837.

18

6. 6. 8. 6. 6. 8, 6. 6. 6.

1 God reveals His presence;  
Let us now adore Him,  
And with awe appear before Him.  
God is in His temple,  
All in us keep silence,  
And before Him bow with rev'rence.  
Him alone—God we own;  
He's our Lord and Saviour:  
Praise His Name forever.

2 God reveals His presence  
Whom angelic legions  
Serve with awe in heavenly regions:  
Holy, Holy, Holy  
Sing the hosts of heaven;  
Praise to God be ever given:  
Condescend—to attend  
Graciously, O Jesus,  
To our songs and praises.



AT THE OPENING OF SERVICE.

3 O majestic Being  
Were our soul and body  
Thee to serve at all times ready;  
Might we, like the angels  
Who behold Thy glory  
In submission sink before Thee,  
And through grace—all our days  
In our whole demeanor,  
Give Thee praise and honor.

4 Lord, come dwell within us,  
While on earth we tarry;  
Make us Thy blest sanctuary.  
O vouchsafe Thy presence;  
Draw unto us nearer,  
And reveal Thyself still clearer;  
Us direct—and protect,  
Thus we in all places,  
Shall show forth Thy praises.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697—1769.  
Tr. Moravian Collection.

19

7. 7. 7. 7.

1 Lord, we come before Thee now;  
At Thy feet we humbly bow;  
O do not our suit disdain:  
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend,  
In compassion, now descend;  
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,  
Now we seek Thee, here we stay:  
Lord, we know not how to go,  
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

AT THE OPENING OF SERVICE.

- 4 Send some message from Thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford;  
Let Thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
Let the time of joy return;  
Heal the sick, the captive free,  
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

Rev. William Hammond, 1745.

20

L. M.

- 1 Ye nations round the earth, rejoice  
Before the Lord, your sov'reign King,  
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice,  
With all your tongues His glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God; 'tis He alone  
Doth life and breath and being give;  
We are His work, and not our own;  
The sheep that on His pastures live.
- 3 Enter His gates with songs of joy,  
With praises to His courts repair,  
And make it your divine employ  
To pay your thanks and honors there.
- 4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;  
Great is His grace, His mercy sure;  
And the whole race of man shall find  
His truth from age to age endure.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

21

C. M.

- 1 Lord, when we bend before Thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.

AT THE OPENING OF SERVICE.

- 2 Our broken spirits pitying see,  
And penitence impart;  
Then let a kindling glance from Thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay  
Their grateful hymns to raise,  
Grant that our souls may join the lay,  
And mount to Thee in praise.
- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign;  
And not a thought our bosom share  
Which is not wholly Thine.
- 5 Let faith each meek petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies;  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it, or denies.

Rev. Joseph D. Carlyle, 1802.

**22**

6. 7. 8. 4. 8. 7. 7. 10. 8.

Jehovah, Jehovah!  
Jehovah, Thou art worthy  
Of honor and glory and praise!  
Amen, Amen!  
Until the temple of this world  
By Thy pow'r to dust is hurl'd,  
Help us when these halls we throng  
The Holy, Holy, Holy to prolong,  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

G. K. Pfeffel, 1776.

Tr. Rev. C. G. Haas, 1897.

**23**

10. 10. 10. 10.

- 1 As pants the wearied heart for cooling springs,  
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,  
So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings,  
So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling-place.

AT THE OPENING OF SERVICE.

- 2 Why throb, my heart? why sink, my saddening  
soul?  
Why droop to earth, with various woes op-  
pressed?  
My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,  
And peace be yet an inmate of this breast.
- 3 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,  
My heart shall gladden through the tedious  
days;  
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of  
night,  
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.
- 4 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?  
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;  
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;  
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

Rev. Robert Lowth, 1787, *Ab.*

**24**

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

- 1 Glory be to God the Father!  
Glory be to God the Son!  
Glory be to God the Spirit!  
Great Jehovah, Three in One!  
Glory, glory,  
While eternal ages run?
- 2 Glory be to Him who loved us,  
Washed us from each spot and stain!  
Glory be to Him who bought us,  
Made us kings with Him to reign!  
Glory, glory,  
To the Lamb that once was slain?

AT THE OPENING OF SERVICE.

3 Glory to the King of angels!  
Glory to the Church's King!  
Glory to the King of nations!  
Heaven and earth your praises bring!  
Glory, glory,  
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!  
Thus the choir of angels sings;  
Honor, riches, power, dominion!  
Thus its praise creation brings;  
Glory, glory,  
Glory to the King of kings!

Rev. Horatius Bonar; 1866.

**25**

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

1 In Thy Name, O Lord, assembling,  
We, Thy people, now draw near;  
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,  
Speak, and let Thy servants hear—  
Hear with meekness,  
Hear Thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,  
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;  
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,  
May we run, nor weary be,  
Till Thy glory  
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship purer, sweeter,  
Thee Thy people shall adore;  
Tasting of enjoyment greater  
Far than thought conceived before—  
Full enjoyment,  
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1815.



## At the Close of Service.

**26**

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:.  
Let us each, Thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace;  
O refresh us, O refresh us,  
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration  
For Thy gospels joyful sound;  
May the fruits of Thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;  
Ever faithful, ever faithful  
To the truth may we be found!

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,  
Saviour, from the world away;  
Let no fear of death appal us,  
Glad Thy summons to obey;  
May we ever, may we ever  
Reign with Thee in endless day.

Anon. 1773. (Ascribed to Rev. John Fawcett.)

**27**

L. M.

1 Lord, now we part in Thy blest Name,  
In which we here together came;  
Grant us our few remaining days,  
To work Thy will and spread Thy praise.

2 Teach us in life and death to bless  
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteousness;  
Grant that we all may meet above,  
Where we shall better sing Thy love.

AT THE CLOSE OF SERVICE.

- 3 To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honor, praise, and glory given,  
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

John Dracup, 1787, alt.

**28**

L. M. 61.

- 1 Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;  
Thy words into our minds instill;  
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow  
With lowly love and fervent will.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
- 2 The day is done, its hours have run;  
And Thou hast taken count of all  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
True absolution and release;  
And bless us, more than in past days,  
With purity and inward peace.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
- 4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,  
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,  
And loving hearts without alloy,  
That only long to be like Thee.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

AT THE CLOSE OF SERVICE.

- 5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful, unto Thee we call;  
O let Thy mercy make us glad:  
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1849.

**29**

7. 6. 7. 6.

- 1 Abide with us, our Saviour,  
Nor let Thy mercy cease;  
From Satan's might defend us,  
And grant our soul's release.
- 2 Abide with us, our Saviour,  
Sustain us by Thy word,  
That we with all Thy people  
To life may be restored.
- 3 Abide with us, our Saviour,  
Thou Light of endless Light;  
Increase to us Thy blessings,  
And save us by Thy might.

Joshua Stegmann, 1632.

**30**

C. M.

- 1 Almighty God, Thy word is cast  
Like seed upon the ground;  
O may it grow in humble hearts,  
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man  
This holy seed remove,  
But give it root in praying souls  
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares  
The rising plant destroy,  
But may it, in converted minds,  
Produce the fruits of joy.

AT THE CLOSE OF SERVICE.

- 4 Let not Thy word, so kindly sent  
To raise us to Thy throne,  
Return to Thee, and sadly tell  
That we reject Thy Son.

Rev. John Cawood, 1816.

**31** 10. 10. 10. 10.

- 1 Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise  
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;  
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;  
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;  
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day:  
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from  
shame,  
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming  
night;  
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;  
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,  
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;  
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict  
cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1866.

**32** 7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Now may He who from the dead  
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Jesus Christ our King and Head,  
All our souls in safety keep.

AT THE CLOSE OF SERVICE.

- 2 May he teach us to fulfill  
What is pleasing in His sight;  
Perfect us in all His will,  
And preserve us day and night.
- 3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,  
Who the covenant sealed with blood,  
Let our hearts and voices raise  
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

Rev. John Newton, 1779.

**33**

C. M.

- 1 And now the wants are told that brought  
Thy children to Thy knee;  
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,  
But simply worship Thee.
- 2 The hope of heaven's eternal days  
Absorbs not all the heart  
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,  
For being what Thou art.
- 3 For Thou art God, the One, the same,  
O'er all things high and bright;  
And round us, when we speak Thy Name,  
There spreads a heaven of light.
- 4 O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell  
On excellence Divine;  
To know that nought in man can tell  
How fair Thy beauties shine.
- 5 O Thou, above all blessings blest,  
O'er thanks exalted far,  
Thy very greatness is a rest  
To weaklings as we are;
- 6 For when we feel the praise of Thee  
A task beyond our powers,  
We say, "A perfect God is He,  
And He is fully ours."

Rev. William Bright, 1865.



AT THE CLOSE OF SERVICE.

**34**

S. M.

- 1 Still with Thee, O my God,  
I would desire to be,  
By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
I would be still with Thee.
- 2 With Thee, when dawn comes in  
And calls me back to care,  
Each day returning to begin  
With Thee, my God, in prayer.
- 3 With Thee, amid the crowd  
That throngs the busy mart,  
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,  
Speak softly to my heart.
- 4 With Thee, when day is done,  
And evening calms the mind;  
The setting as the rising sun  
With Thee my heart would find.
- 5 With Thee, when darkness brings  
The signal of repose,  
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,  
Mine eyelids I would close.
- 6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith  
Abiding, I would be;  
By day, by night, in life, in death,  
I would be still with Thee.

Rev. James D. Burns, 1857.

**35**

C. M.

- 1 The Lord be with us as we bend  
His blessing to receive;  
His gift of peace upon us send,  
Before His courts we leave.
- 2 The Lord be with us as we walk  
Along our homeward road;  
In silent thought or friendly talk  
Our hearts be still with God.

AT THE CLOSE OF SERVICE.

- 3 The Lord be with us till the night  
Shall close the day of rest;  
Be He of every heart the Light,  
Of every home the Guest.
- 4 And when our nightly prayers we say,  
His watch He still shall keep,  
Crown with His grace His own blest day,  
And guard His people's sleep.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1870.

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## II. THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY SPIRIT.

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### God, the Father Almighty.

**36** L. M.

- 1 Through ev'ry age, eternal God,  
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:  
High was Thy throne ere heav'n was made,  
Or earth Thy humble foot-stool laid.
- 2 Long hadst Thou reigned ere time began,  
Or dust was fashioned into man:  
And long Thy kingdom shall endure,  
When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, weak man, is borne to die,  
Made up of guilt and vanity;  
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just—  
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."
- 4 Death, like an overflowing stream,  
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream—  
An empty tale—a morning flower,  
Cut down and withered in an hour.

GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

- 5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;  
And kindly lengthen out our span,  
Till a wise care of piety  
Fit us to die and dwell with Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

**37**

L. M.

- 1 Thou, Lord, of all the parent art,  
Of all things Thou alone the end,  
On Thee still fix our wavering heart,  
To Thee let all our actions tend.
- 2 Thou, Lord, art Light; Thy native ray  
No change, nor shadow ever knows;  
To our dark souls Thy Light display,  
The glory of Thy face disclose.
- 3 Thou, Lord, art Love; the Fountain Thou  
Whence mercy unexhausted flows;  
On barren hearts, O shed it now,  
And make the desert bear the rose!
- 4 So shall our every power to Thee  
In love and holy service rise;  
And body, soul, and spirit be  
Thy ever-lasting sacrifice.

J. A. Freylinghausen, 1670—1739.

Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1736.

**38**

C. M.

- 1 Thou, Lord, art Love; and everywhere  
Thy Name is brightly shown,  
Beneath, on earth, Thy foot-stool fair,  
Above, in heaven, Thy throne.
- 2 Thy word is love; in lines of gold  
There mercy prints its trace;  
In nature we Thy steps behold,  
The gospel shows Thy face.

HIS BEING AND ATTRIBUTES.

- 3 Thy ways are love; though they transcend  
Our feeble range of sight,  
They wind, through darkness, to their end  
In everlasting light.
- 4 Thy thoughts are love; and Jesus is  
The living voice they find:  
His love lights up the vast abyss  
Of the eternal Mind.
- 5 Thy chastisements are love; more deep  
They stamp the seal Divine,  
And by a sweet compulsion keep  
Our spirits nearer Thine.
- 6 Thy heaven is the abode of Love:  
O, blessèd Lord, that we  
May there, when time's deep shades remove,  
Be gathered home to Thee.
- 7 There with Thy resting saints to fall  
Adoring round Thy throne;  
Where all shall love Thee, Lord, and all  
Shall in Thy love be one.

Rev. James D. Burns, 1858.

39

8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 God is Love; His mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove;  
Bliss He makes, and woe He lightens:  
God is Wisdom, God is Love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;  
Man decays, and ages move;  
But His mercy waneth never:  
God is Wisdom, God is Love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will His changeless goodness prove;  
From the mist His brightness streameth:  
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above;  
Everywhere His glory shineth:  
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

40

8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

- 1 Beyond, beyond that boundless sea,  
Above that dome of sky,  
Farther than thought itself can flee,  
Thy dwelling is on high;  
Yet dear the awful thought to me  
That Thou my God art nigh.
- 2 Art nigh, and yet my laboring mind  
Feels after Thee in vain,  
Thee in these works of power to find  
Or to Thy seat attain;  
Thy messenger, the stormy wind,  
Thy path, the trackless main.
- 3 These speak of Thee with loud acclaim;  
They thunder forth Thy praise,  
The glorious honor of Thy Name,  
The wonders of Thy ways:  
But Thou art not in tempest flame,  
Nor in the solar blaze.
- 4 We hear Thy voice when thunders roll  
Through the wide fields of air;  
The waves obey Thy dread control;  
Yet still Thou art not there;  
Where shall I find Him, O my soul!  
Who yet is everywhere?

## HIS BEING AND ATTRIBUTES.

- 5 O, not in circling depth or height,  
But in the conscious breast,  
Present to faith, though veiled from sight  
There does His Spirit rest;  
O come, Thou Presence infinite!  
And make Thy creature blest.

Josiah Conder, 1830.

41

S. M.

- 1 My soul repeat His praise  
Whose mercies are so great,  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised,  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of His grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins,  
And His forgiving love,  
Far as east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord  
To those that fear His Name  
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower;  
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But Thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.



GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

**42**

8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 God, my King, Thy might confessing,  
Ever will I bless Thy Name,  
Day by day Thy throne addressing,  
Still will I Thy praise proclaim.
- 2 Honor great our God befitteth;  
Who His majesty can reach?  
Age to age His works transmitteth,  
Age to age His power shall teach.
- 3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,  
On Thy might and greatness dwell,  
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,  
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.
- 4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure  
Works by love and mercy wrought;  
Works of love surpassing measure,  
Works of mercy passing thought.
- 5 Full of kindness and compassion,  
Slow to anger, vast in love,  
God is good to all creation;  
All His works His goodness prove.
- 6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee;  
Thee shall all Thy saints adore;  
King supreme shall they confess Thee,  
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

Bishop Richard Mant, 1824.

**43**

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Thank and praise Jehovah's Name;  
For His mercies firm and sure,  
From eternity the same,  
To eternity endure.

## HIS BEING AND ATTRIBUTES.

2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,  
Gathered out of every land,  
As the people of His choice,  
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray,  
Hither, thither, while they roam,  
Hungry, fainting by the way,  
Far from refuge, shelter, home:

4 Then unto the Lord they cry;  
He inclines a gracious ear,  
Sends deliverance from on high,  
Rescues them from all their fear.

5 To a pleasant land He brings,  
Where the vine and olive grow,  
Where from flowery hills the springs  
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 O that men would praise the Lord  
For His goodness to their race,  
For the wonders of His word,  
And the riches of His grace.

James Montgomery, 1822.

**44**

C. M.

1 Great God, how infinite art Thou!  
What worthless worms are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to Thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made;  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in Thy view;  
To Thee there's nothing old appears—  
Great God, there's nothing new.

GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,  
And vexed with trifling cares;  
While Thine eternal thoughts move on  
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite art Thou!  
What worthless worms are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707.

**45**

L. M. 61.

1 Above—below—where'er I gaze,  
Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,  
Traced in the midnights planets' blaze,  
Or glist'ning in the morning dew;  
Whate'er is beautiful or fair,  
Is but Thine own reflection there.

2 I hear Thee in the stormy wind  
That turns the ocean wave to foam;  
Nor less Thy wondrous power I find  
When summer airs around me roam;  
The tempest and the calm declare  
Thyself—for Thou art everywhere.

3 I find Thee in the noon of night,  
And read Thy Name in every star  
That drinks in splendor from the light  
That flows from mercy's beaming car:  
Thy footstool, Lord, each starry gem  
Composes—not Thy diadem.

Anon.

**46**

C. M.

1 Supreme in wisdom as in power,  
The Rock of Ages stands;  
We see Him not, yet may we trace  
The working of His hands.

HIS BEING AND ATTRIBUTES.

- 2 He gives the conquest to the weak,  
Supports the fainting heart,  
And courage in the evil hour  
His heavenly aids impart.
- 3 Mere human power shall fast decay,  
And youthful vigor cease;  
But they who wait upon the Lord  
In strength shall still increase.
- 4 They with unwearied feet shall tread  
The path of life Divine;  
With growing ardor onward move,  
With growing brightness shine.
- 5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar—  
Their wings are faith and love;  
Till, past the cloudy regions here,  
They rise to heaven above.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707, *alt.*

47

C, M.

- 1 My God, how wonderful Thou art!  
Thy majesty how bright,  
How glorious is Thy mercy seat  
In depths of burning light.
- 2 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,  
Almighty as Thou art;  
For Thou hast stopped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.
- 3 No earthly father loves like Thee,  
No mother half so mild  
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done  
With me, Thy sinful child.
- 4 My God, how wonderful Thou art,  
Thou everlasting Friend!  
On Thee I stay my trusting heart,  
Till faith in vision end.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1848.

GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

48

10. 10. 11. 11.

1 O worship the King, all glorious above,  
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;  
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,  
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might! O sing of His grace!  
Whose robe is the light; whose canopy space;  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds  
form,  
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,  
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old;  
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree;  
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?  
It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;  
It streams from the hills; it descends to the  
plain;  
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;  
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might? Ineffable Love!  
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,  
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant, 1833.

49

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

1 Praise the Lord: ye heav'ns adore Him;  
Praise Him, angels, in the height;  
Sun and moon rejoice before Him,  
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.

## HIS BEING AND ATTRIBUTES.

Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;  
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;  
Laws which never shall be broken,  
For their guidance hath He made.

2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;  
Never shall His promise fail:  
God hath made His saints victorious;  
Sin and death shall not prevail.  
Praise the God of our salvation;  
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;  
Heaven and earth and all creation,  
Laud and magnify His Name.

3 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,  
Lord, we offer unto Thee;  
Young and old, Thy praise expressing,  
In glad homage bend the knee.  
All the saints in heaven adore Thee;  
We would bow before Thy Throne:  
As Thine Angels serve before Thee,  
So on earth Thy will be done.

Verses 1, 2, Anon. c. 1801;  
verse 3, Edward Osler, 1836.

## 50

L. M.

1 Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me through;  
Thine eye commands with piercing view  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known;  
He knows the words I mean to speak,  
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within Thy circling power I stand;  
On every side I find Thy hand:  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.



GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!  
What large extent, what lofty height!  
My soul, with all the powers I boast,  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

**51**

L. M.

- 1 The Lord, how wondrous are His ways!  
How firm His truth, how large His grace!  
He takes His mercy for His throne,  
And thence He makes His glories known.
- 2 Not half so high His power hath spread  
The starry heavens above our head  
As His rich love exceeds our praise,  
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 Not half so far has nature placed  
The rising morning from the west  
As His forgiving grace removes  
The daily guilt of those He loves.
- 4 How slowly doth His wrath arise!  
On swifter wings salvation flies:  
And, if He lets His anger burn,  
How soon His frowns to pity turn!

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

**52**

C. M.

- 1 Come, ye that know and fear the Lord!  
And raise your souls above;  
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord,  
To sing that—God is Love.

## HIS BEING AND ATTRIBUTES.

- 2 This precious truth His word declares,  
And all His mercies prove;  
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,  
To show that—God is Love.
- 3 Behold His loving-kindness waits  
For those who from Him rove,  
And calls for mercy reach their hearts,  
To teach them—God is Love.
- 4 The work begun is carried on,  
By power from heaven above;  
And every step, from first to last,  
Proclaims that—God is Love.
- 5 O may we all, while here below,  
This best of blessings prove;  
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,  
Shall shout that—God is Love.

Rev. George Burder, 1832.

**53**

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Earth, with her ten thousand flowers,  
Air with all its beams and showers,  
Ocean's infinite expanse,  
Heaven's resplendent countenance;  
All around, and all above,  
Hath this record—God is Love.
- 2 Sounds among the vales and hills,  
In the woods and by the rills,  
Of the breeze and of the bird,  
By the gentle murmur stirred;  
All these songs, beneath, above,  
Have one burden—God is Love.
- 3 All the hopes and fears that start  
From the fountain of the heart;  
All the quiet bliss that lies  
In our human sympathies;  
These are voices from above,  
Sweetly whispering —God is Love.

Rev. Thomas R. Taylor, 1834.

GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

**54**

C. M. D.

- 1 O God, Thy power is wonderful,  
Thy glory passing bright;  
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,  
A rapture to the sight:  
I see Thee in th' eternal years  
In glory all alone,  
Ere round Thine uncreated fires  
Created light had shone.
- 2 I see Thee walk in Eden's shade,  
I see Thee all through time;  
Thy patience and compassion seem  
New attributes sublime.  
I see Thee when the doom is o'er,  
And outworn time is done,  
Still, still incomprehensible,  
O God, yet not alone.
- 3 Angelic spirits, countless souls,  
Of Thee have drunk their fill;  
And to eternity will drink  
Thy joy and glory still.  
O little heart of mine! shall pain  
Or sorrow make thee moan,  
When all this God is all for thee,  
A Father all thine own?

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1854.

**55**

C. M.

- 1 Thou Grace Divine encircling all,  
A soundless, shoreless sea!  
Wherein at last our souls must fall,  
O Love of God most free!
- 2 And though we turn us from Thy face,  
And wander wide and long,  
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,  
O Love of God most strong!

## HIS BEING AND ATTRIBUTES.

- 3 The saddened heart, the restless soul,  
The toil-worn frame and mind,  
Alike confess Thy sweet control,  
O Love of God most kind!
- 4 And filled and quickened by Thy breath,  
Our souls are strong and free  
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,  
O Love of God, to Thee!

Eliza Scudder, 1890.

## 56

8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator!  
Praise to Thee from ev'ry tongue;  
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature,  
Join the universal song.
- 2 Father! Source of all compassion!  
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine:  
Hail the God of our salvation,  
Praise Him for His love Divine!
- 3 For ten thousand blessings given,  
For the hope of future joy,  
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,  
Sound Jehovah's praise on high!
- 4 Praise to God, the great Creator,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;  
Praise Him, every living creature,  
Earth and heaven's united host.
- 5 Joyfully on earth adore Him,  
Till in heaven our song we raise;  
Then enraptured fall before Him,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

Rev. John Fawcett, 1767.

GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

**57**

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 O God, the Rock of Ages,  
Who evermore hast been,  
What time the tempest rages,  
Our dwelling-place serene:  
Before Thy first creations,  
O Lord, the same as now,  
To endless generations  
The everlasting Thou!
- 2 Our years are like the shadows  
On sunny hills that lie,  
Or grasses in the meadows  
That blossom but to die;  
A sleep, a dream, a story  
By strangers quickly told,  
An unremaining glory  
Of things that soon are old.
- 3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,  
Whose light grows never pale,  
Teach us aright to number  
Our years before they fail;  
On us Thy mercy lighten,  
On us Thy goodness rest,  
And let Thy Spirit brighten  
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.
- 4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor  
With beauty and with grace,  
Till, clothed in light forever,  
We see Thee face to face:  
A joy no language measures;  
A fountain brimming o'er;  
An endless flow of pleasures;  
An ocean without shore.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1860.

## The Creation, Government and Providence.

58

C. M.

- 1 Let heav'n arise, let earth appear  
Proclaimed Eternal God,  
The heav'n arose, the earth appeared  
At His creating word.
- 2 But formless was the earth, and void,  
Dark, sluggish, and confused;  
Till o'er the mass the spirit moved,  
And quickening power diffused.
- 3 Then spake the Lord Omnipotent  
The mandate, "Be there light:"  
Light darted forth in vivid rays,  
And scattered ancient night.
- 4 The glorious firmament He spread,  
To part the earth and sky;  
And fixed the upper elements  
Within their spheres on high.
- 5 He bade the seas together flow;  
They left the solid land:  
And herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,  
Sprung forth at His command.
- 6 Above he formed the stars; and placed  
Two greater orbs of light;  
The radiant sun to rule the day,  
The moon to rule the night.
- 7 To all the varied living tribes  
He gave their wondrous birth;  
Some formed within the watery deep,  
Some from the teeming earth.
- 8 Then, chief o'er all His works below,  
Man, honored man, was made;  
His soul with God's pure image stamped,  
With innocence arrayed.



GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

- 9 Completed now the mighty work,  
God His creation viewed;  
And, pleased with all that He had made,  
Pronounced it "very good."

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

**59**

C. M.

- 1 Great Ruler of all nature's frame,  
We own Thy power Divine;  
We hear Thy breath in every storm,  
For all the winds are Thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,  
They work Thy sovereign will;  
And, awed by Thy majestic voice,  
Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy tempers every blast  
To them that seek Thy face,  
And mingles with the tempest's roar  
The whispers of Thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,  
Till all the tumult cease;  
And gales of paradise shall lull  
My weary soul to peace.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755.

**60**

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Heaven and earth and sea and air,  
All their Maker's praise declare:  
Wake, my soul awake and sing,  
Now thy grateful praises bring.
- 2 See the glorious orb of day  
Breaking through the clouds his way:  
Moon and stars with silvery light  
Praise Him through the silent night.

## THE CREATION, GOVERNMENT AND PROVIDENCE.

3 See how He hath everywhere  
Made this earth so rich and fair;  
Hill and vale and fruitful land,  
All things living show His hand.

4 See how through the boundless sky  
Fresh and free the birds do fly;  
Fire and wind and storm are still  
Servants of His royal Will.

5 See the water's ceaseless flow,  
Ever circling to and fro:  
From the sources to the sea,  
Still it rolls in praise to Thee.

Joachim Neander, 1640—1680.

## 61

S. M.

1 My Maker and my King,  
To Thee my all I owe;  
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring  
From whence my blessings flow.

2 The creature of Thy hand,  
On Thee alone I live;  
My God, Thy benefits demand  
More praise than life can give.

3 O what can I impart,  
When all is Thine before?  
Thy love demands a thankful heart;  
The gift, alas, how poor!

4 Shall I withhold Thy due?  
And shall my passions rove?  
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,  
And fill it with Thy love.

Anne Steele, 1760.

GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

62

6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

- 1 Dread Majesty above!  
Of prayer none else is worthy;  
The angels near Thy throne  
With rev'rence bow before Thee!  
In love and humble faith  
Make Thou our souls sincere,  
That we may seek Thy face  
With thanks and holy fear.
- 2 Thou callest what was not  
To life and conscious pleasure,  
And beings round Thee spread  
In numbers without measure;  
Thy nature all is love,  
And works of boundless skill  
Unceasingly employed,  
Thy schemes of love fulfill.
- 3 Thou speakest, and 'tis done;  
When but Thy word was given,  
The frame of nature rose—  
The earth and starry heaven.  
Thy will throughout the world  
Such deeds of power show,  
As creatures else would think  
Beyond all power to do.
- 4 'Tis Thine alone, to live  
And reign supreme forever.  
Life's Thine to give or take,  
We breathe but by Thy favor.  
The soul that rules in us  
We have, Most High, from Thee;  
Were such Thy will, it dies,  
But Thou must ever be.

THE CREATION, GOVERNMENT AND PROVIDENCE.

5 What we, immortal King,  
Are of Thy nature knowing,  
Thou hast Thyself revealed,  
Thy works and counsels showing.  
Creation speaks Thy power,  
More clearly still Thy Son  
Displays Thy wondrous grace,  
And makes Thy mercy known.

6 Yet, what we learn of Thee  
With shadows here is shrouded;  
But soon we hope a light  
And vision all unclouded,  
When we to God shall come,  
No shade or veil between;  
And there His glory see,  
As we ourselves are seen.

7 Meantime would we below  
Ne'er cease our honors bringing;  
Despise not, Lord the praise  
Our stammering tongues are singing:  
When we shall rise to Thee  
In realms of light above,  
In higher, nobler strains,  
We'll sing the God of love.

Joh. Sam. Dieterich, 1721—1797, Tr.

**63**

10. 10. 10, 10.

1 Honor and glory, thanksgiving and praise,  
Maker of all things to Thee we upraise;  
God the Almighty, the Father, the Lord;  
God by the angels obeyed and adored.

2 Thou art the Father of heaven and earth;  
Worlds uncreated to Thee owe their birth;  
All the creation, Thy voice when it heard,  
Started to light and to life at Thy word.

GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

3 Onward the sun and the moon on their march  
Span with the rainbow the firmament's arch;  
Stars yet unknown, and whose light is to come,  
Find in creation their place and a home.

4 Earth with the mountain, the river, the plain,  
Sky with the dew-drop, the wind, and the rain,  
Beast of the forest, wild bird of the air,  
All are Thy creatures, and all are Thy care.

5 Ocean the restless, and waters that swell,  
Lightnings that flash over flood, over fell,  
Own Thee the Master Almighty, and call  
Thee the Creator, the Father of all.

6 Yea, Thou art Father of all, and Thy love  
Pity for man that is fallen doth move;  
Sharing our nature, though sinless, Thy Son  
Came to redeem us, by Satan undone.

7 God in three Persons! give ear to our prayer;  
Thought, word, and deed in Thine image repair;  
Guide us in life, and protect to the last;  
And, at Thine advent, Lord, pardon the past.

Rev. Edward A. Dayman, 1868.

64

L. M.

(Or to Gilead.)

1 The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.

## THE CREATION, GOVERNMENT AND PROVIDENCE.

- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth;
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
Forever singing, as they sing,  
"The hand that made us is Divine."

Joseph Addison, 1712.

## 65

L. M.

- 1 High in the heavens, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines;  
Thy truth shall break through every cloud  
That veils and darkens Thy designs.
- 2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep;  
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large;  
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;  
The whole creation is Thy charge,  
But saints are Thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God, how excellent Thy grace!  
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;  
The sons of Adam, in distress,  
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.



GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

- 5 From the provisions of Thy house  
We shall be fed with sweet repast;  
There mercy like a river flows,  
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of my Lord,  
And in Thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promised in Thy word.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

66

C. M. D.

- 1 O, who is like the Mighty One,  
Whose throne is in the sky!  
Who compasseth the universe  
With his all-searching eye;  
At whose creative word appeared,  
The dry land and the sea;  
My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord;  
My spirit thirsts for Thee!
- 2 Around Him suns and systems swim  
In harmony and light;  
Before Him harps angelic hymn  
His praises day and night;  
Yet to the contrite, day and night,  
In mercy turneth He;  
My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,  
My spirit thirsts for Thee!
- 3 Yea, though His works are infinite,  
His power upholds them all;  
He clothes the lilies of the field,  
And marks the sparrow's fall:  
Who listens to the raven's cry,  
Will bend His ear to me;  
My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord!  
My spirit thirsts for Thee!

David M. Moir, 1846.

THE CREATION, GOVERNMENT AND PROVIDENCE.

67

C. M. D.

- 1 When all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with thè view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.  
Unnumbered comforts, to my soul,  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 2 When in the slippery paths of youth,  
With heedless steps, I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.  
Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 3 Through every period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.  
Through all eternity, to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
For, O, eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise!

Joseph Addison, 1712.

68

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Sov'reign Ruler of the skies,  
Ever gracious, ever wise!  
All my times are in Thy hand,  
All events at Thy command.
- 2 Thou didst form me in the womb;  
Thou wilt guide me to the tomb:  
All my times shall ever be  
Ordered by Thy wise decree.

GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

- 3 Times of sickness, times of health;  
Times of penury and wealth;  
Times of trial and of grief;  
Times of triumph and relief:
- 4 Times the tempter's power to prove,  
Times to taste a Saviour's Love:  
All must come, endure and end,  
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 5 O Thou gracious, wise and just!  
Unto Thee my life I trust:  
Know that Thou art God alone;  
I and mine are all Thine own.

John Ryland, 1777, a.

**69**

9. 6. 6. 8. 4.

- 1 Yes our Shepherd leads with gentle hand,  
Through this dark pilgrim land,  
His flock most dearly bought,  
Which He so long and fondly sought.  
Hallelujah!
- 2 When in clouds and mist the weak ones stray,  
He shows again the way,  
And points to them afar  
A bright and safely guiding star.  
Hallelujah!
- 3 Tenderly He watches from on high  
With an unwearied eye;  
He comforts and sustains,  
In all their fears and deepest pains.  
Hallelujah!
- 4 Through the dreary desert He will guide  
To the green fountain-side;  
Through dark and stormy night,  
Unto a land of peace and light.  
Hallelujah!

## THE CREATION, GOVERNMENT AND PROVIDENCE.

- 5 Yes! His "little flock" are ne'er forgot;  
His mercy changes not:  
Our home is safe above,  
Within His arms of faithful love.  
Hallelujah!

Fried. Ad. Krummacher, 1805.

Tr. alt. Rev. C. G. Haas. 1897.

## 70

L. M.

- 1 God is the refuge of His saints  
When storms of sharp distress invade;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold Him present with His aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled  
Down to the deep, and buried there,  
Convulsions shake the solid world—  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;  
In sacred peace our souls abide;  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God,  
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,  
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,  
Our grief allays, our fear controls;  
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threatening hour;  
Nor can her firm foundation move,  
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

**71**

L. M. 61.

- 1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care:  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noonday walks He shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;  
To fertile vales and dewey meads  
My weary wandering steps He leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crowned  
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison, 1712.

**72**

C. M.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform:  
He plants His footsteps in the sea  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

THE CREATION, GOVERNMENT AND PROVIDENCE.

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!  
The clouds ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and will break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain;  
God is His own Interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1774.

73

C. M.

- 1 Thy way, O God, is in the sea;  
Thy paths I cannot trace,  
Nor comprehend the mystery  
Of Thy unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense  
My captive soul surround;  
Mysterious deeps of providence  
My wondering thoughts confound.
- 3 As through a glass, I dimly see  
The wonders of Thy love;  
How little do I know of Thee,  
Or of the joys above!
- 4 'Tis but in part I know Thy will:  
I bless Thee for the sight;  
When will Thy love the rest reveal,  
In glory's clearer light?



GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

5 With rapture shall I then survey  
Thy providence and grace,  
And spend an everlasting day  
In wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1782.

**74**

C. M. D.

1 While Thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes stilled,  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.  
Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;  
To Thee my thoughts would soar;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;  
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear,  
Thy ruling hand I see.  
Each blessing to my soul more dear  
Because conferred by Thee.  
In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet Thy will.  
My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The lowering storm shall see;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;  
That heart will rest on Thee.

Helen Maria Williams, 1786.

**75**

L. M.

(Or to Creation.)

1 The Lord is King! lift up thy voice,  
O earth; and all ye heav'ns rejoice;  
From world to world the joy shall ring,  
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"

## THE CREATION, GOVERNMENT AND PROVIDENCE.

- 2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare  
Resist His will, distrust His care,  
Or murmur at His wise decrees,  
Or doubt His royal promises?
- 3 The Lord is King! Child of the dust,  
The Judge of all the earth is just;  
Holy and true are all His ways:  
Let every creature speak His praise.
- 4 O when His wisdom can mistake,  
His might decay, His love forsake,  
Then may His children cease to sing,  
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"
- 5 Alike pervaded by His eye,  
All parts of His dominion lie;  
This world of ours, and worlds unseen,  
And thin the boundary between.
- 6 One Lord, one empire, all secures;  
He reigns, and life and death are yours:  
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,  
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"

Josiah Conder, 1824.

## 76

L. M.

- 1 Up to the Lord, that reigns on high,  
And views the nations from afar,  
Let everlasting praises fly,  
And tell how large His bounties are.
- 2 He overrules all mortal things,  
And manages our mean affairs;  
On humble souls the King of kings  
Bestows His counsels and His cares.
- 3 Our sorrows and our tears we pour  
Into the bosom of our God;  
He hears us in the mournful hour,  
And helps to bear the heavy load.

GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

- 4 O, could our thankful hearts devise  
A tribute equal to Thy grace,  
To the third heaven our song should rise,  
And teach the golden harps Thy praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

77

4. 7. 4. 7. 8.

- 1 O sing to God,  
The God of boundless power;  
Great is His Name,  
Creator of all nature,  
And all the heav'ns are His domain.;
- 2 His robe is light,  
His law eternal justice;  
His government,  
The life of man controlling,  
Is wisdom, truth and righteousness.
- 3 Supremely rich,  
A source of sweetest blessing,  
God without end,  
And God without beginning,  
His mercies wide all creatures reach.
- 4 When He is near  
In safety I am resting;  
My actions all  
Omniscient God is testing;—  
He searcheth every human heart.
- 5 Who can conceive  
Creation's countless wonders?  
The smallest dust,  
The sun, the clouds, and thunders  
To God their homage duly give.
- 6 The bladed plant,  
The flower, the springing fountains,  
The air, the sea,  
The meadows, dales, and mountains  
Are rivals grand in nature's chant.

## THE CREATION, GOVERNMENT AND PROVIDENCE.

7 The thirsty land  
His rains make greenest pastures,  
The night and day,  
The grain and earth's vast treasures  
Are tokens of His gracious hand.

8 He knows my prayer,  
My soul's deep hidden craving,  
And all I do  
Of good or ill behaving;—  
Unharm'd I rest in His good care.

9 All I may claim  
To Him, my God, belongeth;  
While I have breath  
My soul sincerely longeth  
To laud His great and glorious Name.

10 God is my Shield,  
My good and sure Defender;  
What care I now  
For worldly pomp and splendor,—  
'Gainst fiercest foe the sword I wield.

Chr. F. Gellert, 1715—1769.

Tr. Rev. C. G. Haas, 1898.

**78**

9. 8. 9. 8. D.

(Or to Knecht.)

1 How great Thy goodness, heav'nly Father!  
Is he a man that ever feels  
Thy countless mercies round him gather  
And yet no gratitude reveals?  
O that my highest duty ever  
Be this: to fathom His deep love;  
The Lord hath me forgotten never,  
Praise thou, my soul, the Lord above.

GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

- 2 Who hath in heavenly wisdom made me?  
Thou God, who art omnipotent;  
Who hath by patient guidance led me?  
The One, whose counsel brings content;  
Who giveth peace to troubled conscience,  
Who fills my heart with hope Divine  
And drives away the fear of vengeance?  
'Tis His strong arm and grace sublime.
- 3 Look, O my soul, into yon regions  
To which thy Maker calleth thee;  
When thou with glorious, happy legions  
Thy God forever clear shalt see.  
Rejoicing sweet beyond is offered,  
To every soul eternal life  
Since Jesus Christ, the Saviour, suffered  
And rose,—the Victor in the strife.
- 4 O worship God in truth and spirit,  
His loving-kindness understand!  
His solemn call, O seek to heed it,  
Press onward under His command;  
His will upon my heart impressèd,  
And in His word distinctly taught,  
Doth render this the law most blessed:  
“Love thou thy neighbor and thy God!”
- 5 In gratitude, this law observing,  
To gain perfection, God I fear;  
And thus, from duty never swerving,  
The Maker's image may appear!  
If love Divine my soul doth quicken  
Each duty promptly to fulfill,  
I know, though sins around me thicken,  
I serve alone the Master's will.
- 6 O God display Thy loving-kindness  
My grandest vision e'er to be,  
To strengthen all my good impulses  
My life and all to give to Thee;

## THE CREATION, GOVERNMENT AND PROVIDENCE.

Thy love my comfort when I languish,  
My guide in days of sunshine clear;  
In death's approach,—the final anguish,—  
Allay all doubt, allay all fear.

Chr. F. Gellert, 1715–1769.

Tr. Rev. C. G. Haas, 1898.

79

C. M.

- 1 O God, my Strength and Fortitude,  
Of Force I must love Thee;  
Thou art my Castle and Defense  
In my necessity.
- 2 The Lord Jehovah is my God,  
My Rock, my Strength, my Wealth;  
My strong Deliverer, and my Trust,  
My spirit's only Health.
- 3 In my distress I sought my God,  
I sought Jehovah's face;  
My cry before Him came; He heard  
Out of His holy place.
- 4 The Lord descended from above  
And bowed the heavens most high,  
And underneath His feet He cast  
The darkness of the sky.
- 5 On cherub and on cherubim  
Full royally He rode,  
And on the wings of mighty winds  
Came flying all abroad.
- 6 The voice of God did thunder high,  
The lightnings answered keen;  
The channels of the deep were bared,  
The world's foundations seen.
- 7 And so delivered He my soul:  
Who is a rock but He?  
He liveth—blessèd be my Rock;  
My God exalted be.

Thomas Sternhold, 1561, alt.



GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

The Angels.

80

6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

- 1 Around the throne of God  
The host angelic throngs;  
They spread their palms abroad,  
And shout perpetual songs:  
Him first they own, Him last and best,  
God ever blest, and God alone.
- 2 Their golden crowns they fling  
Before His throne of light,  
And strike the rapturous string,  
Unceasing, day and night:  
"Earth, heaven, and sea, Thy praise declare;  
For Thine they are, and Thine shall be.
- 3 "O Holy, Holy Lord,  
Creation's sovereign King!  
Thy majesty adored  
Let all creation sing;  
Who wast, and art, and art to be;  
Nor time shall see Thy sway depart.
- 4 "Great are Thy works of praise,  
O God of boundless might;  
All just and true Thy ways,  
Thou King of saints, in light:  
Let all above, and all below,  
Conspire to show Thy power and love.
- 5 "Who shall not fear Thee, Lord,  
And magnify Thy Name?  
Thy judgments, sent abroad,  
Thy holiness proclaim:  
Nations shall throng from every shore,  
And all adore in one loud song."

## THE ANGELS.

6 While thus the powers on high  
    Their swelling chorus raise,  
    Let earth and man reply,  
    And echo back the praise:  
His glory own, first, last, and best ;  
God ever blest, and God alone.

Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., 1823.

**81**

8. 8. 8. 8.

- 1 Inspirer and Hearer of prayer,  
    Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,  
    My all to Thy covenant care,  
    I, sleeping or waking, resign.
- 2 If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,  
    The night is no darkness to me ;  
    And, fast as my minutes roll on,  
    They bring me but nearer to Thee.
- 3 A sovereign Protector I have,  
    Unseen, yet forever at hand ;  
    Unchangeably faithful to save,  
    Almighty to rule and command.
- 4 His smiles and His comforts abound,  
    His grace, as the dew, shall descend ;  
    And walls of salvation surround  
    The soul He delights to defend.
- 5 Thy ministering spirits descend,  
    To watch while Thy saints are asleep ;  
    By day and by night they attend,  
    The heirs of salvation to keep.
- 6 Bright seraphs, dispatched from the throne,  
    Repair to their stations assigned ;  
    And angels elect are sent down  
    To guard the elect of mankind.
- 7 Their worship no interval knows :  
    Their fervor is still on the wing ;  
    And, while they protect my repose,  
    They chant to the praise of my King.

GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

8 I, too, at the season ordained,  
Their chorus forever shall join;  
And love and adore, without end,  
Their faithful Creator and mine.

Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1774.

**82**

10. 10. 10. 10.

1. Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright,  
Filled with celestial resplendence and light;  
These that, where night never followeth day,  
Raise the "Thrice holy" song ever and aye!

2 These are Thy counselors; these dost Thou own,  
God of Sabaoth! the nearest Thy throne;  
These are Thy ministers; these dost Thou send,  
Help of the helpless ones, man to defend.

3 When by Thy word earth was first poised in  
space;  
When the far planets first sped on their race;  
When was completed the six days' employ,  
Then "all the sons of God shouted for joy!"

4 Still let them succor us; still let them fight,  
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right!  
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,  
We with the angels may bow and adore!

St. Joseph of the Studium, 850.  
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1854.

**83**

8. 7. 8. 7.

1 Where the angel hosts adore Thee,  
Thou, O God, in heav'n dost reign;  
At Thy word they rose around Thee,  
And Thy word doth them sustain.

2 Thousand times ten thousand, bending  
At Thy throne, their homage pay;  
Flames of fire in strength excelling,  
Swift Thy pleasure to obey.

THE FALL AND REDEMPTION OF MAN.

- 3 Fashioned in a wondrous order,  
 Thee they serve, their Lord and King;  
 Grant that in our cares and dangers  
 They may timely succor bring.
- 4 Praise to Thee who hast created  
 Earth and heaven with all their host;  
 Praise to Thee, O God most mighty,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

J. B. De Santeuil, 1680.

Tr. Helen Maria Williams, 1786.

## The Fall and Redemption of Man.

84

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

- 1 Dear Christian people all rejoice,  
Each soul with joy upraising  
Pour forth a song with heart and voice,  
With love and gladness singing,  
Give thanks to God, our Lord above,  
Thanks for His miracle of love!  
Dearly He hath redeemed us.
- 2 He spoke to His belovèd Son,  
With infinite compassion:  
“Go hence, my heart’s most precious one  
Be to the lost salvation;  
Death, his relentless tyrant, stay,  
And bear him from his sins away  
With Thee to live forever!”
- 3 The Son came, saying: “Cling to me,  
Thy sorrows now are ending;  
Freely I give Myself to thee,  
Thy life with mine defending;  
For I am thine and thou art mine,  
And where I am there thou shalt shine,  
The foe shall never reach us.”

GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

- 4 "To heaven again I rise from hence,  
High to my Father soaring,  
Thy Master there to be, and thence  
My Spirit on thee pouring:  
In every grief to comfort thee,  
And teach thee more and more of me,  
Into all truth still guiding."
- 5 "What I have done and taught on earth,  
Do thou, and teach, none dreading:  
That so God's kingdom may go forth,  
And His high praise be spreading;  
And guard thee from the words of men,  
Lest the great joy be lost again:  
This my last charge I leave thee."

Martin Luther, 1483—1546.

Tr. alt. Rev. C. G. Haas, 1897.

**85**

C. M.

- 1 How helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load!  
The heart, unchanged, can never rise  
To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught beneath a power Divine  
The stubborn will subdue?  
'Tis Thine, almighty Saviour, Thine,  
To form the heart anew.
- 3 'Tis Thine, the passions to recall,  
And upward bid them rise,  
And make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darkened eyes;
- 4 To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live;  
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
'Tis Thine alone to give.

THE FALL AND REDEMPTION OF MAN.

- 5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And give them life Divine!  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
Almighty Lord, be Thine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

86

C. M.

- 1 All that I was, my sin, my guilt,  
My death, was all my own;  
All that I am, I owe to Thee,  
My gracious God, alone.
- 2 The evil of my former state  
Was mine, and only mine;  
The good in which I now rejoice  
Is Thine, and only Thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former state,  
The bondage, all was mine;  
The light of life in which I walk,  
The liberty, is Thine.
- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,  
It taught me to believe;  
Then in believing, peace I found,  
And now I live, I live.
- 5 All that I am, even here on earth,  
All that I hope to be  
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,  
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1853.

87

S. M.

- 1 Ah, how shall fallen man  
Be just before his God?  
If he contend in righteousness,  
We sink beneath the rod.



GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

- 2 If He our ways should mark  
With strict inquiring eyes,  
Could we for one of thousand faults  
A just excuse devise?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God,  
Who can with Thee contend?  
Or who that tries the awful strife,  
Shall prosper in the end?
- 4 The mountains, in Thy wrath,  
Their ancient seats forsake;  
The trembling earth deserts her place,—  
Her rooted pillars shake.
- 5 Ah, how shall guilty man  
Contend with such a God?  
None,—none can meet Him, and escape,  
But through the Saviour's blood.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707, alt.

88

S. M.

- 1 O bless the Lord, my soul;  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless Thy Name,  
Whose favors are Divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,  
Nor let His Mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis He forgives thy sins,  
'Tis He relieves thy pain,  
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When ransomed from the grave;  
He that redeemed my soul from hell,  
Hath sovereign power to save.

THE FALL AND REDEMPTION OF MAN.

5 He fills the poor with good ;  
He gives the sufferers rest :  
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,  
And justice for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways  
He made by Moses known ;  
But sent the world His truth and grace  
By His belovèd Son.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

89

S. M.

1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of His choice ;  
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear His holy Name,  
And laud and magnify?

3 O for the living flame,  
From His own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our Strength and Song,  
And His salvation ours ;  
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed  
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord ;  
The Lord your God adore :  
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name,  
Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery, 1824.

GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

90

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 God of mercy, God of grace,  
Show the brightness of Thy face:  
Shine upon us, Saviour shine,  
Fill Thy church with light Divine;  
And Thy saving health extend,  
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;  
Be by all that live adored:  
Let the nations shout and sing,  
Glory to their Saviour King;  
At Thy feet their tributes pay,  
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;  
Earth shall then her fruits afford;  
God to man His blessing give,  
Man to God devoted live;  
All below, and all above,  
One in joy, and light, and love.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834.

91

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,  
To His feet thy tribute bring;  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who, like me, His praise should sing?  
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise  
Praise the everlasting King. [Him,

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor  
To our fathers in distress:  
Praise Him, still the same forever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;  
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise  
Glorious in His faithfulness. [Him,

## THE FALL AND REDEMPTION OF MAN.

- 3 Father-like, He tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame He knows;  
In His hands He gentle bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes;  
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise  
Widely as His mercy goes. [Him,
- 4 Angels, help us to adore Him;  
Ye behold Him face to face;  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,  
Dwellers all in time and space,  
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise  
Praise with us the God of grace. [Him,
- Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834.
- 

## JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD

### The Advent.

**92** 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 6. 6.

- 1 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!  
Behold the King of glory waits;  
The King of kings is drawing near,  
The Saviour of the world is here;  
Life and salvation He doth bring,  
Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing:  
We praise Thee, Father, now,  
Creator, wise art Thou.
- 2 The Lord is just, a Helper tried,  
Mercy is ever at His side;  
His kingly crown is holiness,  
His sceptre, pity in distress,  
The end of all our woe He brings;  
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings:  
We praise Thee, Saviour, now,  
Mighty in deed art Thou!

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

- 3 O blest the land, the city blest,  
Where Christ the Ruler is confest!  
O happy hearts and happy homes  
To whom this King in triumph comes?  
The cloudless Sun of joy He is,  
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss:  
O Comforter Divine,  
What boundless grace is Thine!
- 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart;  
Make it a temple, set apart  
From earthly use for heaven's employ,  
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy;  
So shall your Sovereign enter in,  
And new and nobler life begin:  
To Thee, O God, be praise,  
For word and deed and grace!
- 5 Redeemer, come! I open wide  
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!  
Let me Thy inner presence feel,  
Thy grace and love in me reveal;  
The Holy Spirit guide us on,  
Until the glorious crown be won!  
Eternal praise and fame  
We offer to Thy Name.

Georg Weissel, 1633.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855, a.

93

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 O how shall I receive Thee,  
How meet Thee on Thy way;  
Blest hope of ev'ry nation,  
My soul's delight and stay?  
O Jesus, Jesus, give me  
Now by Thine own pure light,  
||:To know whate'er is pleasing  
And welcome in Thy sight.:||

THE ADVENT.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,  
And branches fresh and fair;  
My soul in praise awaking,  
Her anthem shall prepare.  
Perpetual thanks and praises  
Forth from my heart shall spring;  
||:And to Thy Name the service  
Of all my powers I bring.:||

3 Love caused Thy Incarnation,  
Love brought Thee down to me.  
Thy thirst for my salvation  
Procured my liberty.  
O Love beyond all telling,  
That led Thee to embrace,  
||:In love all love excelling,  
Our lost and fallen race!:||

4 Ye, who with guilty terror  
Are trembling, fear no more:  
With love and grace the Saviour  
Shall you to hope restore.  
He comes, who contrite sinners  
Will with the children place,  
||:The children of His Father,  
The heirs of life and grace.:||

5 Rejoice then, ye sad-hearted,  
Who sit in deepest gloom,  
Who mourn o'er joys departed,  
And tremble at your doom:  
He who alone can cheer you  
Is standing at the door;  
||:He brings His pity near you,  
And bids you weep no more.:||

Paul Gerhardt, 1653, Tr. ab.



JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

94

L. M.

- 1 On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry  
Announces that the Lord is nigh;  
Come, then, and hearken: for he brings  
Glad tidings from the King of kings.
- 2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast,  
And furnished for so great a guest!  
Yea, let us each his heart prepare  
For Christ to come and enter there.
- 3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,  
Our refuge and our great reward;  
Without Thy grace our souls must fade,  
And wither like a flower decayed.
- 4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,  
And bid the fallen sinner stand:  
Once more upon Thy people shine,  
And fill the world with love Divine.
- 5 All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,  
Whose advent set Thy people free;  
Whom with the Father we adore,  
And Holy Ghost forevermore.

From the Latin. 1736.

Tr. Rev. John Chandler, 1837.

95

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Come, Thou Saviour of our race,  
Choicest gift of heavenly grace!  
O Thou blessed Virgin's Son,  
Be Thy race on earth begun.
- 2 Not of mortal blood or birth,  
He descends from heaven to earth;  
By the Holy Ghost conceived,  
Truly man to be believed.

## THE ADVENT.

- 3 Wondrous birth! O wondrous Child!  
Of the Virgin, undefiled!  
Though by all the world disowned,  
Still to be in heaven enthroned.
- 4 From the Father forth He came,  
And returneth to the same;  
Captive leading death and hell,—  
High the song of triumph swell.
- 5 Equal to the Father now,  
Though to dust Thou once didst bow;  
Boundless shall Thy kingdom be;  
When shall we its glories see?
- 6 Brightly doth Thy manger shine!  
Glorious is its light Divine:  
Let not sin o'ercloud this light,  
Ever be our faith thus bright.

Ambrose of Milan, d. 397.

Tr. Martin Luther, 1524.

Tr. William M. Reynolds, 1850.

**96**

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8.

- 1 Comfort, comfort ye my people,  
Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;  
Comfort those, who sit in darkness,  
Mourning 'neath their sorrows' load.  
Speak ye to Jerusalem  
Of the peace that waits for them;  
Tell her that her sins I cover,  
And her war-fare now is over.
- 2 For the herald's voice is crying  
In the desert far and near,  
Bidding all men to repentance  
Since the kingdom now is here.  
O, that warning cry obey!  
Now prepare for God a way!  
Let the valleys rise to meet Him  
And the hills bow down to greet Him.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

- 3 Make ye straight what long was crooked,  
Make the rougher places plain:  
Let your hearts be true and humble  
As befits His holy reign;  
For the glory of the Lord  
Now o'er earth is shed abroad  
And all flesh shall see the token  
That His word is never broken.

John Olearius, 1671.

97

9. 9. 8. 9. 9. 8.

- 1 He comes, no royal vesture wearing,  
An humble beast the Monarch bearing;  
Receive Thy King, Jerusalem!  
Go forth with palms His triumph showing,  
With branches green the pathway strewing,  
And shout hosannas to His Name.
- 2 O Sovereign, by no host attended!  
Strong Champion, by no spear defended!  
O Prince of Peace, and David's Son!—  
Thy throne, from whose approach forever,  
The kings of earth Thy steps would sever,  
Is by Thee, without battle, won.
- 3 Unto the empire Thou hast founded,  
Though not of earth, nor by earth bounded,  
All earthly realms shall subject be:  
Forth into every land and nation,  
Thy servants, armed with Thy salvation,  
March to prepare a way for Thee.
- 4 And at Thy coming, clothed with power,  
The sullen storm forgets to lower,  
And waves grow calm beneath Thy tread;  
The bonds, by man's rebellion blighted,  
In a new covenant are united,  
And sin and death in fetters led.

## THE ADVENT.

5 O Lord of grace and truth unending,  
And love all reach of thought transcending,  
Revisit us, so sorely tried!  
Thine Advent once again is needed,  
To form anew Thy peace, unheeded  
By wordly haughtiness and pride.

6 O let Thy light, which ne'er shall vanish,  
From earth the power of darkness banish!  
The lurid flames of discord quell;  
That we, the thrones and people loyal,  
As brethren 'neath Thy sceptre royal,  
In Thy great Father's house may dwell.

Friedrich Rückert, b. 1789, Tr.

98

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

1 O'er the distant mountains breaking  
Comes the reddening dawn of day;  
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,  
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;  
'Tis thy Saviour, blessed Lord!  
On His bright returning way.

2 O Thou long-expected! weary  
Waits my anxious soul for Thee,  
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,  
Where Thy light I do not see;  
O my Saviour, blessed Lord!  
When wilt Thou return to me?

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,  
Spent the night, the day at hand;  
Keep me in my lowly station,  
Watching for Thee, till I stand,  
O my Saviour, blessed Lord!  
In Thy bright, Thy promised land.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

- 4 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,  
Swift to hear and slow to roam,  
Watching for Thy glad returning  
To restore me to my home.  
Come my Saviour, blessed Lord!  
Thou hast promised: quickly come,

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1863.

**99** 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

- 1 Zion, at thy shining gates,  
Lo, the King of glory waits!  
Haste thy Monarch's pomp to greet,  
Strew thy palms before His feet.  
Christ, for Thee their triple light  
Faith and Hope and Love unite;  
This the beacon we display,  
To proclaim Thine Advent day.
- 2 Come and give us peace within;  
Loose us from the bands of sin;  
Take away the galling weight  
Laid on us by Satan's hate.  
Give us grace Thy yoke to wear;  
Give us strength Thy cross to bear;  
Make us Thine in deed and word,  
Thine in heart and life, O Lord!
- 3 Kill in us the carnal root,  
That the Spirit may bear fruit;  
Plant in us Thy lowly mind;  
Keep us faithful, loving, kind.  
So, when Thou shalt come again,  
Judge of angels and of men,  
We, with all Thy saints, shall sing  
Hallelujahs to our King.

Rev. Benj. H. Kennedy, 1804.

THE ADVENT.

100

8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 Come, Thou long expected Jesus,  
Born to set Thy people free;  
From our fears and sins release us,  
Let us find our rest in Thee.
- 2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,  
Hope of all the earth Thou art;  
Dear Desire of every nation,  
Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born Thy people to deliver;  
Born a Child, and yet a King;  
Born to reign in us forever,  
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts alone;  
By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
Raise us to Thy glorious Throne.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744.

101

C. M.

- 1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long:  
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,  
And ev'ry voice a song,  
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,  
Exerts His sacred fire;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
His holy breast inspire,  
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held:  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield,  
The iron fetters yield.



JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
    To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eyeballs of the blind  
    To pour celestial day,  
    To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
    The bleeding soul to cure,  
And would with treasures of His grace  
    Enrich the humble poor,  
    Enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace!  
    Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
    With Thy belovèd Name,  
    With Thy belovèd Name.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1735.

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**The Nativity.**

**102**

C. M.

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;  
    Let earth receive her King;  
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,  
    ||: And heav'n and nature sing.:||
- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:  
    Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains  
    ||: Repeat the sounding joy.:||

### THE NATIVITY.

- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make His blessings flow  
||:Far as the curse is found.:||
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
||:And wonders of His love.:||

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

**103**

8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 Hark! what mean those holy voices,  
Sweetly sounding through the skies?  
Lo, th' angelic host rejoices;  
Heav'nly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen, to the wondrous story,  
Which they chant in hymns of joy:—  
“Glory in the highest, glory;  
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 “Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found,  
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,  
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 “Christ is born, the great Anointed;  
Heaven and earth His praises sing;  
Glad receive whom God appointed  
For your Prophet, Priest and King!”
- 5 “Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;  
Learn His Name, and taste His joy:  
Till in heaven you sing before Him,  
‘Glory be to God most high!’”

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story  
Of our great Redeemer's birth;  
Spread the brightness of His glory  
Till it cover all the earth.

Rev. John Cawood, 1819.

**104**

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

- 1 Angels, from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye who sang Creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 2 Shepherds, in the fields abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant Light:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great Desire of nations;  
Ye have seen His natal star:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In His temple shall appear:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

## THE NATIVITY.

5 All creation, join in praising  
God the Father, Spirit, Son;  
Evermore your voices raising  
To the Eternal Three in One:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery, 1816: doxology added.

### 105

C. M.

1 While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground;  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
||:And glory shone around.:||

2 "Fear not," said he—for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind—  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,  
||:To you and all mankind.:||

3 "To you, in David's town this day,  
Is born of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,  
||:And this shall be the sign: :||

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
||:And in a manger laid.:||

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, who thus  
||:Addressed their joyful song: :||

6 "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men  
||:Begin, and never cease!":||

Nahum Tate, 1703.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

**106**

L. M.

- 1 All praise to Thee, eternal Lord,  
Cloth'd in a garb of flesh and blood;  
Choosing a manger for Thy throne,  
While worlds on worlds are Thine alone.
- 2 Once did the skies before Thee bow:  
A Virgin's arms contain Thee now;  
Angels, who did in Thee rejoice,  
Now listen for Thine infant voice.
- 3 A little Child, Thou art our Guest  
That weary ones in Thee may rest:  
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,  
That we may rise to heaven from earth.
- 4 Thou comest in the darksome night,  
To make us children of the light,  
To make us, in the realms Divine,  
Like Thine own angels, round Thee shine.
- 5 All this for us Thy love hath done;  
By this to Thee our love is won;  
For this we tune our cheerful lays,  
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

1st v. Ancient Requiem; others, Martin Luther, 1523

**107**

C. M. D.

- 1 It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold:  
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,  
From heaven's all gracious King:"  
The world in solemn stillness lay,  
To hear the angels sing.

## THE NATIVITY.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled,  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world:  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds  
The blessèd angels sing.

3 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow,—  
Look now! for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing:  
O rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold;  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendors fling,  
And the whole world give back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

Rev. Edmund H. Sears, 1850.

108

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

1 Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King;  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled!"  
Joyfull, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
With th'angelic host proclaim,  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem?"  
Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King."



JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;  
Christ, the everlasting Lord!  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
Hail the Incarnate Deity,  
Pleased as man with men to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King."

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings.  
Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King."

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739, alt.

109

P. M. Irregular.

1 O come, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant,  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;  
Come and behold Him,  
Born the King of Angels;  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord,

2 God of God,  
Light of Light.  
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;  
Very God,  
Begotten, not created;  
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

## THE NATIVITY.

3 Sing, choirs of Angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing all ye citizens of heav'n above:  
Glory to God  
In the highest;  
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,  
Born this happy morning,  
Jesus, to Thee be glory giv'n;  
Word of the Father,  
Now in flesh appearing;  
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

Anon. (Latin, 17th Cent.)

Tr. Rev. Frederick Oakley, 1841.

## 110

8. 6. 6. 8. 6. 6.

- 1 All my heart this day rejoices,—  
As I hear, far and near,  
Sweetest angel voices:  
“Christ is born,” their choirs are singing  
Till the air ev'rywhere  
Now with joy is ringing.
- 2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,  
Soft and sweet, doth entreat:  
“Flee from woe and danger;  
Brethren, come: from all that grieves you  
You are freed; all you need  
I will surely give you.”
- 3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder;  
Here let all, great and small  
Kneel in awe and wonder;  
Love Him who with love is yearning;  
Hail the Star, that from far  
Bright with hope is burning!

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

- 4 Ye who pine in weary sadness,  
Weep no more, for the door  
Now is found of gladness.  
Cling to Him, for He will guide you  
Where no cross, pain or loss,  
Can again betide you.
- 5 Hither come, ye heavy-hearted,  
Who for sin, deep within,  
Long and sore have smarted:  
From the poisoned wounds you're feeling  
Help is near; One is here  
Mighty for their healing.
- 6 Hither come, ye poor and wretchèd;  
Know His will is to fill  
Every hand outstretchèd;  
Here are riches without measure,  
Here forget all regret,  
Fill your hearts with treasure.
- 7 Blessed Saviour, let me find Thee!  
Keep Thou me close to Thee,  
Cast me not behind Thee!  
Life of life, my heart Thou stillest  
Calm I rest, on Thy breast,  
All this void Thou fillest.
- 8 Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish  
Live to Thee, and with Thee,  
Dying, shall not perish;  
But shall dwell with Thee forever,  
Far on high, in the joy  
That can alter never.

Paul Gerhardt, 1656.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858.

THE NATIVITY.

111

L. M

- 1 "From heav'n above to earth I come,  
To bear good news to ev'ry home;  
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,  
Whereof I now will say and sing:
- 2 "To you, this night, is born a Child  
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;  
This little Child, of lowly birth,  
Shall be the Joy of all your earth.
3. "'Tis Christ, our God, who far on high  
Hath heard your sad and bitter cry;  
Himself will your Salvation be,  
Himself from sin will make you free."
- 4 Welcome to earth, Thou noble Guest,  
Through whom e'en wicked men are blest!  
Thou com'st to share our misery;  
What can we render, Lord, to Thee?
- 5 Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child,  
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,  
Within my heart, that it may be  
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.
- 6 My heart for every joy doth leap,  
My lips no more can silence keep,  
I too must sing with joyful tongue  
That sweetest ancient cradle-song:
- 7 Glory to God in highest heaven,  
Who unto man His Son hath given,  
While angels sing with pious mirth  
A glad New Year to all the earth.

Martin Luther, 1535.  
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

**112**

L. M,

- 1 Emmanuel! we sing Thy praise,  
Thou Prince of Life! Thou Fount of Grace!  
With all Thy saints, Thee, Lord, we sing;  
Praise, honor, thanks, to Thee we bring!
- 2 E'er since the world began to be,  
How many a heart hath longed for Thee!  
And Thou, O long-expected Guest,  
Hast come at last to make us blest!
- 3 Now art Thou here: we know Thee now;  
In lonely manger liest Thou:  
A Child, yet makest all things great;  
Poor, yet is earth Thy robe of state.
- 4 Now fearless I can look on Thee:  
From sin and grief Thou set'st me free:  
Thou bearest wrath, Thou conquerest death,  
Fear turns to joy Thy glance beneath.
- 5 Thou art my Head, my Lord Divine:  
I am Thy member, wholly Thine;  
And in Thy Spirit's strength would still  
Serve Thee according to Thy will.
- 6 Thus will I sing Thy praises here,  
With joyful spirit year by year:  
And they shall sound before Thy throne,  
Where time nor number more is known.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855.

**113**

8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.

- 1 O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie;  
Above Thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by:

THE NATIVITY.

Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary,  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wond'ring love.  
O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth!  
And praises sing to God the King  
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven,  
No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O Holy Child of Bethlehem!  
 Descend to us, we pray;  
 Cast out our sin, and enter in;  
 Be born in us to-day.  
 We hear the Christmas angels  
 The great glad tidings tell;  
 O come to us, abide with us,  
 Our Lord Emmanuel!

Bishop Philip Brooks, 1835-1893.

**114** 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

1 Christians, awake, salute the happy morn  
Where-on the Saviour of the world was born;  
Rise to adore the mystery of love  
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:  
With them the joyful tidings first begun  
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.



JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
To you, and all the nations upon earth:  
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word;  
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake: and straightway the celestial choir  
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;  
The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang:  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
Peace upon earth, and mutual good will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shep-  
herds ran,  
To see the wonder God had wrought for man;  
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd maid,  
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid:  
Amazed, the wondrous story they proclaim,  
The first apostles of His infant fame.

5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then, employ  
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy:  
Trace we the Babe, who has retrieved our loss,  
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;  
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,  
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

John Byrom, publ. 1773.

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**The Epiphany.**

**115**

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

1 Light of the gentile nations,  
Thy people's joy and love!  
Drawn by Thy Spirit higher,  
We gladly come to prove

### THE EPIPHANY.

- Thy presence in Thy temple  
And wait with earnest mind  
As Simeon once waited,  
His Saviour God to find.
- 2 Yes, Lord, Thy servants meet Thee,  
E'en now, in every place  
Where Thy true word hath promised  
That they should see Thy face.  
Thou yet wilt gently grant us,  
Who gather round Thee here,  
In faith's strong arms to bear Thee,  
As once that aged seer.
- 3 Be Thou our joy, our brightness,  
That shines 'mid pain and loss,  
Our Sun in times of terror,  
The glory round our cross;  
A glow in sinking spirits,  
A sunbeam in distress,  
Physician, Friend in sickness,  
In death our happiness.
- 4 Let us, O Lord, be faithful  
With Simeon to the end,  
That so his dying song may  
From all our hearts ascend:  
"O Lord, let now Thy servant  
Depart in peace for aye,  
Since I have seen my Saviour,  
Have here beheld His day."
- 5 My Saviour I behold Thee  
Now with the eye of faith:  
No foe of Thee can rob me,  
Though bitter words he saith.  
Within Thy heart abiding,  
As Thou dost dwell in me,  
No pain, no death hath terrors  
To part my soul from Thee!

Johann Frank, 1674, Tr.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

116

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son!  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free;  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succor speedy  
To those who suffer wrong;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing;  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.
- 3 He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth;  
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth.  
Before Him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald go;  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 For Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His Name shall stand forever;  
That Name to us is Love.

James Montgomery, 1821.

## THE EPIPHANY.

**117**

L. M.

- 1 What star is this, with beams so bright,  
Which shame the sun's less radiant light?  
It shines to show a new-born King,  
Glad tidings of our God to bring.
- 2 'Tis now fulfilled what God decreed,—  
"From Jacob shall a Star proceed;"  
And lo, the eastern sages stand,  
To read in heaven the Lord's command.
- 3 While outward signs the star displays,  
An inward light the Lord conveys,  
And urges them, with force benign,  
To seek the Giver of the sign.
- 4 True love can brook no dull delay,  
Nor toil nor dangers stop their way:  
Home, kindred, fatherland, and all,  
They leave at once, at God's high call.
- 5 O Jesus, while the star of grace  
Invites us now to seek Thy face,  
May we no more that grace repel,  
Or quench that light which shines so well!
- 6 To God the Father, God the Son  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
May every tongue and nation raise  
An endless song of thankful praise!

Charles Coffin, 1736.

Tr. Rev. John Chandler, 1837.

**118**

11. 10. 11. 10.

- 1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid;  
Star of the east, the horizon adorning  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid;  
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1811.

**119**

6. 5. 6. 5. 12 l.

1 From the eastern mountains,  
Pressing on, they come,  
Wise men in their wisdom,  
To His humble home,  
Stirred by deep devotion,  
Hasting from afar,  
Ever journeying onward,  
Guided by a star.  
Light of life that shineth  
Ere the world began,  
Draw Thou near and lighten  
Every heart of man.

2 Thou who in a manger  
Once hast lowly lain,  
Who dost now in glory  
O'er all kingdoms reign,

### THE EPIPHANY.

Gather in the heathen,  
Who in lands afar  
Ne'er have seen the brightness  
Of Thy guiding star.  
Light of life, etc.

3 Gather in the outcasts,  
All who've gone astray,  
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,  
Guide them on their way:  
Those who never knew Thee,  
Those who've wandered far,  
Guide them by the brightness  
Of Thy guiding star,  
Light of life, etc.

4 Onward through the darkness  
Of the lonely night,  
Shining still before them  
With Thy kindly light.  
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,  
Homeward from afar,  
Young and old together,  
By Thy guiding star.  
Light of life, etc.

5 Until every nation,  
Whether bond or free,  
'Neath Thy starlit banner,  
Jesus, follows Thee  
O'er the distant mountains  
To that heavenly home,  
Where no sin nor sorrow  
Evermore shall come.  
Light of life, etc.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1873.



JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

120

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 As with gladness men of old  
Did the guiding star behold;  
As with joy they hailed the light,  
Leading onward, beaming bright;  
So, most gracious God, may we  
Evermore be led to Thee.
- 2 As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed;  
There to bend the knee before  
Him whom heav'n and earth adore;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek the mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our earliest treasures bring,  
Christ! to Thee our heav'nly King.
- 4 Holy Jesus! every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.
- 5 In the heav'nly country bright,  
Need they no created light;  
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,  
Thou its Sun which goes not down,  
There forever may we sing  
Hallelujah to our King.

William C. Dix, 1861.

THE EPIPHANY.

121

8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 Earth has many a noble city;  
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel.  
Out of thee the Lord from heaven  
Came to rule His Israel.
- 2 Fairer than the sun at morning  
Was the star that told His birth,  
To the world its God announcing  
Seen in fleshly form on earth.
- 3 Eastern sages at His cradle  
Make oblations rich and rare;  
See them give, in deep devotion,  
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.
- 4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:  
Incense doth their God disclose,  
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,  
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.
- 5 Jesus, whom the Gentiles worshipped  
At Thy glad Epiphany,  
Unto Thee, with God the Father  
And the Spirit, glory be.

Aurelius Prudentius, 400.

Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, died 1878.

122

S. M.

- 1 Within the Father's house  
The Son hath found His home;  
And to His temple suddenly  
The Lord of Life hath come.
- 2 The doctors of the law  
Gaze on the wondrous child,  
And marvel at His gracious words  
Of wisdom undefiled.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

- 3 Yet not to them is given  
The mighty truth to know,  
To lift the earthly veil which hides  
Incarnate God below.
- 4 The secret of the Lord  
Escapes each human eye,  
And faithful pondering hearts await  
The full Epiphany.
- 5 Lord, visit Thou our souls  
And teach us by Thy grace,  
Each dim revealing of Thyself  
With loving awe to trace;
- 6 Till from our darkened sight  
The cloud shall pass away,  
And on the cleansed soul shall burst  
The everlasting day;
- 7 Till we behold Thy face,  
And know, as we are known,  
Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
Co-equal Three in One.

Bishop James Russell Woodford, 1863.

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**The Teaching, Character and Example.**

**123**

**L. M.**

- 1 How beauteous were the marks Divine,  
That in Thy meekness used to shine;  
That lit Thy lonely pathway trod  
In wondrous love, O Son of God!
- 2 O who like Thee so calm, so bright,  
Thou Son of Man, Thou Light of light?  
O who like Thee did ever go  
So patient through a world of woe!

THE TEACHING, CHARACTER AND EXAMPLE.

- 3 O who like Thee so humbly bore  
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before;  
So meek, forgiving, Godlike, high,  
So glorious in humility!
- 4 And all Thy life's unchanging years,  
A man of sorrows and of tears,  
The cross, where all our sins were laid,  
Upon Thy bending shoulders weighed;
- 5 And death, which sets the prisoner free,  
Was pang and scoff and scorn to Thee;  
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,  
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.
- 6 O in Thy light be mine to go,  
Illuming all my way of woe!  
And give me ever on the road  
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, 1840.

124

L. M.

- 1 How sweetly flow'd the gospel sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When list'ning thousands gather'd round,  
And joy and rev'rence filled the place!
- 2 From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,  
To heaven He led His follower's way;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;  
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"  
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,  
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay then, tenements of dust;  
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:  
A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepared the way.

Sir John Bowring, 1823.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

125

L. M. 6 l.

(Or to Leipzig.)

- 1 O Light, whose beams illumine all  
From twilight dawn to perfect day,  
Shine Thou before the shadows fall  
That lead our wand'ring feet astray:  
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,  
That youth may love, and age adore.
- 2 O Way, through whom our souls draw near  
To yon eternal home of peace,  
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,  
And earth's vain toil and wand'ring cease;  
In strength or weakness may we see  
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.
- 3 O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,  
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,  
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,  
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;  
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,  
Turn Thou our darkness into light.
- 4 O Life, the well that ever flows  
To slake the thirst of those that faint,  
Thy power to bless what seraph knows?  
The joy supreme what words can paint?  
In earth's last hours of fleeting breath  
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.
- 5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,  
O Jesus, born, mankind to save,  
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,  
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;  
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,  
Lord of the living and the dead.

Rev. Edward H. Plumptre, 1864.

THE TEACHING, CHARACTER AND EXAMPLE.

126

L. M.

- 1 Behold, the Master passeth by!  
O see'st thou not His pleading eye?  
With low sad voice He calleth thee,  
"Leave this vain world, and follow Me."
- 2 O soul, bowed down with harrowing care  
Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare?  
From earthly toils lift up thine eyes;  
Behold, the Master passeth by!
- 3 One heard Him calling long ago,  
And straightway left all things below,  
Counting his earthly gain as loss  
For Jesus and His blessèd cross.
- 4 That "Follow Me" his faithful ear  
Seemed every day afresh to hear:  
Its echoes stirred his spirit still,  
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.
- 5 God gently calls us every day:  
Why should we then our bliss delay?  
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me;  
I will leave all, and follow Thee.

Bishop William W. How, alt. 1871.

127

L. M.

- 1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord!  
I read my duty in Thy word;  
But in Thy life the law appears,  
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,  
Such deference to Thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so Divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.



JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;  
The desert Thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my Pattern; make me bear  
More of Thy gracious image here:  
Then God the Judge shall own my name  
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

**128** L. M.

1 O'er the dark wave of Galilee,  
The gloom of twilight gathered fast,  
And on the waters drearily,  
Descends the fitful ev'ning blast.

2 The weary bird hath left the air,  
And sunk into his sheltered nest;  
The wandering beast has sought his lair,  
And laid him down to welcome rest.

3 Still near the lake, with weary tread  
Lingers a form of human kind;  
And on His lone, unsheltered head,  
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

4 Why seeks He not a home of rest?  
Why seeks He not a pillowed bed?  
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest,  
He hath not where to lay His head.

5 Such was the lot He freely chose,  
To bless, to save the human race  
And through His poverty there flows  
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

William Russell.

129

6. 4. 6. 4. D.

- 1 Fierce was the wild billow,  
Dark was the night;  
Oars labored heavily,  
Foam glimmered white;  
Trembled the mariners,  
Peril was nigh:  
Then said the God of God,  
"Peace! It is I."
- 2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,  
Lower the crest!  
Wail of Euroclydon,  
Be thou at rest!  
Sorrow can never be,  
Darkness must fly,  
Where saith the Light of light,  
"Peace! It is I,"
- 3 Jesus, Deliverer.  
Come Thou to me;  
Soothe Thou my voyaging  
Over life's sea:  
Thou, when the storm of death  
Roars, sweeping by,  
Whisper, O Truth of truth,  
"Peace? It is I."

Anatolius of Constantinople, 458.  
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1862.

130

C. M.

- 1 What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone  
Around Thy steps below;  
What patient love was seen in all  
Thy life and death of woe.
- 2 For, ever on Thy burdened heart  
A weight of sorrow hung;  
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word  
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,  
Thy friends unfaithful prove;  
Unwearied in forgiveness still,  
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like Thee!  
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve  
Far more for others' sin than all  
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye,  
In us, Thy brethren, see  
The gentleness and grace that spring  
From union, Lord, with Thee.

Sir Edward Denny, 1839.

**131** C. M.

1 Thou art the Way; to Thee alone  
From sin and death we flee;  
And he who would the Father seek  
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb  
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;  
And those who put their trust in Thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;  
Grant us that Way to know;  
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

Bishop George W. Doane, 1824.

THE TEACHING, CHARACTER AND EXAMPLE.

132

C. M.

- 1 A pilgrim through this lonely world,  
The blessed Saviour passed;  
A mourner all His life was He,  
||:A dying Lamb at last.:||
- 2 That tender heart that felt for all,  
For all its life-blood gave;  
It found on earth no resting-place,  
||:Save only in the grave.:||
- 3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear  
The cross, with all its scorn?  
Or love a faithless, evil world,  
||:That wreathed His brow with thorn?:||
- 4 No! facing all its frowns or smiles,  
Like Him, obedient still,  
We homeward press through storm or calm  
||:To Zion's blessèd hill.:||
- 5 By faith His boundless glories there  
Our wandering eyes behold;  
Those glories which eternal years  
||:Shall never all unfold.:||

Sir Edward Denny, 1839.

133

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 Amid life's wild commotion,  
Where nought the heart can cheer,  
Who points beyond its ocean  
To heaven's brighter sphere?  
Our feeble footsteps guiding  
When from the path we stray,  
Who leads to bliss abiding?  
Christ is our only Way.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

2 When doubts and fears distress us,  
And all around is gloom,  
And shame and fear oppress us,  
Who can our souls illumine?  
Heaven's rays are round us gleaming,  
And making all things bright,  
The Sun of truth is beaming  
In glory on our sight.

3 Who fills our hearts with gladness  
That none can take away?  
Who shows us, midst our sadness,  
The distant realms of day?  
Mid fears of death assailing,  
Who stills the heart's wild strife?  
'Tis Christ! our Friend unfailing,  
The Way, the Truth, the Life.

C. Jul. Aschenfeldt, 1792—1856, Tr.

**134** L. M.

1 How shall I follow Him I serve!  
How shall I copy Him I love?  
Nor from these blessed footsteps swerve  
Which lead me to His seat above?

2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,  
The life of toil, the mean abode,  
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,—  
Are these the consecrated road?

3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,  
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,  
Until the perfect work was done,  
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.

4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,  
Forbid it I should e'er repine;  
Still let me turn to Calvary,  
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

THE TEACHING, CHARACTER AND EXAMPLE.

- 5 O let me think how Thou didst leave  
Untasted every pure delight,  
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,  
The toilsome day, the homeless night:—
- 6 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!  
Thou camest, not Thyself to please;  
And, dear as earthly comforts be,  
Shall I not love Thee more than these?
- 7 Yes, I would count them all but loss,  
To gain the notice of Thine eye:  
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,  
But Thou canst give the victory.

Josiah Conder, 1824, 1836.

**135** L. M.

- 1 O love, how deep, how broad, how high,  
How passing thought and fantasy,  
That God, the Son of God, should take  
Our mortal form for mortal's sake!
- 2 He sent no angel to our race,  
Of higher or of lower place,  
But wore the robe of human frame,  
And He Himself to this world came.
- 3 For us baptized, for us He bore  
His holy fast, and hungered sore,  
For us temptations sharp He knew,  
For us the tempter overthrew.
- 4 For us He preaches and He prays,  
Would do all things, would try all ways;  
By words, and signs, and actions, thus  
Still seeking not Himself, but us.
- 5 For us to wicked men betrayed,  
Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns arrayed,  
For us He bore the cross's death,  
For us at length gave up His breath.



JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

- 6 For us He rose from death again,  
For us He went on high to reign,  
For us He sent His Spirit here  
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.
- 7 All honor, laud, and glory be,  
O Jesus, Virgin-born, to Thee:  
All glory, as is ever meet,  
To Father, and to Paraclete.

Anon (Latin, 15th cent.)  
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1854.

**136**

5. 5. 8. 8. 5. 5.

- 1 Jesus, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won;  
And, although the way be cheerless,  
We will follow calm and fearless;  
Guide us by Thy hand,  
To our fatherland.
- 2 If the way be drear,  
If the foe be near,  
Let no faithless fears o'ertake us,  
Let not faith and hope forsake us;  
For through many a woe  
To our home we go.
- 3 When we seek relief  
From a long-felt grief:  
When temptations come alluring,  
Make us patient and enduring;  
Show us that bright shore  
Where we weep no more.
- 4 Jesus, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won:  
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,  
Still support, control, protect us,  
Till we safely stand  
In our fatherland.

Count Nicolaus L. von Zinzendorf, 1700—1760.  
Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1853.

THE TEACHING, CHARACTER AND EXAMPLE.

137

C. M.

- 1 Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee,  
And pray to be forgiv'n,  
So let Thy life our pattern be,  
And form our souls for heav'n.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,  
Our daily cross to bear;  
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,  
Our brother's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,  
Our earthliness refine;  
And kindness in our bosoms dwell  
As free and true as Thine.
- 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,  
And grief's dark day come on,  
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,  
"Father, Thy will be done!"
- 5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,  
Or brethren faithless prove,  
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim  
To conquer them by love.
- 6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,  
Forgiving and forgiven,  
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
And follow Thee to heaven!

Rev. John H. Gurney, 1838.

138

C. M.

- 1 Lord, Thou in all things like wast made  
To us, yet free from sin,  
Then how unlike to us, O Lord,  
Replies the voice within.
- 2 Our faith is weak; O Light of light,  
Clear Thou our clouded view;  
That Son of Man, and Son of God,  
We give Thee honor due.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

- 3 O Son of Man, Thyself hast proved  
Our trials and our tears;  
Life's thankless toil and scant repose,  
Death's agonies and fears.
- 4 O Son of God, in glory raised,  
Thou sittest on Thy throne:  
Thence, by Thy pleadings and Thy grace,  
Still succoring Thine own.
- 5 Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge!  
To Thee, O Christ, be given  
To bind upon Thy crown the names  
Most blest in earth and heaven.

Joseph Anstice, 1836.

**139** *W. H. Anstice* with the Hymn 7 C. M.

- 1 Immortal Love forever full,  
Forever flowing free,  
Forever shared, forever whole,  
A never ebbing sea!
- 2 Our outward lips confess the Name  
All other names above;  
Love only knoweth whence it came,  
And comprehendeth love.
- 3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps  
To bring the Lord Christ down;  
In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
For Him no depths can drown.
- 4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is He;  
And faith has still its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.
- 5 The healing of His seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain;  
We touch Him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

THE TEACHING, CHARACTER AND EXAMPLE.

- 6 Through Him the first fond prayers are said  
Our lips of childhood frame,  
The last low whispers of our dead  
Are burdened with His Name.
- 7 O Lord, and Master of us all!  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,  
We test our lives by Thine.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1866.

140

L. M.

(Or to Humility.)

- 1 O Master, let me walk with Thee  
In lowly paths of service free;  
Tell me Thy secret, help me bear  
The strain of toil, the fret of care.
- 2 Help me the slow of heart to move  
By some clear, winning word of love;  
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,  
And guide them in the homeward way.
- 3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee  
In closer, dearer company.  
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,  
In trust that triumphs over wrong.
- 4 In hope that sends a shining ray  
Far down the future's broadening way,  
In peace that only Thou canst give,  
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

Rev. Washington Gladden, 1879.

141

C. M. D.

- 1 O where is He that trod the sea,  
O where is He that spake,  
And demons from their victims flee,  
The dead their slumbers break:

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

The palsied rise in freedom strong,  
The dumb men talk and sing,  
And from blind eyes, benighted long,  
Bright beams of morning spring?

2 O where is He that trod the sea,  
O where is He that spake,  
And piercing words of liberty  
The deaf ears open shake;  
And mildest words arrest the haste  
Of fever's daily fire,  
And strong ones heal the weak who waste  
Their life in sad desire?

3 O where is He that trod the sea,  
O where is He that spake,  
And dark waves rolling heavily  
A glassy smoothness take;  
And lepers, whose own flesh has been  
A solitary grave,  
See with amaze that they are clean,  
And cry: "'Tis He can save?"

4 O where is He that trod the sea?  
'Tis only He can save;  
To thousands hungering wearily  
A wondrous meal He gave;  
Full soon, celestially fed,  
Their rustic fare they take;  
'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,  
And harvest when He brake.

5 O where is He that trod the sea?  
My soul, the Lord is here:  
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;  
To leap, to look, to hear  
Be thine: thy needs He'll satisfy.  
Art thou diseased or dumb,  
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?  
"I come," saith Christ, "I come."

Rev. Thomas T. Lynch, 1555.

- 1 O abide, abide in Jesus,  
Who for us bore griefs untold  
And Himself from pain to ease us,  
Suffered pangs a thousandfold.  
Bide with Him, who still abideth  
When all else shall pass away  
And as Judge supreme presideth  
In that dread and awful day.
- 2 All is dying: hearts are breaking,  
Which to ours were once fast bound;  
And the lips have ceased from speaking  
Which once uttered such sweet sound;  
And the arms are powerless lying  
Which were our support and stay;  
And the eyes are dim and dying,  
Which once watched us night and day.
- 3 Every thing we love and cherish  
Hastens onward to the grave,  
Earthly joys and pleasures perish  
And whate'er the world e'er gave:  
All is fading, all is fleeing,  
Earthly flames must cease to glow;  
Earthly beings cease from being,  
Earthly blossoms cease to blow.
- 4 Yet unchanged, while all decayeth,  
Jesus stands above the dust;  
"Lean on Me alone," He sayeth,  
"Hope and love and firmly trust!"  
O abide, abide with Jesus,  
Who Himself forever lives,  
Who from death eternal frees us,  
Yea, who life eternal gives!

Carl Philip Spitta, 1801—1859.



JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

143

7, 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 "Come unto Me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest."  
O blessed voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to hearts opprest;  
It tells of benediction,  
Of pardon, grace and peace,  
Of joy that hath no ending,  
Of love which cannot cease.
- 2 "Come unto Me, dear children,  
And I will give you light."  
O loving voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to cheer the night:  
Our hearts were filled with sadness,  
And we had lost our way,  
But morning brings us gladness,  
And songs thè break of day.
- 3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,  
And I will give you life."  
O peaceful voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to end our strife:  
The foe is stern and eager,  
The fight is fierce and long;  
But Thou hast made me mighty,  
And stronger than the strong.
- 4 "And whosoever cometh  
I will not cast him out."  
O patient love of Jesus,  
Which drives away our doubt:  
Which calls us,—very sinners,  
Unworthy though we be  
Of love so free and boundless,—  
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

William C. Dix, 1867.

## THE PASSION.

**144**

5. 6. 8. 5. 5. 8.

I Fairest Lord Jesus,  
Ruler of all nature,  
O Thou of God and man the Son,  
Thee will I cherish,  
Thee will I honor,  
Thou my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

2 Fair are the meadows,  
Fairer still the woodlands,  
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;  
Jesus is fairer,  
Jesus is purer,  
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,  
Fairer still the moonlight,  
And all the twinkling, starry host;  
Jesus shines brighter,  
Jesus shines purer  
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Anon. (German), 1677.

### The Passion.

**145**

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 8.

O Lamb of God who, bleeding,  
Upon the cross did'st languish,  
Nor scorn nor malice heeding,  
So patient in Thine anguish,  
On Thee our guilt was lying;  
Thou saved'st us by dying:  
Have mercy on us, Lord Jesus.

Nicolaus Decius, 1526.

**146**

L. M.

1 Ride on, ride on in majesty;  
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;  
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road  
With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

- 2 Ride on, ride on, in majesty,  
In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty:  
The wingèd squadrons of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes  
To see th'approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty:  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
The Father, on His sapphire throne,  
Expects His own anointed Son.
- 5 Ride on, ride on in majesty,  
In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,  
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

Rev. Henry H. Milman, 1827.

**147**

L. M.

- 1 O Jesus, crucified for man,  
O Lamb, all glorious on Thy throne,  
Teach Thou our wond'ring souls to scale  
The myst'ry of Thy love unknown.
- 2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take  
Our daily cross whate'er it be,  
And gladly for Thine own dear sake  
In paths of pain to follow Thee.
- 3 As on our daily way we go,  
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,  
O may we bear Thy marks below  
In conquered sin and chastened life.
- 4 And week by week this day we ask  
That holy memories of Thy cross  
May sanctify each common task,  
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

## THE PASSION.

- 5 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear  
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,  
Win through Thy blood our pardon there,  
And through the cross attain the crown.

Bishop William W. How, 1871.

148

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

- 1 Blessèd Saviour, Thee I love,  
All my other joys above;  
All my hopes in Thee abide,  
Thou my Hope and nought beside;  
||: Ever let my glory be,  
Only, only, only Thee.:||
- 2 Once again beside the cross,  
All my gain I count but loss;  
Earthly pleasures fade away;  
Clouds they are that hide my day:  
||: Hence, vain shadows! let me see  
Jesus, crucified for me.:||
- 3 From beneath that thorny crown  
Trickle drops of cleansing down;  
Pardon from Thy piercèd hand  
Now I take, while here I stand;  
||: Only then I live to Thee,  
When Thy wounded side I see.:||
- 4 Blessèd Saviour, Thine am I,  
Thine to live, and Thine to die;  
Height or depth, or earthly power,  
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:  
||: Ever shall my glory be,  
Only, only, only Thee!.:||

Rev. George Duffield, 1851.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

**149** 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

1 Jesus, Master, whose I am,  
Purchased Thine alone to be,  
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,  
Shed so willingly for me;  
||: Let my heart be all Thine own,  
Let me live to Thee alone.:||

2 Other lords have long held sway;  
Now Thy Name alone to bear,  
Thy dear voice alone obey,  
Is my daily, hourly prayer.  
||: Whom have I in heaven but Thee?  
Nothing else my joy can be.:||

3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine;  
Keep me faithful, keep me near;  
Let Thy presence in me shine  
All my homeward way to cheer.  
||: Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,  
O be Thou my All in all.:||

Frances R. Havergal, 1874.

**150** 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

1 A Lamb goes uncomplaining forth,  
The guilt of all men bearing;  
Laden with all the sin of earth,  
None else the burden sharing!  
Goes patient on, grows weak and faint,  
To slaughter led without complaint,  
That spotless life to offer;  
Bears shame and stripes and wounds and death,  
Anguish and mockery and saith,  
"Willing all this I suffer."

2 That Lamb is Lord of death and life,  
God over all forever;  
The Father's Son, whom to that strife  
Love doth for us deliver!

## THE PASSION.

O mighty Love! what hast Thou done!  
The Father offers up His Son —  
The Son content descendeth!  
O Love, O Love! how strong art Thou!  
In shroud and grave Thou lay'st Him low  
Whose word the mountain rendeth!

- 3 Jesus, I never can forget  
The pangs Thou hast sustained:  
I'll Thee, long as my pulse doth beat,  
Adore with thanks unfeignèd;  
Yea, Thou shalt be my soul's delight;  
In danger's path, in sorrow's night,  
My guide and consolation:  
In life and death I will be Thine,  
And on Thy faithfulness recline  
With humble resignation.
- 4 My song in Thy great loveliness  
Both day and night shall centre;  
Amidst all wants and feebleness  
I'll on Thy service venture.  
My life's whole stream for Thee shall flow;  
O may, by all I speak or do,  
Thy holy Name be praised,  
And all that Thou hast done for me,  
Upon my heart indelibly  
Forever I'll impress it.
- 5 True comfort Thou to me canst yield  
In my life's various stations;  
In combat Thou dost prove my shield,  
In grief, my exultation;  
In joy, the music of my feast;  
And when all else has lost its zest  
This manna shall support me,  
In thirst, my drink; in want, my food,  
My company in solitude,  
At home and on a journey.



JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

- 7 What harm can I from death sustain,  
Since Thou art my salvation;  
From heat my shade, my ease in pain,  
In grief my consolation;  
When gloomy thoughts oppress my breast,  
Thou, Lord, alone canst give me rest;  
'Tis by Thy power I conquer:  
Thou art, when storms of trial blow,  
And toss my vessel to and fro,  
My sure and steadfast anchor.
- 7 And when at last Thou leadest me  
Into Thy joy and heaven,  
Thy blood and righteousness shall be  
My glorious decoration:  
Thou on my head a crown wilt place,  
Then shall I stand before the face  
Of Thy dear heavenly Father  
Dressed in salvation's robe, with Thee  
To live through all eternity  
In bliss no tongue can utter.

Paul Gerhardt, 1606–1676.

Tr. "Moravian Coll."

**151**

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's pow'r;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see;  
Watch with Him one bitter hour:  
Turn not from His griefs away;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the the judgment-hall;  
View the Lord of life arraigned:  
O the wormwood and the gall!  
O the pangs His soul sustained!  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;  
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

## THE PASSION.

### 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;

There, adoring at His feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own Sacrifice complete:  
"It is finished," hear Him cry:  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

### 4 Early hasten to the tomb,

Where they laid His breathless clay;  
All is solitude and gloom,  
—Who hath taken Him away?  
Christ is risen; He meets our eyes;  
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery, 1820.

**152**

11. 11. 11. 5.

1 What laws, my blessed Saviour, hast Thou  
broken,  
That so severe a sentence should be spoken?  
How hast Thou 'gainst Thy Father's will con-  
tended,  
In what offended?

2 With scourges, blows and spitting, they re-  
viled Thee:  
They crowned Thy brow with thorns while King  
they styled Thee;  
When, faint with pains Thy tortured body suffered,  
Then gall they offered.

3 Dear Saviour, why by woes wast Thou sur-  
rounded?  
Ah, Lord, for my transgressions Thou wast  
wounded,  
God took the guilt from me, who should have  
paid it;  
On Thee He laid it!

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

4 How strange and marvellous was this correction!  
Falls the good Shepherd in His sheep's protection;  
The servants' debt behold the Master paying,  
For them obeying.

5 The Righteous dies, who walked with God  
true-hearted:  
The sinner lives, who has from God departed;  
By man came death, yet Man its fetters breaketh;  
God it o'ertaketh.

6 Eternal King! in power and love excelling,  
Fain would my heart and mouth Thy praise be  
telling;  
But how can man's weak powers at all come  
nigh Thee,  
How magnify Thee?

7 For Thee, my God, I'll bear all griefs and  
losses:  
No persecution, no disgrace or crosses,  
No pains of death or tortures e'er shall move me,  
Howe'er they prove me.

8 This, though at little value Thou dost set it,  
Yet Thou, O gracious Lord, wilt not forget it;  
E'en this Thou wilt accept with grace and favor,  
My blessèd Saviour.

9 But since I have not strength to flee temptation  
To crucify each sinful inclination,  
O let Thy Spirit, grace, and strength provide me,  
And gently guide me.

10 And when, O Christ, before Thy throne so  
glorious,  
Upon my head is placed the crown victorious,  
Thy praise I will, while heaven's full choir is  
ringing,  
Be ever singing.

Johann Heermann, 1630.  
Tr. Frances Eliz. Cox, 1841.

THE PASSION.

153

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Christ, the Life of all the living,  
Christ, the Death of death our foe,  
Who, Thyself for us once giving  
To the darken'd depths of woe,  
Patiently did'st yield Thy breath,  
Man to save from sin and death;  
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
Blessèd Jesus, unto Thee.
- 2 Thou, ah, Thou, hast taken on Thee  
Bitter strokes, a cruel rod;  
Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee,  
O Thou sinless Son of God!  
Only thus for me to win  
Rescue from the bonds of sin;  
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
Blessèd Jesus, unto Thee.
- 3 Thou didst bear the smiting, only  
That it might not fall on me;  
Stoodest falsely charged and lonely,  
That I might be safe and free;  
Comfortless, that I might know  
Comfort from Thy boundless woe;  
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
Blessèd Jesus, unto Thee.
- 4 Then for all that wrought our pardon,  
For Thy sorrows deep and sore,  
For Thine anguish in the garden,  
I will thank Thee evermore;  
Thank Thee with my latest breath  
For Thy sad and cruel death;  
For that last and bitter cry,  
Praise Thee evermore on high.

Ernst Ch. Homburg, 1659.  
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1851.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

**154**

L. M.

- 1 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow  
The star is dimm'd that lately shone;  
'Tis midnight; in the garden now,  
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight—and, from all removed,  
Emmanuel wrestles lone, with fears;  
E'en the disciple that He loved  
Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight—and, for others' guilt,  
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;  
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,  
Is not forsaken by His God.
- 4 'Tis midnight—from the heavenly plains  
Is borne the song that angels know;  
Unheard by mortals are the strains  
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan, 1822.

**155**

C. M.

- 1 O Thou, who through this holy week  
Didst suffer for us all;  
The sick to heal, the lost to seek,  
To raise up them that fall.
- 2 We cannot understand the woe  
Thy love was pleased to bear:  
O Lamb of God, we only know  
That all our hopes are there.
- 3 Thy feet the path of suffering trod,  
Thy hand the victory won;  
What shall we render to our God  
For all that He hath done?

## THE PASSION.

- 4 To God, the blessed Three in One,  
All praise and glory be:  
Crown, Lord, Thy servants who have won  
The victory through Thee.

Rev. John M. Neale, 1842.

**156**

C. M.

- 1 To Calv'ry, Lord, in spirit now  
Our weary souls repair,  
To dwell upon Thy dying love,  
And taste its sweetness there.
- 2 Sweet resting-place of every heart  
That feels the plague of sin,  
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,  
The peace of God within.
- 3 Dear suffering Lamb, Thy bleeding wounds,  
With cords of love Divine,  
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,  
And linked our life with Thine.
- 4 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours;  
Dear Lord, we wait to see  
Creation, all, below, above,  
Redeemed and blest by Thee.
- 5 Our longing eyes would fain behold  
That bright and blessèd brow,  
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear  
Its crown of glory now.
- 6 Why linger, then? Come, Saviour, come,  
Responsive to our call!  
Come, claim Thine ancient power and reign  
The heir and Lord of all.

Sir Samuel Denny, 1839.



JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.;

**157** C. M.

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sov'reign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When He, the mighty Maker, died  
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While His dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

**158** 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

- 1 O world, behold upon the tree,  
Thy Life is hanging now for thee,  
Thy Saviour yields His dying breath;  
The mighty Prince of Glory now,  
For Thee doth unresisting bow  
To cruel stripes, to scorn and death.
- 2 Draw near, o world! and mark Him well;  
Behold the drops of blood that tell  
How sore His conflict with the foe;  
And hark! how from that noble heart  
Sigh after sigh doth slowly start,  
From depths of yet unfathomed woe.

THE PASSION.

- 3 Alas! my Saviour, who could dare  
Bid Thee such bitter anguish bear,  
What evil heart entreat Thee thus?  
For Thou art good, hast wrongèd none;  
As we and ours too oft have done:  
Thou hast not sinned, dear Lord, like us.
- 4 I and my sins, that number more  
Than yonder sands upon the shore,  
Have brought to pass this agony.  
'Tis I have caused the floods of woe  
That now Thy dying soul o'erflow,  
And those sad hearts that watch by Thee.
- 5 'Tis I to whom these pains belong,  
'Tis I should suffer for my wrong,  
Bound hand and foot in heavy chains;  
Thy scourge, Thy fetters, whatso'er  
Thou bearest, 'tis my soul should bear,  
For she hath well deserved such pains.
- 6 Yet Thou dost even for my sake  
On Thee, in love, the burdens take,  
That weighed my spirit to the ground.  
Yea: Thou art made a curse for me,  
That I might yet be blest through Thee:  
My healing in Thy wounds is found.
- 7 Thy cross shall be before my sight  
My hope, my joy by day and night,  
Whate'er I do, where'er I rove;  
And, gazing, I will gather thence  
The form of spotless innocence,  
The seal of faultless truth and love.
- 8 And I will nail me to Thy cross  
And learn to count all things but dross  
Wherein the flesh doth pleasure take:  
Whate'er is hateful in Thine eyes,  
With all the strength that in me lies,  
Will I cast from me and forsake.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

- 9 Thy heavy groans, Thy bitter sighs,  
The tears that from Thy dying eyes  
Were shed when Thou wast sore oppressed,  
Shall be with me, when at the last  
Myself on Thee I wholly cast,  
And enter with Thee into rest.

Paul Gerhardt, 1606—1676, Tr.

**159**

6. 6. 6. 4. 8. 8. 4.

- 1 Behold the Lamb of God!  
O Thou for sinners slain,  
Let it not be in vain  
That Thou hast died:  
Thee for my Saviour let me take,  
My only refuge let me make  
Thy piercèd side.
- 2 Behold the Lamb of God!  
Into the sacred flood  
Of Thy most precious blood  
My soul I cast;  
Wash me and make me clean within,  
And keep me pure from every sin,  
Till life be past.
- 3 Behold the Lamb of God!  
All hail, Incarnate Word,  
Thou everlasting Lord,  
Saviour most blest;  
Fill us with love that never faints,  
Grant us, with Thy blessèd saints,  
Eternal rest.
- 4 Behold the Lamb of God!  
Worthy is He alone  
That sitteth on the throne  
O God above;  
One with the Ancient of all days,  
One with the Comforter in praise,  
All light and love.

Matthew Bridges, 1848.

THE PASSION.

160

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 O sacred Head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down;  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, Thine only crown;  
O sacred Head, what glory,  
What bliss till now was Thine!  
Yet, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call Thee mine.
- 2 O noblest brow and dearest,  
In other days the world  
All feared when Thou appearedst:  
What shame on Thee is hurled!  
How art Thou pale with anguish,  
With sore abuse and scorn;  
How does that visage languish  
Which once was bright as morn!
- 3 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered  
Was all for sinners' gain:  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain.  
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!  
'Tis I deserve Thy place;  
Look on me with Thy favor,  
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
- 4 Receive me, my Redeemer:  
My Shepherd, make me Thine;  
Of every good the fountain,  
Thou art the spring of mine.  
Thy lips with love distilling,  
And milk of truth sincere,  
With heaven's bliss are filling  
The soul that trembles here.
- 5 The joy can ne'er be spoken,  
Above all joys beside,  
When in Thy body broken  
I thus with safety hide:

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

My Lord of Life, desiring  
Thy glory now to see,  
Beside Thy cross expiring,  
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

6 What language shall I borrow  
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
For this Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
O make me Thine forever;  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
Outlive my love to Thee.

7 And when I am departing,  
O part not Thou from me?  
When mortal pangs are darting,  
Come, Lord, and set me free!  
And when my heart must languish  
Amidst the final throe,  
Release me from mine anguish,  
By Thine own pain and woe.

8 Be near when I am dying,  
O show Thy cross to me;  
And for my succor flying,  
Come, Lord, to set me free:  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he who dies believing,  
Dies safely, through Thy love.

Ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091—1153.

Tr. Paul Gerhardt, 1656.

Tr. Rev. James W. Alexander, 1830.

161

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

1 Jesus, Refuge of the weary,  
Object of the spirit's love,  
Fountain in life's desert dreary,  
Saviour from the world above;

## THE PASSION.

O how oft Thine eyes offended,  
Gaze upon the sinner's fall!  
Yet upon the cross extended  
Thou didst bear the pain of all.

2 Do we pass that cross unheeding,  
Breathing no repentant vow,  
Though we see Thee wounded bleeding,  
See Thy thorn-encircled brow?  
Yet Thy sinless death hath brought us  
Life eternal, peace and rest;  
Only what Thy grace hath taught us  
Calms the sinner's stormy breast.

3 Jesus, may our hearts be burning,  
With more fervent love for Thee;  
May our eyes be ever turning  
To Thy cross of agony;  
Till in glory, parted never  
From the blessed Saviour's side,  
Graven in our hearts forever,  
Dwell the cross, the Crucified.

Jerome Savonarola, d. 1498, Tr.

**162**

11. 10. 11. 10.

1 My Lord, my Master, at Thy feet adoring,  
I see Thee bowed beneath Thy load of woe:  
For me, a sinner, is Thy life-blood pouring;  
For Thee, my Saviour, scarce my tears will flow.

2 Thine own disciple to the Jews has sold Thee;  
With friendship's kiss and loyal word he came;  
How oft of faithful love my lips have told Thee,  
While Thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame.

3 With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems  
Thy weakness,  
With blows and outrage adding pain to pain:  
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy meekness;  
When I am wronged how quickly I complain.



JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

4 My Lord, my Saviour, when I see Thee wearing  
Upon Thy bleeding brow the crown of thorn,  
Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing  
Whate'er my lot may be of pain or scorn?

5 O Victim of Thy love! O pangs most healing!  
O saving death! O wounds that I adore!  
O shame most glorious! Christ, before Thee  
                                kneeling,

I pray Thee keep me Thine for evermore.

Rev. Jacques Bridaine, 1701—1767.

Tr. Rev. Thomas B. Pollock, 1887.

163

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

1 Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's battle.  
Tell His triumph far and wide;  
Tell aloud the wondrous story  
Of His body crucified;  
How upon the cross a victim,  
Vanquishing in death, He died.

2 Eating of the tree forbidden,  
 Man has sunk in Satan's snare,  
 When our pitying Creator  
 Did this second tree prepare,  
 Destined many ages later,  
 That first evil to repair.

3 So, when now at length the fullness  
Of the time foretold drew nigh,  
God the Son, the world's Creator,  
Left His Father's throne on high,  
From the Virgin's womb appearing  
Clothed in our humanity.

4 Thus did Christ to perfect manhood  
In our mortal flesh attain;  
Then of His free choice He goeth  
To a death of bitter pain;  
He, the Lamb upon the altar  
Of the cross, for us was slain.

## THE PASSION.

- 5 Lo, with gall His thirst He quenches  
See the thorns upon His brow;  
Nails His tender flesh are rending;  
See, His side is piercèd now;  
Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,  
Streams of blood and water flow.
- 6 Christ, to Thee with God the Father,  
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,  
And unwearied praises be:  
Honor, glory and dominion  
And eternal victory.

Venantius Fortunatus, 575,  
Tr. Rev. Edw. Caswall, 1814-1878.

164

8. 7. 8. 7.

(Or to Rathbun.)

- 1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life and health and peace possessing  
Through the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit, forever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;  
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessèd is this station,  
Low before His cross to lie,  
While I see Divine compassion  
Pleading in His languid eye.
- 4 Here I find my hope of heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze;  
Loving much, and much forgiven,  
Let my heart o'erflow with praise.
- 5 Lord, in loving contemplation  
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,  
Till I taste Thy full salvation.  
And Thine unveiled glories see.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

- 6 For Thy sorrows I adore Thee,  
For the griefs that wrought our peace;  
Gracious Saviour, I implore Thee,  
In my heart Thy love increase.
- 7 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from His death.
- 8 May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go;  
Prove His blood each day more healing,  
And Himself most deeply know.

Rev. James Allen, 1757, alt.  
Rev. Walter Shirley, 1771.

**165**

8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

THE PASSION.

166

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

1 O Lamb of God, still keep me  
Near to Thy wounded side!  
'Tis only there in safety  
And peace I can abide.  
What foes and snares surround me!  
What doubts and fears within!  
The grace that sought and found me,  
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,  
I feel my life secure;  
Only in Thee abiding,  
The conflict can endure;  
Thine arm the vict'ry gaineth  
O'er ev'ry hateful foe;  
Thy love my heart sustaineth  
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,  
With rapture, face to face;  
One half hath not been told me  
Of all Thy pow'r and grace:  
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,  
The wonders of Thy love,  
Shall be the endless story  
Of all Thy saints above.

Rev. James G. Deck, 1842.

167

L. M.

1. "'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bowed His head, and died:  
"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

2 "'Tis finished!"—all the heaven foretold  
By prophets in the days of old;  
And truths are opened to our view,  
That kings and prophets never knew.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

3 "'Tis finished!"—Son of God, Thy power  
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;  
And yet, our eyes with sorrow see  
That life to us was death to Thee.

4 "'Tis finished!"—let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round;  
"'Tis finished!" let the echo fly  
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1787.

**168**

L. M.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so Divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707.

**169**

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

- 1 Lord, to Thee alone we turn,  
To Thy cross for safety fly;  
There, as penitents to learn  
How to live and how to die.

## THE PASSION.

Sinful on our knees we fall;  
Hear us, as for help we plead;  
Hear us when on Thee we call;  
Aid us in our time of need.

2 In the midst of sin and strife,  
In the depths of mortal woe,  
Teach us, Lord, to live a life  
Meet for sojourners below.  
Though the road be oft-times dark,  
Though the feet in weakness stray,  
Lead us, Saviour, as the ark  
Led Thy chosen on their way.

3 Weak and weary and alone  
When the vale of death we tread,  
Then be all Thy mercy shown,  
Then be all Thy love displayed;  
Guard us in that darksome hour,  
Lead us to the land of rest,  
When, secure from Satan's power,  
We may lie upon Thy breast.

Rev. Albert E. Evans, 1887.

**170**

8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

1 From the cross the blood is falling,  
And to us a voice is calling,  
Like a trumpet silver clear,  
'Tis the voice announcing pardon,  
"It is finished" is its burden,  
Pardon to the far and near.

2 Peace that precious blood is sealing,  
All our wounds forever healing,  
And removing every load;  
Words of peace that voice has spoken,  
Peace that shall no more be broken,  
Peace between the soul and God.



JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

- 3 Love its fullness there unfolding,  
Stand we here in joy beholding,  
To the exiled sons of men;  
Love, the gladness past all naming,  
Of an open heaven proclaiming,  
Love that bids us enter in.
- 4 God is Love;—we read the writing,  
Traced so deeply in the smiting  
Of the glorious Surety there,  
God is Light;—we see it beaming,  
Like a heavenly day-spring gleaming  
So divinely sweet and fair.
- 5 Cross of shame, yet tree of glory,  
Round thee winds the one great story  
Of this ever-changing earth;  
Centre of the true and holy,  
Grave of human sin and folly,  
Womb of nature's second birth.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1846.

**171**

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,  
Human taunts and fiendish spite;  
Death shall be despoiled to-morrow  
Of the prey he grasps to-night:  
Yet awhile, His own to save,  
Christ must linger in the grave.
- 2 Dark and still the cell that holds Him,  
While in brief repose He lies;  
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,  
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes;  
Slumber such as needs must be  
After hard-won victory.

## THE PASSION.

- 3 Fierce and deadly was the anguish  
Which on yonder cross He bore;  
How did soul and body languish  
Till the toil of death was o'er:  
But that toil, so fierce and dread,  
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.
- 4 All night long, with plaintive voicing,  
Chant His requiem soft and low:  
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing  
From to-morrow's harps shall flow:  
"Death and hell at length are slain!  
Christ hath triumphed! Christ doth reign!"  
Rev. John Moultrie, 1836.

**172**

10. 10. 10. 10.

- 1 Our sins, our sorrows, Lord, were laid on Thee;  
Thy stripes have healed, Thy bonds have set us  
free;  
And now Thy toil is o'er; Thy grief and pain  
Have passed away; the vail is rent in twain.
- 2 Now hast Thou laid Thee down in perfect peace  
Where all the wicked from their troubling cease.  
Thy tranquil Sabbath in the grave to keep:  
Thy Father giveth His Belovèd sleep.
- 3 Yet in Thy glory, on the throne above,  
Thou wast abiding ever, Love of Love,  
Eternal, filling all created things  
With Thine own presence, Jesus, King of kings!
- 4 E'en now our place is with Thee on the throne,  
For Thou abidest ever with Thine own;  
Yet in the tomb with Thee, we watch for day;  
O let Thine angel roll the stone away!
- 5 O by Thy life within us, set us free!  
Reveal the glory that is hid with Thee!  
Glory to God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Spirit, ever One.

Edward William Eddis, 1864.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

**The Resurrection.**

**173**

7. 7. 7. 7. With Hallelujah.

- 1 Jesus Christ has ris'n today,  
Our triumphant holy day,  
Who did once upon the cross  
Suffer to redeem our loss.  
Hallelujah!
- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing  
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,  
Who endured the cross and grave,  
Sinners to redeem and save.  
Hallelujah!
- 3 But the pains which He endured,  
Our salvation have procured;  
Now above the sky He's King,  
Where the angels ever sing,  
Hallelujah!
- 4 Now be God the Father praised,  
With the Son, from death upraised,  
And the Spirit, ever blest,  
One true God, by all confessed.  
Hallelujah!

Anon., 1708.

**174**

11. 11. 11. 11.

- 1 Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say,  
Hell to-day is vanquish'd, heav'n is won to-day.  
Lo! the Dead is living, God forevermore;  
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore.  
Welcome, happy morning, etc.
- 2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,  
All good gifts returned with her returning King;  
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,  
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.  
Welcome, happy morning, etc.

## THE RESURRECTION.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening  
light,  
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their  
flight;  
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,  
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.  
Welcome, happy morning, etc.

4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,  
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,  
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,  
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.  
Welcome, happy morning, etc.

5 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,  
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to  
show;  
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfill Thy  
word;  
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried  
Lord!  
Welcome, happy morning, etc.

6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Sa-  
tan's chain,  
All that now is fallen raise to life again;  
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,  
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee.  
Welcome, happy morning, etc.

Venantius Fortunatus, 575.

Tr. Rev. John Ellerton, 1868.

**175**

7. 7. 7. 7. With Hallelujah.

1 Christ the Lord is ris'n again;  
Christ hath broken ev'ry chain:  
Hark, angelic voices cry,  
Singing evermōre on high,  
Hallelujah!

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

- 2 He who gave for us His life,  
Who for us endured the strife,  
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;  
We too sing for joy, and say,  
Hallelujah!
- 3 He who bore all pain and loss  
Comfortless upon the Cross,  
Lives in glory now on high,  
Pleads for us and hears our cry;  
Hallelujah!
- 4 He who slumbered in the grave,  
Is exalted now to save;  
Now through Christendom it rings  
That the Lamb is King of kings.  
Hallelujah!
- 5 Now He bids us tell abroad  
How the lost may be restored,  
How the penitent forgiven,  
How we too may enter heaven.  
Hallelujah!
- 6 Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,  
Christ, today Thy people feed;  
Take our sins and guilt away,  
That we all may sing for aye,  
Hallelujah!

Rev. Michael Weisse, 1531.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858, alt.

**176**

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Angels, roll the rock away;  
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:  
See, He rises from the tomb,  
Glowing with immortal bloom.  
Hallelujah!

## THE RESURRECTION.

- 2 'Tis the Saviour: angels, raise  
Fame's eternal trump of praise;  
Let the earth's remotest bound  
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.  
Hallelujah!
- 3 Praise Him, all ye heavenly choirs,  
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres:  
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,  
Let the strains be sweet and strong.  
Hallelujah!
- 4 Every note with wonder swell,  
Sin o'erthrown and captived hell,  
Where is hell's once dreaded king?  
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?  
Hallelujah!

Rev. Thomas Scott, 1769.

**177**

L. M.

- 1 Ere yet the dawn has filled the skies,  
Behold my Saviour, Christ arise,  
He chaseth from us sin and night,  
And brings us joy, and life and light,  
Hallelujah!
- 2 O stronger Thou than death and hell!  
Where is the foe Thou canst not quell,  
What heavy stone Thou canst not roll,  
From off the prison'd anguished soul?  
Hallelujah!
- 3 If Jesus lives, can I be saved?  
I know He loves me, and am glad;  
Though all the world were dead to me,  
Enough, O Christ, if I have Thee!  
Hallelujah!



JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

- 4 He feeds me, comforts and defends,  
And when I die His angel sends  
To bear me whither He is gone,  
For of His own He loseth none:  
Hallelujah!
- 5 No more to fear or grief I bow,  
God and the angels love me now;  
The joys prepared for me to-day  
Drive fear and mourning far away:  
Hallelujah!
- 6 Strong Champion! For this comfort see  
The whole world brings her thanks to Thee;  
And once we, too, shall raise above  
More sweet and loud the song of love:  
Hallelujah!

Johann Hermann, 1630.  
Tr. Anon.

**178**

7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

- 1 Jesus lives and so shall I;  
Death, thy sting is gone forever.  
He, who deigned for me to die,  
Lives, the bands of death to sever.  
He shall raise me with the just:  
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.
- 2 Jesus lives and reigns supreme,  
And, His Kingdom still remaining,  
I shall also be with Him,  
Ever living, ever reigning.  
God has promised; be it must;  
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.
- 3 Jesus lives, and God extends  
Grace to each returning sinner.  
Rebels He receives as friends,  
And exalts to highest honor.  
God is true as He is just:  
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

## THE RESURRECTION.

4 Jesus lives, and by His grace,  
Vict'ry o'er my passions giving,  
I will cleanse my heart and ways,  
Ever to His glory living.  
Th' weak He raises from the dust:  
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

5 Jesus lives, and death is now  
But my entry into glory.  
Courage! then, my soul, for thou  
Hast a crown of life before thee;  
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just:  
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Christian F. Gellert, 1715-1769.  
Tr. Anon.

179

8. 8. 8. 4.

1 Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky;  
The Lord has risen with victory:  
Let earth be glad, and raise the cry,  
Hallelujah!

2 The Prince of Life with death has striven,  
To cleanse the earth His blood has given;  
Has rent the veil, and opened heaven;  
Hallelujah!

3 Our bodies mouldering to decay,  
Are sure to rise to heavenly day;  
For He by rising burst the way:  
Hallelujah!

4 And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies,  
And fleshly passions crucifies,  
In body like to Thine shall rise.  
Hallelujah!

5 O praise the Father and the Son,  
Who has for us the triumph won,  
And Holy Ghost, the Three in One:  
Hallelujah!

Nicolas le Tourneaux, 1640-1686.  
Tr. William Cooke, 1872.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

180

8. 8. 8. 4.

- 1 The strife is o'er, the battle done:  
The victory of life is won:  
The song of triumph has begun,—  
Hallelujah!
- 2 The three sad days are quickly sped,  
He rises glorious from the dead;  
All glory to our risen Head!  
Hallelujah!
- 3 He closed the yawning gates of hell,  
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;  
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell,  
Hallelujah!
- 4 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,  
From death's dread sting Thy servant free,  
That he may live and sing to Thee,  
Hallelujah!

Anon. (Latin, 12th cent.)  
Tr. Francis Pott, 1861.

181

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!  
Sons of men and angels say:  
Raise your joys and triumphs high;  
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply!
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won:  
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;  
Lo! He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:  
Death in vain forbids His rise,  
Christ hath opened paradise.

## THE RESURRECTION.

4 Lives again our glorious King!  
Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
Once He died our souls to save;  
Where thy victory, O grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
Following our exalted Head:  
Made like Him, like Him we rise,  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!  
Praise to Thee by both be given;  
Thee we greet triumphant now,  
Hail! the resurrection Thou.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739.

**182**

8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

1 How calm and beautiful the morn  
That gilds the sacred tomb,  
Where once the Crucified was borne,  
And veiled in midnight gloom!  
O weep no more the Saviour slain;  
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints! dry every tear  
For your departed Lord;  
“Behold the place—He is not there,”  
The tomb is all unbarred:  
The gates of death were closed in vain:  
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer  
Your early footsteps bend,  
The Saviour will Himself be there,  
Your Advocate and Friend:  
Once by the law your hopes were slain,  
But now in Christ ye live again.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

- 4 How tranquil now the rising day!  
'Tis Jesus still appears,  
A risen Lord to chase away  
Your unbelieving fears:  
O weep no more your comforts slain,  
The Lord is risen—He lives again.
- 5 And when the shades of evening fall,  
When life's last hour draws nigh,  
If Jesus shine upon the soul,  
How blissful then to die:  
Since He has risen who once was slain,  
Ye die in Christ to live again.

Thomas Hastings, 1832.

183

C. M.

- 1 I say to all men, far and near,  
That He is risen again;  
That He is with us now and here,  
And ever shall remain.
- 2 And what I say, let each this morn  
Go tell it to his friend,  
That soon in every place shall dawn  
His Kingdom without end.
- 3 The fears of death and of the grave  
Are whelmed beneath the sea;  
And every heart, now light and brave,  
May face the things to be.
- 4 The way of darkness that He trod  
To heaven at last shall come,  
And he who harkens to His word  
Shall reach His Father's home.
- 5 Now let the mourner grieve no more,  
Though his beloved sleep:  
A happier meeting shall restore  
Their light to eyes that weep.

## THE RESURRECTION.

- 6 He lives! His presence hath not ceased,  
Though foes and fears be rife;  
And thus we hail in Easters feast,  
A world renewed to life!

Friedrich von Hardenberg, 1799.  
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858.

**184**

C. M.

- 1 Hosanna to the Prince of Light,  
Who cloth'd Himself in clay,  
Entered the iron gates of death,  
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,  
Since our Emmanuel rose;  
He took the tyrant's sting away,  
And spoiled our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,  
And to His Father flies,  
With scars of honor on His flesh,  
And triumph in His eyes.
- 4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,  
To reach His blest abode;  
Sweet be the accents of your songs  
To our incarnate God.
- 5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,  
Your sweetest voices raise;  
Let heaven, and all created things,  
Sound our Emmanuel's praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

**185**

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7

- 1 Come, ye saints, look here and wonder:  
See the place where Jesus lay;  
He has burst His bands asunder;  
He has borne our sins away;  
Joyful tidings, joyful tidings!  
Yes, the Lord has ris'n to-day.



JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

- 2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;  
By His death He overcame:  
Thus the Lord His glory raises,  
Thus He fills His foes with shame.  
Sing ye praises, sing ye praises!  
Praises to the Victor's Name.
- 3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions  
Come from heaven to meet their King;  
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,  
They shall join His praise to sing.  
Songs eternal, songs eternal  
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1809, a.

186 L. M.

- 1 Lift up, lift up your voices now;  
The whole wide world rejoices now:  
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,  
The Lord shall reign victoriously.
- 2 In vain with stone the cave they barred;  
In vain the watch kept ward and guard:  
Majestic from the spoilèd tomb,  
In pomp of triumph Christ is come.
- 3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;  
A countless host He frees from woe,  
And heaven's high portal open flies,  
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.
- 4 And all He did, and all He bare,  
He gives us as our own to share;  
And hope and joy and peace begin,  
For Christ has won, and man shall win.
- 5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,  
And lead through death to realms of light;  
And safely pass where Thou hast trod;  
In Thee we die to rise in God.

## THE RESURRECTION.

- 6 Thy flock, from sin and death set free,  
Glad Hallelujahs raise to Thee;  
And ever with the heavenly host  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Cento, based on Rev. John M. Neale, 1854.

**187**

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 The day of resurrection!  
Earth, tell it out abroad;  
The Passover of gladness,  
The Passover of God.  
From death to life eternal,  
From this world to the sky,  
Our Christ hath brought us over,  
With hymns of victory.
- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,  
That we may see aright  
The Lord in rays eternal  
Of resurrection-light;  
And, listening to His accents,  
May hear, so calm and plain,  
His own "All hail!" and hearing,  
May raise the victor-strain.
- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful,  
Let earth her song begin;  
Let the round world keep triumph,  
And all that is therein;  
Invisible and visible,  
Their notes let all things blend,  
For Christ the Lord hath risen,  
Our Joy that hath no end.

John of Damascus, (8th cent.)  
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1862.

**188**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 Sing with all the sons of glory,  
Sing the resurrection song!  
Death, and sorrow, earth's dark story,  
To the former days belong:

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

All around the clouds are breaking,  
Soon the storms of time shall cease,  
In God's likeness, man awaking,  
Knows the everlasting peace.

2 O what glory, far exceeding  
All that eye has yet perceived!  
Holiest hearts for ages pleading,  
Never that full joy conceived.  
God has promised, Christ prepares it,  
There on high our welcome waits;  
Every humble spirit shares it,  
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3 Life eternal! heaven rejoices,  
Jesus lives who once was dead;  
Join, O man, the deathless voices,  
Child of God, lift up thy head!  
Patriarchs from the distant ages,  
Saints all longing for their heaven,  
Prophets, psalmists, seers and sages,  
All await the glory given.

4 Life eternal! O what wonders  
Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,  
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,  
Saints shall stand before the throne!  
O, to enter that bright portal,  
See that glowing firmament,  
Know, with Thee, O God immortal,  
"Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent!"

Rev. William J. Irons, 1873.

189

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

1 Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
Hearts to heaven and voices raise;  
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,  
Sing to God a hymn of praise;

## THE RESURRECTION.

He, who on the cross a Victim  
For the world's salvation bled,  
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,  
Now is risen from the dead.

2 Now the iron bars are broken,  
Christ from death to life is born,  
Glorious life, and life immortal,  
On this holy Easter morn:  
Christ has triumph'd, and we conquer  
By His mighty enterprise,  
We with Him to life eternal  
By His resurrection rise.

3 Christ is risen, Christ, the first-fruits  
Of the holy harvest-field,  
Which will all its full abundance  
At His second coming yield,  
When the golden ears of harvest  
Will their heads before Him wave,  
Ripened by His glorious sunshine,  
From the furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen; we are risen;  
Shed upon us heavenly grace,  
Rain and dew, and gleams of glory  
From the brightness of Thy face,  
That we, with our hearts in heaven,  
Here on earth may fruitful be,  
And by angel-hands be gathered,  
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

190 . . . . . 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

(Or to St. Theodulph.)

1 Why should these eyes be tearful  
For years too quickly fled?  
And why these feet be fearful  
The onward path to tread?

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

Why should a chill come o'er me  
At thoughts of death as near?  
Or when I see before me  
The silent gates appear?

2 Behold my Saviour dying!  
I hear His parting breath;  
Entombed I see Him lying,  
A captive held of death;  
Yet peacefully He sleepeth,  
No foe disturbs Him now,  
And love Divine still keepeth  
Its impress on His brow.

3 But lo! the seal is broken!  
Roll back the mighty stone,  
In vain was set the token  
That friend and foe should own.  
The weeping Mary bending  
Sees not her Saviour there;  
But sons of light attending  
A joyful message bear.

4 The Lord is risen: He liveth,  
The First-born from the dead;  
To Him the Father giveth  
To be creation's Head.  
The grave, no more appalling,  
Invites me to repose;  
Asleep in Jesus falling,  
To rise as Jesus rose.

5 O, when to life awaking,  
The night forever gone,  
My soul, this dust forsaking,  
Puts incorruption on,  
Lord, in Thy lustre shining,  
In Thine own beauty dressed  
My sun no more declining,  
Thy service be my rest!

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1867.

THE RESURRECTION.

191

C. M. D.

- 1 Awake, glad soul, awake, awake!  
Thy Lord hath risen long;  
Go to His grave, and with thee take  
Both tuneful heart and song;  
Where life is waking all around,  
Where love's sweet voices sing,  
The first bright Blossom may be found  
Of an eternal spring.
- 2 O Love! which lightens all distress,  
Love, death cannot destroy:  
O grave! whose very emptiness  
To Faith is full of joy;  
Let but that Love our hearts supply  
From heaven's exhaustless spring,  
Then, grave, where is thy victory?  
And, death, where is thy sting?
- 3 The shade and gloom of life are fled  
This resurrection-day;  
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,  
The grave hath no more prey:  
In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,  
In Christ we wake and rise;  
And the sad tears death makes us weep,  
He wipes from all our eyes.
- 4 And every bird and every tree  
And every opening flower  
Proclaim His glorious victory,  
His resurrection-power:  
The folds are glad, the fields rejoice,  
With vernal verdure spread:  
The little hills lift up their voice,  
And shout that death is dead.



JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

- 5 Then wake, glad heart! awake! awake!  
And seek thy risen Lord,  
Joy in His resurrection take,  
And comfort in His word;  
And let thy life, through all its ways,  
One long thanksgiving be,  
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,  
"Christ died, and rose for me."

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1863.

192

C. M.

- 1 Welcome, Thou Victor in the strife,  
Welcome from out the grave,  
To-day we triumph in Thy life,  
Around Thy empty grave.
- 2 Our enemy is put to shame,  
His short-lived triumph o'er;  
Our God is with us, we exclaim,  
We fear our foe no more.
- 3 The dwellings of the just resound  
With songs of victory;  
For in their midst Thou, Lord, art found,  
And brightest peace with Thee.
- 4 O let Thy conquering banner wave  
O'er hearts Thou makest free:  
And point the path that from the grave  
Leads heavenward up to Thee.
- 5 We bury all our sin and crime  
Deep in our Saviour's tomb,  
And seek the treasure there, that time  
Nor change can e'er consume.
- 6 Fearless we lay us in the tomb,  
And sleep the night away,  
If Thou art there to break the gloom,  
And call us back to day.

THE RESURRECTION.

- 7 Death hurts us not: his power is gone,  
And pointless all his darts:  
God's favor now on us hath shown,  
Joy filleth all our hearts.

Benjamin Schmolck, 1712.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, c. 1855.

193

C. M.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,  
And ever prays for me:  
A token of His love He gives,  
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find Him lifting up my head;  
He brings salvation near:  
His presence makes me free indeed,  
And He will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be;  
What can withstand His will?  
The counsel of His grace in me  
He surely shall fulfill.
- 4 Jesus, I cling unto Thy word;  
I steadfastly believe  
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,  
And to Thyself receive.
- 5 When God is mine, and I am His,  
Of paradise possessed,  
I taste unutterable bliss,  
And everlasting rest.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

The Ascension.

194

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

- 1 Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise,  
Into Thy native skies,  
Assume Thy right:  
And where, in many a fold,  
The clouds are backward roll'd—  
Pass through those gates of gold,  
And reign in light!
- 2 Victor o'er death and hell!  
Cherubic legions swell  
The radiant train:  
Praises all heaven inspire;  
Each angel sweeps his lyre,  
And clasps his wings of fire—  
Thou, Lamb, once slain!
- 3 Enter, incarnate God!  
No feet but Thine have trod  
The serpent down:  
Blow the full trumpets, blow!  
Wider yon portals throw!  
Saviour, triumphant, go  
And take Thy crown!
- 4 Lion of Judah—Hail!—  
And let Thy Name prevail  
From age to age:  
Lord of the rolling years—  
Claim for Thine own the spheres,  
For Thou hast bought with tears  
Thy heritage:

THE ASCENSION.

- 5 And then was heard afar  
Star answering to star—  
“Lo! these have come,  
Followers of Him who gave  
His life their lives to save;  
And now their palms they wave,  
Brought safely home.”

Matthew Bridges, 1840.

195

7. 7. 7. 7. With Hallelujah.

- 1 Hail the day that sees Him rise  
To His throne above the skies.  
Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
Reascends His native heaven.  
Hallelujah!
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits:  
Lift your heads, eternal gates;  
Wide unfold the radiant scene;  
Take the King of Glory in.  
Hallelujah!
- 3 Him though highest heaven receives,  
Still He loves the earth He leaves  
Though returning to His throne,  
Still He calls mankind His own.  
Hallelujah!
- 4 See, He lifts His hands above;  
See, He shows the prints of love;  
Hark, His gracious lips bestow  
Blessings on His church below.  
Hallelujah!
- 5 Still for us His death He pleads;  
Prevalent He intercedes:  
Near Himself prepares our place,  
Harbinger of human race.  
Hallelujah!

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

6 Lord, though parted from our sight  
High above yon azure height,  
Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Following Thee beyond the skies.  
Hallelujah!

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739, alt.

196 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 Conquering Prince, and Lord of Glory  
Majesty enthroned in light  
All the heav'ns are bowed before Thee,  
Far beyond them spreads Thy might.  
Shall I fall not at Thy feet  
And my heart with rapture beat  
Now Thy glory is displayed  
Thine ere yet the worlds were made.

2 As I watch Thee far ascending  
To the right hand of the throne,  
See the host before Thee bending,  
Praising Thee in sweetest tone,  
Shall not I too at Thy feet  
Here the angels' strain repeat,  
And rejoice that heaven doth ring,  
With the triumph of my King?

3 Power and Spirit are o'erflowing;  
On me also be they poured:  
Every hindrance overthrowing,  
Make Thy foes Thy footstool, Lord.  
Yea, let earth's remotest end  
To Thy righteous sceptre bend;  
Make Thy way before Thee plain,  
O'er all hearts and spirits reign.

4 Lo, Thy presence now is filling  
All Thy Church in every place,  
Fill my heart too, make me willing  
In this season of Thy grace.

## THE ASCENSION.

Come, Thou King of Glory, come,  
Deign to make my heart Thy home,  
There abide and rule alone,  
As upon Thy heavenly throne.

- 5 Thou art leaving me, yet bringing  
God and heaven most inly near:  
From this earthly life upspringing,  
As though still I saw Thee here.  
Let my heart, transplanted hence,  
Strange to earth, and time, and sense,  
Dwell with Thee in heaven e'en now,  
Where our only joy art Thou!

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1737.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1861.

**197**

7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 7. 7. 6.

- 1 Lo, God to heav'n ascendeth!  
Throughout its regions vast,  
With shouts triumphant blendeth  
The trumpets thrilling blast.  
Sing praise to Christ the Lord,  
Sing praise with exultation,  
King of each heathen nation!  
The God of hosts adored!

- 2 With joy in heaven resounding  
Christ's glad return to see;  
Behold the saints surrounding  
The Lord who set them free:  
Bright myriads thronging come;  
The cherub band rejoices  
And loud seraphic voices  
Welcome Messiah home.

- 3 No more the way is hidden  
Since Christ our Head arose;  
No more to man forbidden  
The road to heaven that goes



JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.;

Our Lord is gone before,  
But here He will not leave us;  
In heaven He'll soon receive us:  
He opens wide the door.

4 Christ is our place preparing,  
To heaven we, too, shall rise,  
And, joys angelic sharing,  
Be where our treasure lies:  
There may each heart be found!  
Where Jesus Christ has entered,  
There let our hopes be centered,  
Our course still heavenward bound!

5 May we, His servants thither  
In heart and mind ascend;  
And let us sing together,  
"We seek Thee, Christ our Friend,  
Thee, God's anointed Son!  
Our Life, and Way to heaven,  
To whom all power is given,  
Our Joy and Hope and Crown!"

6 When, on our vision dawning,  
Will break the wished-for hour  
Of that all-glorious morning,  
When Christ shall come with power?  
O come, thou welcome Day!  
When we, our Saviour meeting,  
His second advent greeting,  
Shall hail the heaven-sent ray.

G. Wilhelm Sacer, 1635.  
Tr. Anon, 1699.

**198**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

1 See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph;  
See the King in royal state,  
Riding on the clouds, His chariot,  
To His heav'nly palace gate:

## THE ASCENSION.

Hark! the choirs of angel voices  
Joyful hallelujahs sing,  
And the portals high are lifted  
To receive their heav'nly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,  
With the trump of jubilee?  
Lord of battles, God of armies,  
He has gained the victory;  
He who on the cross did suffer,  
He who from the grave arose,  
He has vanquished sin and Satan,  
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 While He raised His hands in blessing,  
He was parted from His friends;  
While their eager eyes behold Him,  
He upon the clouds ascends;  
He who walked with God, and pleased Him,  
Preaching truth and doom to come,  
Christ, our Enoch, is translated  
To His everlasting home.

4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,  
With His blood, within the veil;  
Joshua now is come to Canaan,  
And the kings before Him quail;  
Now He plants the tribes of Israel  
In their promised resting-place;  
Now our great Elijah offers  
Double portion of His grace.

5 Thou hast raised our human nature  
In the clouds to God's right hand;  
There we sit in heavenly places,  
There with Thee in glory stand:  
Jesus reigns, adored by angels,  
Man with God is on the throne;  
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension  
We by faith behold our own.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

199

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

- 1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious:  
See the Man of Sorrows, now;  
From the fight returned victorious,  
Ev'ry knee to Him shall bow:  
Crown Him! Crown Him!  
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him;  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;  
In the seat of power enthrone Him,  
While the vault of heaven rings:  
Crown Him! Crown Him!  
Crown the Saviour King of kings.
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;  
Saints and angels crowd around Him,  
Own His title, praise His Name:  
Crown Him! Crown Him!  
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!  
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!  
Jesus takes the highest station;  
O what joy the sight affords:  
Crown Him! Crown Him!  
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1809.

200

S. M. D.

- 1 Crown Him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon His throne;  
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns  
All music but its own:  
Awake, my soul, and sing  
Of Him who died for thee,  
And hail Him as thy matchless King  
Through all eternity.

## THE ASCENSION.

2 Crown Him the Lord of love,  
Behold His hands and side,  
Rich wounds, yet visible above,  
In beauty glorified:  
No angel in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight,  
But downward bends his burning eye  
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace;  
Whose power a sceptre sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
Absorbed in prayer and praise:  
His reign shall know no end;  
And round His piercèd feet  
Fair flowers of Paradise extend  
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,  
The Potentate of time;  
Creator of the rolling spheres  
Ineffably sublime:  
And hail, Redeemer, hail!  
For Thou hast died for me;  
Thy praise shall never, never fail  
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges, 1851.

**201**            8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. With Hallelujah.

1 Hark, ten thousand harps and voices  
Sound the note of praise above;  
Jesus reigns and heav'n rejoices;  
Jesus reigns, the God of love:  
See, He sits on yonder throne;  
Jesus rules the world alone.  
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Jesus, hail, whose glory brightens  
All above, and makes it fair:  
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

Cheers, and charms Thy people here.  
When we think of love like Thine,  
Lord, we own it love Divine.  
Hallelujah! Amen.

- 3 King of Glory, reign forever;  
Thine an everlasting crown:  
Nothing from Thy love shall sever  
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;  
Happy objects of Thy grace,  
Destined to behold Thy face.  
Hallelujah! Amen.

- 4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;  
Bring, O bring the glorious day,  
When, the awful summons hearing,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away.  
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,  
"Glory, glory to our King."  
Hallelujah! Amen.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1804, a.

**202**

C. M.

- 1 The golden gates are lifted up,  
The doors are opened wide,  
The King of Glory is gone in  
Unto His Father's side.
- 2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,  
To make for us a place,  
That we may be where now Thou art,  
And look upon Thy face.
- 3 And ever on our earthly path  
A gleam of glory lies,  
A light still breaks behind the cloud  
That veiled Thee from our eyes.
- 4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds:  
Let Thy dear grace be given,  
That while we wander here below,  
Our treasure be in heaven;

## THE KINGDOM AND GLORY.

- 5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,  
Our hope, our love may be:  
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell  
Forevermore in Thee.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1858.

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## The Kingdom and Glory.

**203**

8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 Christ above all glory seated,  
King triumphant, strong to save,  
Dying, Thou hast death defeated,  
Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.
- 2 Thou art gone where now is given  
What no mortal might could gain,  
On the eternal throne of heaven  
In Thy Father's power to reign.
- 3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,  
Heaven above and earth below;  
While the depths of hell before Thee  
Trembling and amazed bow.
- 4 We, o Lord, with hearts adoring,  
Follow Thee beyond the sky;  
Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,  
Lift our souls to Thee on high.
- 5 So when Thou again in glory  
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,  
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,  
Owned forevermore as Thine.
- 6 Hail! all hail! in Thee confiding,  
Jesus, Thee shall all adore,  
In Thy Father's might abiding  
With one Spirit evermore.

Anon. (Latin, 6th or 7th cent.)

Tr. Bishop James R. Woodford, 1852.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

**204**

C. M.

- 1 The head that once was crown'd with thorns  
Is crown'd with glory now;  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords  
Is His, is His by right,  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
And heavens eternal Light;
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below  
To whom He manifests His love,  
And grants His Name to know.
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is given;  
Their name an everlasting name,  
Their joy the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,  
They reign with Him above;  
Their profit and their joy to know  
The mystery of His love.
- 6 The cross He bore is life and health,  
Though shame and death to Him;  
His people's hope, His people's wealth,  
Their everlasting theme.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1820.

**205**

L. M.

- 1 Before the throne of God above,  
I have a strong, a perfect plea:  
A great High Priest, whose Name is love,  
Who ever lives and pleads for me.
- 2 My name is graven on His hands;  
My name is written on His heart;  
O, know that while in heaven He stands  
No tongue can bid me thence depart.



## THE KINGDOM AND GLORY.

- 3 When Satan tempts me to despair,  
And tells me of the guilt within,  
Upward I look, and see Him there,  
Who made an end of all my sin.
- 4 Because the sinless Saviour died,  
My sinful soul is counted free;  
For God, the Just, is satisfied  
To look on Him, and pardon me.
- 5 Behold Him there, the bleeding Lamb!  
My perfect, spotless righteousness,  
The great unchangeable "I Am,"  
The King of glory and of grace.
- 6 One with Himself, I cannot die;  
My life is purchased by His blood;  
My life is hid with Christ on high,  
With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

Charitie Lees Smith, 1863.

**206**

6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

- 1 Rejoice, the Lord is King!  
Your Lord and King adore!  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore:  
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;  
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love:  
When He had purged our stains,  
He took His seat above.  
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;  
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!
- 3 He sits at God's right hand,  
Till all His foes submit,  
And bow to His command,  
And fall beneath His feet,  
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;  
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take His servants up  
To their eternal home.  
We soon shall hear th'archangel's voice;  
The trump of God shall sound;—Rejoice!  
Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744.

207

C. M.

- 1 All hail the pow'r of Jesus' Name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
||: Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.:||
- 2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,  
Who fixed this floating ball;  
||: Now hail the strength of Israel's might.  
And crown Him Lord of all.:||
- 3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God  
Who from His altar call;  
||: Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all.:||
- 4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransomed of the fall,  
||: Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.:||
- 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
||: Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.:||
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
||: To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.:||

THE KINGDOM AND GLORY.

- 7 O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall;  
||: We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.:||

Rev. Edward Perronet, 1779-80, alt.  
Verse 7, added, Rev. John Rippon, 1787.

208

C. M.

(Or to Ortonville.)

- 1 Majestic sweetness, sits enthroned  
Upon the Saviour's brow,  
His head with radiant glories crowned,  
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with Him compare  
Among the sons of men;  
Fairer He is than all the fair  
That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,  
He flew to my relief;  
For me He bore the shameful cross,  
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To Him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have;  
He makes me triumph over death,  
And saves me from the grave.
- 5 To heaven, the place of His abode,  
He brings my weary feet;  
Shows me the glories of my God,  
And makes my joys complete.
- 6 Since from His bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love Divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be Thine!

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1772.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

**209** 10. 10. 11. 11.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad His wonderful Name;  
The Name, all victorious, of Jesus extol;  
His kingdom is glorious and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;  
And still He is nigh—His presence we have:  
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 Salvation to God, wo sits on the throne!  
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:  
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,  
All glory and power, and wisdom and might  
All honor and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744, alt.

**210** 14. 14. 4. 7. 8.

1 Lamb, the once crucified Lion, by triumph  
surrounded!  
Victim all bloody, and Hero, who hell hast con-  
founded!

Painriven Heart,  
That from earth's deadliest smart,  
O'er all the heavens hast bounded.

2 Thou in the depths wert to mortals the highest  
revealing,  
God in humanity veiled, Thy full glory con-  
ceiling!

"Worthy art Thou!"  
Shouteth eternity now,  
Praise to Thee endlessly pealing.

## THE KINGDOM AND GLORY.

3 Heavenly Love, in the language of earth past  
expression!

Lord of all worlds, unto whom every tongue  
owes confession!

Didst Thou not go,—

And, under sentence of woe,

Rescue the doomed by transgression?

4 O'er the abyss of the grave, and its horrors  
infernal,

Victory's palm Thou art waving in triumph  
supernal:

Who to Thee cling,

Circled by hope, shall now bring

Out of its gulf life eternal.

5 Son of Man, Saviour, in whom, with deep ten-  
derness blending,

Infinite Pity to wretches her balm is extending,  
On Thy dear breast,

Weary and numb, they may rest,

Quickened to joy never ending.

6 Sweetly persuasive, to me, too, Thy call has  
resounded;

Melting my heart so obdurate, Thy love has  
abounded;

Back to the fold,

Led by Thy hand, I behold

Grace all my path has surrounded.

7 Bless thou the Lord, O my soul! who, thy  
pardon assuring,

Heals thy diseases, and grants thee new life all  
enduring,

Joy amid woe,

Peace amid strife here below,

Unto thee ever securing.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

8 Upward, on pinions celestial, to regions of  
pleasure,  
Into the land whose bright glories no mortal  
can measure,  
Strong hope and love  
Bear Thee, the fullness to prove  
Of Thy salvation's rich treasure.

9 There, as He is, we shall view Him, with  
rapture abiding,  
Cheered even here by His glance, when the  
darkness dividing  
Lets down a ray,  
Over the perilous way  
Thousands of wanderers guiding.

10 Join, O my voice! the vast chorus, with  
trembling emotion:  
Chorus of saints, who, though sundered by land  
and by ocean,  
With sweet accord  
Praise the same glorious Lord,  
One in their ceaseless devotion.

11 Break forth, O nature! in song, when the  
spring tide is highest;  
World that hast seen His salvation, no longer  
thou sighest!

Shout, starry train,  
From your empyreal plain,  
"Glory to God in the highest!"

Meta Heusser-Schweitzer, 1797—1876.  
Tr. in "Christ in Song."

**211**

L. M.

1 Hail to the Prince of Life and Peace,  
Who holds the keys of death and hell!  
The spacious world unseen is His,  
And sovereign power becomes Him well.

## THE KINGDOM AND GLORY.

- 2 In shame and torment once He died;  
But now He lives forevermore:  
Bow down, ye saints around His seat,  
And, all ye angel-bands, adore.
- 3 So live forever, glorious Lord,  
To crush Thy foes and guard Thy friends!  
While all Thy chosen tribes rejoice  
That Thy dominion never ends.
- 4 Worthy Thy hands to hold the keys,  
Guided by wisdom and by love;  
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,  
O'er worlds below and worlds above.
- 5 Forever reign, victorious King!  
Wide through the earth Thy Name be known;  
And call my longing soul to sing  
Sublimar anthems near Thy throne.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755.

**212**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 Hail, Thou once despised Jesus,  
Hail, Thou Galilean King!  
Thou didst suffer to release us;  
Thou didst free salvation bring.  
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame!  
By Thy merits we find favor,  
Life is given in Thy Name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on Thee were laid;  
By almighty Love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made.  
All Thy people are forgiven  
Through the virtue of Thy blood:  
Opened is the gate of heaven;  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.



JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,  
There forever to abide;  
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
Seated at Thy Father's side:  
There for sinners Thou art pleading,  
There Thou dost our place prepare.  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,  
Thou art worthy to receive;  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give.  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
Help us chant Emmanuel's praise.

Rev. John Bakewell, 1760, alt.

**213**

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

1 At the Name of Jesus  
Ev'ry knee shall bow,  
Ev'ry tongue confess Him  
King of glory now.  
'Tis the Father's pleasure  
We shall call Him Lord,  
Who from the beginning  
Was the mighty Word.

2 At His voice creation  
Sprang at once to sight,  
All the angel faces,  
All the hosts of light.  
Thrones and dominations,  
Stars upon their way,  
All the heavenly orders  
In their great array.

THE KINGDOM AND GLORY.

3 Humbled for a season,  
To receive a Name  
From the lips of sinners  
Unto whom He came,  
Faithfully He bore it  
Spotless to the last,  
Brought it back victorious  
When from death He passed.

4 In your hearts enthrone Him;  
There let Him subdue  
All that is not holy,  
All that is not true:  
Crown Him as your Captain  
In temptation's hour:  
Let His will enfold you  
In its light and power.

5 Brothers, this Lord Jesus  
Shall return again,  
With His Father's glory,  
With His angel train;  
For all wreaths of empire  
Meet upon His brow,  
And our hearts confess Him  
King of glory now.

Caroline M. Noel, 1870, alt.

**214**

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

1 Jesus, our risen King,  
Glory to Thee we sing,  
Praising Thy Name:  
Thy love and grace adore,  
Which all our sorrows bore;  
Singing forevermore,  
"Worthy the Lamb."

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

2 O haste, ye ransomed race!  
For all His gifts of grace  
Praise ye His Name:  
He wondrous things hath done;  
Triumph o'er death hath won;  
Heaven's gate hath open thrown;  
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Come, all ye hosts above!  
Join in one song of love,  
Praising His Name:  
To Him ascribed be  
Honor and majesty  
Through all eternity:  
"Worthy the Lamb."

4 Blessèd and Holy Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Praise to Thy Name:  
Father, Thy love we bless;  
Spirit of holiness,  
We praise Thee and confess,  
"Worthy the Lamb."

Rev. James Allen, 1761.

**215**

L. M. 6 l.

1 O Thou eternal Victim slain,  
A sacrifice for guilty man,  
By Thine eternal Spirit made  
An off'ring in the sinners stead;  
Our everlasting Priest art Thou,  
Pleading Thy death for sinners now.

2 Thy off'ring still continues new;  
Thy vesture keeps its crimson hue;  
Thou art the ever-slaughtered Lamb,  
Thy priesthood still remains the same;  
Thy years, O Lord, can never fail;  
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

THE KINGDOM AND GLORY.

- 3 O that our faith may never move,  
But stand unshaken as Thy love:  
Sure evidence of things unseen,  
Passing the years that intervene,  
Now let it view upon the tree  
The Lord, who bleeds and dies for me.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739.

216

C. M.

- 1 To our Redeemer's glorious Name  
Awake the sacred song:  
O may His love, immortal flame  
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?  
What mortal tongue display?  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.
- 3 Let wonder still with love unite,  
And gratitude and joy;  
Be Jesus our supreme delight,  
His praise our best employ.
- 4 Jesus, who left His throne on high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came on earth to bleed and die—  
Was ever love like this?
- 5 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
Our humble thanks to Thee,  
May every heart with rapture say,  
The Saviour died for me.
- 6 O may the sweet, the blissful theme  
Fill every heart and tongue,  
Till strangers love Thy charming Name,  
And join the sacred song.

Anne Steele, 1760.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

### The Second Coming.

**217**

8. 9. 8. 8. 9. 8. 6. 6. 4. 8. 8.

1 Wake, awake, for night is flying:  
The watchmen on the heights are crying,  
Awake, Jerusalem, arise!

Mignight's solemn hour is tolling:  
His chariot wheels are nearer rolling;  
He comes, prepare ye virgins wise.

Rise up, with willing feet  
Go forth, the Bridegroom meet:

Hallelujah!

Bear through the night your well-trimmed light,  
Speed forth to join the marriage rite.

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,  
Her heart with deep delight is springing,

She wakes, she rises from her gloom;  
For her Lord comes down all glorious,  
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,  
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!

Ah come, Thou blessed One,  
God's own belovèd Son,

Hallelujah!

We haste along, in pomp of song,  
And gladsome join the marriage throng.

3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,  
And men and angels sing before Thee,  
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;

Of one pearl each shining portal,  
Where we are with the choir immortal,  
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;

No vision ever brought  
No ear hath ever caught,

Such enjoyment:

But we rejoice, and sing to Thee  
Our hymns of joy eternally.

Philip Nicolai, 1599.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858.

THE SECOND COMING.

218

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favored sinners slain;  
Thousand thousand saints attending  
Swell the triumph of His train:  
Hallelujah, hallelujah!  
God appears on earth to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
Those who set at naught and sold Him,  
Pierced and nailed Him to the Tree,  
Deeply wailing, deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,  
Heaven and earth, shall flee away:  
All who hate Him must, confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the day;  
Come to judgment, come to judgment!  
Come to judgment, come away!
- 4 Now Redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear!  
All His saints, by man rejected,  
Now shall meet Him in the air:  
Hallelujah, hallelujah!  
See the day of God appear!
- 5 Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit;  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;  
The new heaven and earth to inherit  
Take Thy pining exiles home:  
All creation, all creation  
Travails, groans and bids Thee come.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

6 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine eternal throne:  
Saviour, take the power and glory;  
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:  
O come quickly, O come quickly;  
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come.

Verses 1, 2, 5, 6, Rev. Charles Wesley, 1758;  
verses 3, 4, Rev. John Cennick, 1752.

**219**

7. 6. 7. 4

- 1 In us the hope of glory,  
O risen Lord, art Thou;  
The first-fruits of the Spirit  
Are in us now.
- 2 Yet still in dust and ashes  
Before Thy throne we kneel;  
And in our hearts is hidden  
Thy living seal.
- 3 The whole creation groaneth  
In prison-chains for Thee;  
O rend the veil asunder,  
And set us free.
- 4 Raise up Thy holy sleepers,  
And change Thy saints on earth,  
In all, as one, revealing  
Thy second birth.
- 5 O come in all Thy glory,  
Our great Emmanuel!  
Come forth, our Prince and Saviour,  
With us to dwell!
- 6 Bring Thine eternal Sabbath,  
Bring Thine eternal day,  
And cause all grief and sighing  
To flee away.



## THE SECOND COMING.

7 To Thee, Almighty Father,  
O Saviour, unto Thee,  
To Thee, Creator-Spirit,  
All glory be!

Edward William Eddis, 1864.

**220**

S. M.

- 1 Come, Lord, and tarry not,  
Bring the long-looked for day;  
O, why these years of waiting here,  
These ages of delay?
- 2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;  
Daily ascends their sigh;  
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come;"  
Dost Thou not hear the cry?
- 3 Come, for creation groans,  
Impatient of Thy stay,  
Worn out with these long years of ill,  
These ages of delay.
- 4 Come, for love waxes cold,  
Its steps are faint and slow;  
Faith now is lost in unbelief,  
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.
- 5 Come in Thy glorious might,  
Come with the iron rod,  
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,  
Most mighty Son of God!
- 6 Come and make all things new;  
Build up this ruined earth;  
Restore our faded Paradise,  
Creations second birth.
- 7 Come and begin Thy reign  
Of everlasting peace;  
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,  
Great King of Righteousness.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1846.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

**221** S. M.

- 1 The Church has waited long  
Her absent Lord to see;  
And still in loneliness she waits,  
A friendless stranger she.
- 2 Age after age has gone,  
Sun after sun has set,  
And still, in weeds of widowhood,  
She weeps a mourner yet.
- 3 Saint after saint on earth  
Has lived, and loved, and died;  
And as they left us, one by one,  
We laid them side by side:
- 4 We laid them down to sleep,  
But not in hope forlorn;  
We laid them but to ripen there  
Till the last glorious morn.
- 5 The whole creation groans,  
And waits to hear that voice  
That shall restore her comeliness,  
And make her wastes rejoice.
- 6 Come, Lord, and wipe away  
The curse, the sin, the stain,  
And make this blighted world of ours  
Thine own fair world again.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1846

**222** 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 Rejoice all ye believers,  
And let your lights appear;  
The evening is advancing,  
And darker night is near.  
The Bridegroom is arising,  
And soon He will draw nigh;  
Up, pray, and watch, and wrestle,  
At midnight comes the cry.

## THE SECOND COMING.

- 2 See that your lamps are burning,  
Replenish them with oil;  
Look now for your salvation,  
The end of sin and toil.  
The watchers on the mountain  
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,  
Go meet Him as He cometh  
With hallelujahs clear.
- 3 Ye wise and holy virgins,  
Now raise your voices higher,  
Until, in songs of triumph,  
They meet the angel-choir.  
The marriage-feast is waiting,  
The gates wide open stand;  
Up! up! ye heirs of glory:  
The Bridegroom is at hand!
- 4 Ye saints, who here in patience  
Your cross and sufferings bore,  
Shall live and reign forever,  
When sorrow is no more;  
Around the Throne of glory  
The Lamb ye shall behold,  
In triumph cast before Him  
Your diadems of gold.
- 5 There flourish palms of victory;  
There radiant garments are;  
There stands the peaceful harvest  
Beyond the reach of war.  
There, after stormy winter,  
The flowers of earth arise,  
And from the grave's long slumber  
Shall meet again our eyes.
- 6 Our Hope and Expectation,  
O Jesus, now appear;  
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,  
O'er this benighted sphere.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

With hearts and hands uplifted,  
We plead, O Lord, to see  
The day of earth's redemption,  
And ever be with Thee.

Laurentius Laurenti, 1660—1722.  
Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1853.

**223**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 He is coming, He is coming,  
Not as once He came before,  
Wailing infant, born in weakness  
On a lowly stable floor:  
But upon His cloud of glory,  
In the crimson-tinted sky,  
Where we see the golden sunrise  
In the rosy distance lie.
- 2 He is coming, He is coming,  
Not in pain, and shame, and woe,  
With the thorn-crown on His forehead,  
And the blood-drops trickling slow;  
But with diadem upon Him,  
And the scepter in His hand,  
And the dead all ranged before Him,  
Raised from death, hell, sea, and land.
- 3 He is coming, He is coming,  
Not as once he wandered through  
All the hostile land of Judah,  
With His followers poor and few:  
But with all the holy angels  
Waiting round His judgment-seat,  
And the chosen twelve apostles  
Sitting crownèd at His feet.
- 4 He is coming, He is coming;  
Let His lowly first estate,  
And His tender love, so teach us  
That in faith and hope we wait,

## THE SECOND COMING

Till in glory eastward burning,  
Our redemption draweth near;  
And we see the sign in heaven  
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848.

**224**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling  
Borders on the shades of death!  
Rise on us, Thyself revealing—  
Rise and chase the clouds beneath.  
Thou of heav'n and earth Creator!  
In our deepest darkness rise;  
Scatter all the night of nature,  
Pour the day upon our eyes!

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;  
Life and joy Thy beams impart,  
Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
Every meek, benighted heart.  
Come and manifest the favor  
God hath for our ransomed race;  
Come, Thou universal Saviour,  
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us, in Thy great compassion,  
O Thou mild, pacific Prince!  
Give the knowledge of salvation,  
Give the pardon of our sins.  
By Thine all-restoring merit,  
Every burdened soul release;  
Every weary, wandering spirit  
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

225

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 4. 7. 7.

- 1 O Son of God, we wait for Thee,  
In love for Thine appearing,  
We know Thou sittest on the throne,  
And we Thy Name are bearing.  
Who trusts in Thee,  
May joyful be,  
And see Thee, Lord, descending,  
To bring us bliss unending.
- 2 We wait for Thee, 'mid toil and pain,  
In weariness and sighing;  
But glad that Thou our guilt hast borne,  
And cancelled it by dying.  
Hence, cheerfully,  
May we, with Thee  
Take up our cross and bear it,  
Till we relief inherit.
- 3 We wait for Thee; here Thou hast won  
Our hearts to hope and duty;  
But while our spirits feel Thee near,  
Our eyes would see Thy beauty;  
We fain would be  
At rest with Thee  
In peace and joy supernal,  
In glorious life eternal.
- 4 We wait for Thee; sure Thou wilt come;  
The time is swiftly nearing;  
In this we also now rejoice,  
And long for Thine appearing.  
O, bliss 'twill be  
When Thee we see,  
Homeward Thy people bringing,  
With transport and with singing!

Philip Frederick Hiller, d. 1769.

Tr. Joseph A. Seiss, 1890.

THE SECOND COMING.

226

C. M.

- 1 Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart,  
Star of the coming day,  
Arise, and with Thy morning beams  
Chase all our griefs away.
- 2 Come, blessèd Lord, bid every shore  
And answering island sing  
The praises of Thy royal Name,  
And own Thee as their King.
- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now  
To the bright world above,  
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy  
In memory of Thy love.
- 4 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,  
The air, the earth, the sea,  
In unison with all our hearts,  
And calls aloud for Thee.
- 5 Come, then, with all Thy quickening power,  
With one awakening smile,  
And bid the serpent's trail no more  
Thy beauteous realms defile.
- 6 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits  
Of grace and peace Divine:  
Be Thine the crown of glory now,  
The palm of victory Thine.

Sir Edward Denny, Bart., 1842.



## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

**227**

8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 4. 4. 4. 4. 8.

- 1 O Holy Spirit enter in,  
Among these hearts Thy work begin,  
Thy temple deign to make us;  
Sun of the soul, Thou Light Divine  
Around and in us brightly shine  
To strength and gladness wake us.  
Where Thou shinest,  
Life from heaven  
There is given.  
We before Thee  
For that precious gift implore Thee.
- 2 Left to ourselves, we shall but stray;  
O lead us on the narrow way,  
With wisest counsel guide us,  
And give us steadfastness, that we  
May henceforth truly follow Thee.  
Whatever woes betide us:  
Heal Thou gently,  
Hearts now broken,  
Give some token  
Thou art near us,  
Whom we trust to light and cheer us.
- 3 O mighty Rock! O Source of Life,  
Let Thy dear word, 'mid doubt and strife,  
Be so within us burning,  
That we be faithful unto death,  
In Thy pure love and holy faith,  
From Thee true wisdom learning!  
Lord, Thy graces,  
On us shower,  
By Thy power  
Christ confessing,  
Let us win His grace and blessing.

## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

4 O gentle Dew, from heaven now fall  
With power upon the hearts of all,  
Thy tenderness instilling;  
That heart to heart more closely bound,  
Fruitful in kindly deeds be found,  
The law of love fulfilling:  
No wrath, no strife,  
Here shall grieve Thee,  
We receive Thee,  
Where Thou livest  
Peace and love and joy Thou givest.

5 Grant that our days, while life shall last,  
In purest holiness be passed;  
Our minds so rule and strengthen  
That they may rise o'er things of earth,  
The hopes and joys that here have birth;  
And if our course Thou lengthen,  
Keep Thou pure, Lord,  
From offences,  
Heart and senses;  
Blessed Spirit,  
Bid us thus true life inherit.

Michael Schirmer, 1640.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1862.

**228**

C. M.

1 Eternal Spirit, God of truth!  
Our contrite hearts inspire;  
Kindle a flame of heav'nly love—  
The pure celestial fire.

2 'Tis Thine to soothe the sorrowing,  
With guilt and fear oppressed;  
'Tis Thine to bid the dying live,  
And give the weary, rest.

### THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 Subdue the power of every sin,  
Whate'er that sin may be;  
That we, in singleness of heart,  
May worship only Thee.
- 4 Then with our spirits witness bear,  
That we are sons of God;  
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,  
Through Christ's atoning blood.

Rev. Thomas Cotterill, 1819.

**229**

C. M.

- 1 Why should the children of a King  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter, descend and bring  
Some tokens of Thy grace.
- 2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,  
And seal the heirs of heaven?  
When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood;  
And bear Thy witness with my heart  
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of His love,  
The pledge of joys to come;  
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,  
Will safe convey me home.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

**230**

C. M.

- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,  
Inspire these souls of Thine;  
Till every heart which Thou hast made  
Be filled with grace Divine.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift  
Of God, and fire of love;  
The everlasting spring of joy,  
And unction from above.
- 3 Thy gifts are manifold, Thou writ'st  
God's law in each true heart,  
The promise of the Father, Thou  
Dost heavenly speech impart.
- 4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they  
Thy sacred love embrace;  
Assist our minds, by nature frail,  
With Thy celestial grace.
- 5 Drive far from us the mortal foe  
And give us peace within,  
That, by Thy guidance blest, we may  
Escape the snares of sin.
- 6 Teach us the Father to confess,  
And Son, from death revived,  
And Thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,  
Who art from both derived.

Nahum Tate, 1702.

**231**

6. 5. 6. 5. 12 1.

- 1 Hear us, Thou that broodest  
O'er the watery deep,  
Waking all creation  
From its primal sleep;  
Holy Spirit, breathing  
Breath of life Divine,  
Breathe into our spirits,  
Blending them with Thine.  
Light and Life Immortal,  
Hear us as we raise  
Hearts, as well as voices,  
Mingling prayer and praise.

## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 When the sun ariseth  
In a cloudless sky,  
May we feel Thy presence,  
Holy Spirit, nigh;  
Shed Thy radiance o'er us,  
Keep it cloudless still,  
Through the day before us,  
Perfecting Thy will.  
Light and Life Immortal, etc.
- 3 When the fight is fiercest  
In the noontide heat,  
Bear us, Holy Spirit,  
To our Saviour's feet;  
There to find a refuge  
Till our work is done,  
There to fight the battle  
Till the battle's won.  
Light and Life Immortal, etc.
- 4 If the day be falling  
Sadly as it goes,  
Slowly in its sadness  
Sinking to its close,  
May Thy love in mercy  
Kindling, ere it die,  
Cast a ray of glory  
O'er our evening sky.  
Light and Life Immortal, etc.
- 5 Morning, noon, and evening,  
Whensoever it be,  
Grant us, gracious Spirit,  
• Quickening life in Thee;  
Life that gives us, living,  
Life of heavenly love;  
Life that brings us, dying,  
Life from heaven above.  
Light and Life Immortal, etc.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1873.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

**232** 10. 10. 10. 10.

1 Spirit of God, descend upon my heart;  
Wean it from earth; through all its pulses move;  
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,  
And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ectasies;  
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,  
No angel-visitant, no opening skies;  
But take the dimness of my soul away.

3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and  
King?  
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength,  
and mind;  
I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling:  
O let me seek Thee, and O let me find.

4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;  
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,  
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;  
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,  
One holy passion filling all my frame;  
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,  
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

Rev. George Croly, 1854.

**233** 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

1 Come, O come, Thou quick'ning Spirit,  
Thou forever art Divine:  
Let Thy power never fail me,  
Always fill this heart of mine;  
Thus shall grace and truth and light  
Dissipate the gloom of night.

2 Grant my mind and my affections  
Wisdom, counsel, purity;  
That I may be ever seeking

## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Naught but that which pleases Thee.  
Let Thy knowledge spread and grow,  
Working error's overthrow.

3 Lead me to green pastures, lead me  
By the true and living way.  
Shield me from each strong temptation  
That might draw my heart astray;  
And if e'er my feet should turn,  
For each error let me mourn.

4 Holy Spirit, strong and mighty,  
Thou who makest all things new,  
Make Thy work within me perfect,  
Help me by Thy word so true,  
Arm me with that sword of Thine,  
And the victory shall be mine.

5 In the faith O make me steadfast;  
Let not Satan, death or shame  
Of my confidence deprive me;  
Lord, my refuge is Thy Name.  
When the flesh inclines to ill,  
Let Thy word prove stronger still.

6 And when my last hour approaches,  
Let my hopes grow yet more bright,  
Let me be an heir of heaven,  
In Thy glorious courts of light,  
Fairer far than voice can tell,  
There, redeemed by Christ, to dwell.

Henry Held, d. 1659.

Tr. Charles William Schaeffer, 1866, a.

**234**

8. 6. 8. 4.

1 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breath'd  
His tender, last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd  
With us to dwell.



## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 He came in semblance of a dove  
With sheltering wings outspread,  
The holy balm of peace and love  
On earth to shed.
- 3 He came sweet influence to impart;  
A gracious, willing Guest,  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.
- 4 And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,  
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness  
Are His alone.
- 3 Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see:  
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

**235**

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 8. 8.

- 1 Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness,  
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;  
Come, Thou Source of sweetest gladness,  
Breathe Thy life and spread Thy light;  
Loving Spirit, God of peace,  
Great Distributor of grace,  
Rest upon this congregation;  
Hear, O hear, our supplication.
- 2 From that height which knows no measure,  
As a gracious shower, descend,  
Bringing down the richest treasure  
Man can wish, or God can send.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

O Thou Glory shining down  
From the Father and the Son,  
Grant us Thy illumination;  
Rest on all this congregation.

- 3 Come, Thou best of all donations  
God can give, or we implore:  
Having Thy sweet consolations,  
We need wish for nothing more:  
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
Now, descending from above,  
Rest on all this congregation;  
Make our hearts Thy habitation.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653, ab.

Tr. Johann Christian Jacobi, 1725.

**236**

4. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 2.

- I Come Thou, O come:  
Sweetest and kindest,  
Giver of tranquil rest  
Unto the weary soul;  
In all anxiety  
With pow'r from heav'n on high  
Console.

- 2 Come Thou, O come:  
Help in the hour of need,  
Strength of the broken reed,  
Guide of each lonely one;  
Orphan's and widow's stay,  
Who tread in life's hard way  
Alone.

- 3 Come Thou, O come:  
Glorious and shadow-free,  
Star of the stormy sea,  
Light of the tempest-tost;  
Harbor our souls to save  
When hope upon the wave  
Is lost.

## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Come Thou, O come:  
Joy in life's narrow path,  
Hope in the hour of death,  
Come, blessèd Spirit, come;  
Lead Thou us tenderly,  
Till we shall find with Thee  
Our home.

Tr. Rev. Gerard Moultrie, 1864.

### 237 7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Holy Ghost, with Light Divine,  
Shine upon this heart of mine;  
Chase the shade of night away,  
Turn the darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with Power Divine,  
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;  
Long hath sin, without control,  
Held dominion o'er my soul.
3. Holy Ghost, with Joy Divine,  
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;  
Bid my many woes depart,  
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all Divine,  
Dwell within this heart of mine;  
Cast down every idol-throne,  
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Andrew Reed, 1817.

### 238 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Holy Spirit, Lord of light,  
From Thy clear celestial height  
Thy pure beaming radiance give.
- 2 Come, Thou Father of the poor,  
Come with treasures which endure,  
Come, Thou Light of all that live.

### THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 Thou, of all consolers best,  
Thou, the soul's delightful Guest,  
Dost refreshing peace bestow.
- 4 Thou in toil art comfort sweet,  
Pleasant coolness in the heat,  
Solace in the midst of woe.
- 5 Light Immortal, Light Divine,  
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,  
And our inmost being fill.
- 6 If Thou take Thy grace away,  
Nothing pure in man will stay;  
And his good is turned to ill.
- 7 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;  
On our dryness pour Thy dew;  
Wash the stains of guilt away.
- 8 Bend the stubborn heart and will;  
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;  
Guide the steps that go astray.
- 9 Thou, on these who evermore  
Thee confess and Thee adore,  
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend:
- 10 Give them comfort when they die,  
Give them life with Thee on high;  
Give them joys that never end.

Anon. (Latin, 13th cent.)

Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849.

**239**

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Holy Spirit, Truth Divine,  
Dawn upon this soul of mine;  
Word of God, and inward Light,  
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine,  
Glow within this heart of mine;  
Kindle every high desire;  
Perish self in Thy pure fire!
- 3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine,  
Fill and nerve this will of mine;  
By Thee may I strongly live,  
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.
- 4 Holy Spirit, Right Divine,  
King within my conscience reign;  
Be my Law, and I shall be  
Firmly bound, forever free.
- 5 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine,  
Still this restless heart of mine;  
Speak to calm this tossing sea,  
Stayed in Thy tranquility.
- 6 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine,  
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;  
In the desert ways I sing,  
"Spring, O Well, forever spring."

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1864.

**240**

L. M.

- 1 O grant us light, that we may know  
The wisdom Thou alone canst give;  
That truth may guide where'er we go,  
And virtue bless where'er we live.
- 2 O grant us light, that we may see  
Where error lurks in human lore,  
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,  
And love Thy simple word the more.
- 3 O grant us light, that we may learn  
How dead is life from Thee apart,  
How sure is joy for all who turn  
To Thee an undivided heart.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

4 O grant us light, in grief and pain,  
To lift our burdened hearts above,  
And count the very cross a gain,  
And bless our Father's hidden love.

5 O grant us light, when, soon or late,  
All earthly scenes shall pass away,  
In Thee to find the open gate  
To deathless home and endless day.

Rev. Laurence Tuttielt, 1864.

**241**

L. M.

1 Eternal Spirit, we confess  
And sing the wonders of Thy grace;  
Thy power conveys our blessings down  
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by Thine heavenly ray,  
Our shades and darkness turn to day;  
Thine inward teachings make us know  
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory works within,  
And breaks the chains of reigning sin,  
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,  
And forms our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows Thy voice;  
Thy cheering words awake our joys;  
Thy words allay the stormy wind,  
And calm the surges of the mind.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

**242**

L. M.

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above.  
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide;  
O'er every thought and step preside.

## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 The light of truth to us display,  
That we may know and choose Thy way;  
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,  
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God;  
Lead to Thy word, that rules must give,  
And sure directions how to live.
- 4 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,  
Nor let us from His pastures stray,  
Lead us to heaven, that we may share  
Fullness of joy forever there.

Rev. Simon Browne, 1720.

**243**

C. M.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love,  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys;  
Our souls, how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,—  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate;  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And Thine to us so great!
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707.



THE HOLY SPIRIT.

**244** C. M.

- 1 Great Father of each perfect gift,  
Behold Thy servants wait;  
With longing eyes and lifted hands,  
We flock around Thy gate.
- 2 O shed abroad that royal gift,  
Thy Spirit from above,  
To bless our eyes with sacred light,  
And fire our hearts with love.
- 3 Blest earnest of eternal joy,  
Declare our sins forgiven;  
And bear with energy Divine  
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.
- 4 Diffuse, O God, these copious showers,  
That earth its fruits may yield,  
And change this barren wilderness  
To Carmel's flowery field.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1736.

**245** C. M.

- 1 Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord,  
The Holy Ghost send down;  
Fulfill in us Thy faithful word,  
And all Thy mercies crown.
- 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire  
Their wondrous powers impart,  
Grant, Saviour, what we most desire,—  
Thy Spirit in our heart.
- 3 Spirit of life, and light and love,  
Thy heavenly influence give;  
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,  
That we in Christ may live.

## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 To our benighted minds reveal  
The glories of His grace,  
And bring us where no clouds conceal  
The brightness of His face.
- 5 His love within us shed abroad,—  
Life's ever-springing well;  
Till God in us, and we in God,  
In love eternal dwell.

Rev. Thomas Haweis, 1792.

**246**

7. 7. 7. 5.

- 1 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,  
Taught by Thee, we covet most  
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,  
Holy, heavenly love.
- 2 Faith, that mountains could remove,  
Tongues of earth or heaven above,  
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,  
Without heavenly love.
- 3 Love is kind, and suffers long;  
Love is meek and thinks no wrong;  
Love, than death itself more strong,  
Give us heavenly love.
- 4 Prophecy will fade away,  
Melting in the light of day;  
Love will ever with us stay:  
Give us heavenly love.
- 5 Faith will vanish into sight;  
Hope be emptied in delight;  
Love in heaven will shine more bright:  
Give us heavenly love.
- 6 Faith and hope and love we see  
Joining hand in hand agree;  
But the greatest of the three,  
And the best, is love.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 7 From the overshadowing  
Of Thy gold and silver wing,  
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,  
Holy, heavenly love.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

247

7. 7. 7. 5.

- 1 Holy Ghost, the Infinite!  
Shine upon our nature's night  
With Thy blessèd inward light,  
Comforter Divine!
- 2 We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord;  
We are faint: Thy strength afford;  
Lost,—until by Thee restored,  
Comforter Divine!
- 3 Like the dew, Thy peace distill;  
Guide, subdue our wayward will,  
Things of Christ unfolding still,  
Comforter Divine!
- 4 With us, for us, intercede,  
And with voiceless groanings plead  
Our unutterable need,  
Comforter Divine!
- 5 In us "Abba, Father," cry,—  
Earnest of our bliss on high,  
Seal of immortality,—  
Comforter Divine!
- 6 Search for us the depths of God;  
Bear us up the starry road,  
To the height of Thine abode,  
Comforter Divine!

George Rawson, 1853.

**THE HOLY TRINITY.**

248

11. 12. 11. 10.

1 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:  
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!  
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the  
                                glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide  
Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may  
not see,  
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,  
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth  
and sky and sea;  
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!  
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Bishop Reginald Heber, pub. 1827.

249

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

1 Round the Lord in glory seated  
Cherubim and seraphim  
Filled His temple, and repeated  
Each th'alternate hymn:  
"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with its fullness stored;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"

## THE HOLY TRINITY.

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,  
Earth takes up the angel's cry,  
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,  
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High."  
With His seraph train before Him,  
With His holy Church below,  
Thus unite we to adore Him,  
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with Thy fullness stored;  
Unto Thee be glory given.  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."  
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,  
With Thine angel hosts we cry,  
"Holy, Holy, Holy, blessing  
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most high."

Bishop Richard Mant, 1837.

**250**

(Or to Gopsal.) 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

- 1 We give immortal praise  
To God the Father's love,  
For all our comforts here,  
And all our hopes above:  
He sent His own eternal Son  
To die for sins that man hath done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who saved us by His blood  
From everlasting woe:  
And now He lives, and now He reigns,  
And sees the fruit of all His pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit praise  
And endless worship give,  
Whose new-creating power  
Makes the dead sinner live;  
His work completes the great design,  
And fills the soul with joy Divine.

## THE HOLY TRINITY.

- 4 Almighty God, to Thee  
Be endless honors done;  
The sacred Persons Three,  
The Godhead only One;  
Where reason fails with all her powers,  
There faith prevails, and love adores.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

**251**

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

- 1 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord  
God of hosts! when heav'n and earth,  
Out of darkness, at Thy word  
Issued into glorious birth,  
All Thy works before Thee stood,  
And Thine eyes beheld them good,  
While they sung with sweet accord,  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy! Thee,  
One Jehovah evermore,  
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,  
Dust and ashes, would adore:  
Lightly by the world esteemed,  
From that world by Thee redeemed,  
Sing we here with glad accord,  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! all  
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,  
While the ransomed nations fall  
At the footstool of their King:  
Then shall saints and seraphim,  
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,  
Blending in sublime accord,  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

James Montgomery, 1852.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

252

C. M.

- 1 O God, we praise Thee; and confess  
That Thou, the only Lord  
And Everlasting Father, art  
By all the earth adored.
- 2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;  
To Thee the powers on high,  
Both cherubim and seraphim,  
Continually do cry:—
- 3 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,  
Whom heavenly hosts obey,  
The world is with the glory filled  
Of Thy majestic ray.
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,  
And prophets crowned with light,  
With all the martyrs' noble host  
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The Holy Church throughout the world,  
O Lord, confesses Thee,  
That Thou Eternal Father art,  
Of boundless majesty;
- 6 Thy honored, true, and only Son;  
And Holy Ghost, the Spring  
Of never-ceasing joy: O Christ,  
Of glory Thou art King.

Anon. (Latin 5th Century.)

Tr. Tate and Brady's Supplement, c. 1700.

253

L. M.

- 1 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!  
Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy Name,  
Forever be Thy Name adored  
Thy glories let the world proclaim.



### THE HOLY TRINITY.

- 2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified,  
To take our load of sins away,  
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide  
Along the realms of upper day.
- 3 O Holy Spirit, from above,  
In streams of light and glory given,  
Thou Source of ecstasy and love,  
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven!
- 4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe  
Our every thought, our every song;  
And ever may Thy praises flow  
From saint and seraph's burning tongue!
- Rev. James W. Eastburn, 1815.

### 254 L. M.

- 1 Father of heaven, whose Love profound  
A ransom for our souls hath found,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:  
To us Thy pardoning Love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word!  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:  
To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:  
To us Thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!  
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:  
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend!

Rev. Edward Cooper, 1805.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

255

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord  
God of hosts, Eternal King,  
By the heav'ns and earth adored!  
Angels and archangels sing,  
Chanting everlastingly  
To the blessèd Trinity.
- 2 Since by Thee were all things made,  
And in Thee do all things live,  
Be to Thee all honor paid;  
Praise to Thee let all things give,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessèd Trinity.
- 3 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,  
Spirits blest, before Thy throne,  
Speeding thence at Thy command;  
And, when Thy behests are done,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessèd Trinity.
- 4 Cherubim and seraphim  
Veil their faces with their wings;  
Eyes of angels are too dim  
To behold the King of kings,  
While they sing eternally  
To the blessèd Trinity.
- 5 Thee apostles, prophets Thee,  
Thee the noble martyr band,  
Praise with solemn jubilee,  
Thee the Church in every land;  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessèd Trinity.

## THE HOLY TRINITY.

- 6 Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Godhead One, and Persons Three;  
Join us with the heavenly host,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessèd Trinity.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

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## III. THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

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### Its Nature, Warfare and Guidance.

**256**

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 The Church's one Foundation  
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;  
She is His new creation  
By water and the word:  
From heav'n He came and sought her  
To be His holy Bride;  
With His own blood He bought her,  
And for her life He died.
- 2 Elect from every nation,  
Yet one o'er all the earth,  
Her charter of salvation  
One Lord, one faith, one birth  
One holy Name she blesses,  
Partakes one holy food,  
And to one hope she presses,  
With every grace endued.
- 3 Though with a scornful wonder,  
Men see her sore oppressed,  
By schisms rent asunder,  
By heresies distressed;

## THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
Their cry goes up, "How long?"  
And soon the night of weeping  
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace forevermore;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union  
With God the Three in one,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won;  
O happy ones and holy!  
Lord, give us grace, that we,  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with Thee.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone, 1866.

**257**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God;  
He whose word cannot be broken  
Formed thee for His own abode:  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake that sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou mayst smile at all Thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal Love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove:

ITS NATURE, WARFARE AND GUIDANCE.

Who can faint, when such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;  
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near,  
Thus deriving from their banner  
Light by night and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna  
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city  
I, through grace, a member am,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in Thy Name:  
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show;  
Solid joys and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know.

Rev. John Newton, 1779.

**258**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

1 Hear what God the Lord hath spoken:  
O my people, faint and few,  
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,  
Fair abodes I build for you;  
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation  
Shall no more perplex your ways;  
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"  
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

2 There, like streams that feed the garden.  
Pleasures without end shall flow;  
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,  
All His bounty shall bestow.

## THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Still in undisturbed possession  
Peace and righteousness shall reign;  
Never shall you feel oppression,  
Hear the voice of war again.

- 3 Ye, no more your suns descending,  
Waning moon no more shall see,  
But your griefs forever ending,  
Find eternal noon in me.  
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,  
Change to day the gloom of night;  
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,  
God, your everlasting Light.

William Cowper, 1790.

**259**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 Praise the Rock of our salvation,  
Laud His Name from zone to zone;  
On that Rock the Church is builded,  
Christ Himself the Corner-stone;  
Vain against our rock-built Zion  
Winds and waters, fire and hail,  
Christ is in her midst; against her  
Sin and hell shall not prevail.
- 2 Where Thou reignest, King of Glory,  
Throned in everlasting light,  
Midst Thy saints, no more is needed  
Sun by day, nor moon by night;  
Soon may we those portals enter  
When this earthly strife is o'er,  
There to dwell with saints and angels  
In Thy presence evermore.

Rev. Benjamin Webb, 1872, a.

ITS NATURE, WARFARE AND GUIDANCE.

260

7. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 Head of Thy Church triumphant,  
We joyfully adore Thee;  
Till Thou appear,  
Thy members here  
Shall sing like those in glory:  
We lift our hearts and voices  
With blest anticipation,  
And cry aloud,  
And give to God  
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,  
And passing through the fire,  
Thy love we praise  
Which knows our days,  
And ever brings us higher:  
We lift our hands exulting  
In Thine almighty favor;  
The love Divine  
Which made us Thine  
Shall keep us Thine forever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct Thy people  
Through torrents of temptation;  
Nor shall we fear,  
While Thou art near,  
The fire of tribulation:  
The world, with sin and Satan,  
In vain our march opposes;  
Through Thee we shall  
Break through them all,  
And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory  
To which Thou shalt restore us,  
The cross despise  
For that high prize  
Which Thou hast set before us;  
And if Thou count us worthy,



## THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

We each, as dying Stephen,  
Shall see Thee stand  
At God's right hand  
To take us up to heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1745, alt.

### 261

L. M.

- 1 Triumphant Zion! lift thy head  
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!  
Though humbled long—awake at length,  
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
And let thy excellence be known:  
Decked in the robe of righteousness,  
The world thy glories shall confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade  
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread:  
No more shall hell's insulting host  
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer;  
His hand thy ruins shall repair;  
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease  
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755.

### 262

C. M.

- 1 O where are kings and empires now  
Of old that went and came?  
But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,  
A thousand years the same.
- 2 We mark her goodly battlements,  
And her foundations strong  
We hear within the solemn voice  
Of her unending song.

ITS NATURE, WARFARE AND GUIDANCE.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world  
Thy holy Church, O God!  
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,  
And tempests are abroad;—

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,  
Immovable she stands,  
A mountain that shall fill the earth,  
A house not made by hands.

Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, 1839.

**263**

11. 11. 11. 5.

1 Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,  
Star of our night, and hope of ev'ry nation,  
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,  
Lord God Almighty.

2 See round Thine Ark the angry billows curling,  
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;  
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are  
hurling,  
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, thou canst help when earthly armor  
faileth;  
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;  
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell pre-  
vaileth:  
Grant us Thy peace, Lord!

4 Peace, in our hearts, our evil thoughts assu-  
aging,  
Peace, in Thy Church, where brothers are en-  
gaging,  
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;  
Calm Thy foes raging!

## THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are  
driven;  
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be for-  
given;  
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,  
Peace in Thy heaven.

Pilip Pusey, 1840.

## The Communion of Saints.

**264**

S. M.

(Or to Boylston.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love:  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives  
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free,  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1772.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

265

S. M.

- 1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode,  
The Church our blest Redeemer saved  
With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy Church, O God;  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given  
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Rev. Timothy Dwight, 1800.

266

C. M.

- 1 Happy the souls to Jesus joined,  
And saved by grace alone;  
Walking in all Thy ways, we find  
Our heav'n on earth begun.
- 2 The Church triumphant in Thy love,  
Their mighty joys we know;  
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,  
And we in hymns below.

## THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

3 Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,  
And bow before Thy throne,  
We in the kingdom of Thy grace:  
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The Holy to the Holiest leads;  
From hence our spirits rise;  
And he that in Thy statutes treads  
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1745.

### 267

C. M.

- 1 O blessing rich, for sons of men  
Members of Christ to be,  
Joined to the holy Son of God  
In wondrous unity.
- 2 O Jesus, our great Head Divine,  
From whom most freely flow  
The streams of life and strength and warmth  
To all the frame below.
- 3 Keep us as members sound and whole  
Within Thy Body true;  
Build us into a temple fair,  
Meet stones in order due.
- 4 For one with God, O Jesus blest,  
We are, when one with Thee,  
With saints on earth and saints at rest  
A glorious company.

Hymnologia Christiana, 1863.

### 268

7. 7. 7. 7.

(Or to Pleyel's Hymn.)

- 1 Children of the heav'nly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways.

## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 2 We are travelling home to God  
In the way the fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock and blest;  
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest;  
There your seat is now prepared,  
There's your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,  
Zion's city is in sight;  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.
- 5 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 6 Lord, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only Thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

Rev. John Cennick. 1742.

**269**

C. M.

- 1 Come, let us join our friends above,  
That have obtained the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love  
To joy celestial rise.
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,  
With those to glory gone;  
For all the servants of our King,  
In earth and heaven, are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in Him,  
One Church above, beneath:  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

4 One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow;  
Part of His host has crossed the flood,  
And part is crossing now.

5 His militant, embodied host,  
With wishful looks we stand,  
And long to see that happy coast,  
And reach that heavenly land.

6 E'en now by faith we join our hands  
With those that went before,  
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands  
On the eternal shore.

7 Lord Jesus, be our constant Guide,  
And when the word is given,  
Bid the cold waves of death divide,  
And land us all in heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1759.

**270** 10. 10. 10. 4.

1 For all the saints who from their labors rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,  
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blest.  
Hallelujah!

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and  
their Might;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought  
fight;  
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.  
Hallelujah!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,  
Fight as the saints, who nobly fought of old,  
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.  
Hallelujah!



## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

4 O blest communion, fellowship Divine!  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.  
Hallelujah!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.  
Hallelujah!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.  
Hallelujah!

7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
The King of Glory passes on His way.  
Hallelujah!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's far-  
thest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless  
Sing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, [host,  
Hallelujah!

Bishop William W. How, 1864.

**271** 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

1 Who are these like stars appearing,  
These before God's throne who stand?  
Each a golden crown is wearing;  
Who are all this glorious band?  
Hallelujah! hark, they sing,  
Praising loud their heavenly King.

2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,  
These in God's own truth arrayed,  
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,  
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,  
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?  
Whence comes all this glorious band?

## THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

- 3 These are they who have contended  
For their Saviour's honor long,  
Wrestling on till life was ended,  
Following not the sinful throng;  
These, who well the fight sustained,  
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.
- 4 These are they whose hearts were riven,  
Sore with woe and anguish tried,  
Who in prayer full oft have striven  
With the God they glorified;  
Now, their painful conflict o'er,  
God has bid them weep no more.
- 5 These like priests have watched and waited,  
Offering up to Christ their will;  
Soul and body consecrated,  
Day and night they serve Him still:  
Now in God's most holy place  
Blest they stand before His face.
- 6 Lo, the Lamb Himself now feeds them  
On Mount Zion's pastures fair;  
From His central throne He leads them  
By the living fountains there;  
Lamb and Shepherd, Good Supreme,  
Free He gives the cooling stream.

Heinrich T. Schenk, 1719.  
Tr. Frances E. Cox, 1841, 1864.

## 272

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 Hark! the sound of holy voices,  
Chanting at the crystal sea,  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah, Lord to Thee!  
Multitude which none can number,  
Like the stars, in glory stands,  
Clothed in white apparel holding  
Palms of vict'ry in their hands.

## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 2 They have come from tribulation,  
And have washed their robes in blood,  
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;  
Tried they were, and firm they stood;  
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,  
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,  
They have conquered death and Satan  
By the might of Christ the Lord.
- 3 Marching with Thy cross their banner,  
They have triumphed, following  
Thee the Captain of salvation,  
Thee their Saviour and their King;  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered,  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,  
And by death to life immortal  
They were born and glorified.
- 4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,  
Now they walk in golden light,  
Now they drink, as from a river,  
Holy bliss and infinite:  
Love and peace they taste forever,  
And all truth and knowledge see  
In the beatific vision  
Of the blessed Trinity.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

**273**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 Through the night of doubt and sorrow,  
Onward goes the pilgrim band,  
Singing songs of expectation,  
Marching to the promised land.  
Clear before us, through the darkness,  
Gleams and burns the guiding light:  
Brother clasps the hand of brother,  
Stepping fearless through the night.

## THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

2 One the light of God's own presence,  
O'er His ransomed people shed,  
Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
Brightening all the path we tread:  
One the object of our journey,  
One the faith which never tires,  
One the earnest looking forward,  
One the hope our God inspires.

3 One the strain the lips of thousands  
Lift as from the the heart of one;  
One the conflict, one the peril,  
One the march in God begun:  
One the gladness of rejoicing  
On the far eternal shore,  
Where the One Almighty Father,  
Reigns in love forevermore.

4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,  
Onward, with the cross our aid;  
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
Till we rest beneath its shade:  
Soon shall come the great awaking,  
Soon the rending of the tomb;  
Then the scattering of all shadows,  
And the end of toil and gloom.

Bernhardt S. Ingemann, 1825.

Tr. Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1875.

**274**

L. M. 6 l.

1 The saints of God! Their conflict past,  
And life's long battle won at last,  
No more they need the shield or sword,  
They cast them down before their Lord:  
O happy saints! forever blest,  
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

## THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

2 The saints of God! Their wanderings done,  
No more their weary course they run,  
No more they faint, no more they fall,  
No foes oppress, no fears appall:  
O happy saints! forever blest,  
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

3 The saints of God! Lifes voyage o'er,  
Safe landed on that blissful shore,  
No stormy tempests now they dread,  
No roaring billows lift their head:  
O happy saints! forever blest,  
In that calm haven of your rest!

4 The saints of God their vigil keep  
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,  
Till from the dust they too shall rise  
And soar triumphant to the skies:  
O happy saints! rejoice and sing:  
He quickly comes, your Lord and King!

5 O God of saints! To Thee we cry;  
O Saviour! plead for us on high;  
O Holy Ghost! our Guide and Friend,  
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;  
That with all saints our rest may be  
In that bright Paradise with Thee!

Archbishop William D. Maclagan, 1870.

**275**

S. M.

1 O what, if we are Christ's,  
In earthly shame or loss?  
Bright shall the crown of glory be  
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,  
Bitter the cup of woe,  
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,  
Christ's sufferings shared below.

## THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

3 Bright is their glory now,  
Boundless their joy above,  
Where, on the bosom of their God,  
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,  
Like them in faith to bear  
All that of sorrow, grief or pain  
May be our portion here.

5 Enough, if Thou at last  
The word of blessing give,  
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,  
Where saints and angels live.

6 All glory, Lord, to Thee,  
Whom heaven and earth adore,  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God forevermore.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1852.

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## Reformation and Home Missions.

**276**

S. M.

1 How beauteous are their feet,  
Who stand on Zion's hill!  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!  
How sweet the tidings are!  
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;  
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
That kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought but never found!

REFORMATION AND HOME MISSIONS.

- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light!  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen joined their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare His arm  
Through all the earth abroad;  
Let all the nations now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

**277**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

(Or to Sanctuary.)

- 1 Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,  
"Who will go and work to-day?  
Fields are white and harvests waiting,  
Who will bear the sheaves away?"  
Loud and long the Master calleth,  
Rich reward He offers thee;  
Who will answer, gladly saying,  
"Here I am, send me, send me?"
- 2 If you cannot cross the ocean,  
And the heathen lands explore,  
You can find the heathen nearer,  
You can help them at your door;  
If you cannot give your thousands,  
You can give the widow's mite,  
And the least you give to Jesus  
Will be precious in His sight.
- 3 If you cannot speak like angels,  
If you cannot preach like Paul,  
You can tell the love of Jesus,  
You can say He died for all.



## THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

If you cannot rouse the wicked  
With the judgment's dread alarms,  
You can lead the little children  
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

- 4 Let none hear you idly saying,  
"There is nothing I can do,"  
While the souls of men are dying,  
And the Master calls for you.  
Take the task He gives you gladly,  
Let His work your pleasure be;  
Answer quickly when He calleth—  
"Here am I, send me, send me."

Rev. Daniel March, 1868.

**278**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

(Or to Austrian Hymn.)

- 1 Goodly were thy tents, O Israel,  
Spread along the river's side;  
Bright thy star, which rose prophetic,  
Herald of dominion wide:  
Fairer are the homes of freemen,  
Scattered o'er our broad domain;  
Brighter is our rising daystar,  
Ushering in a purer reign.
- 2 Welcome to the glorious freedom,  
Which our fathers hither brought;  
Welcome to the priceless treasure  
Which with constant faith, they sought,—  
See, from every nation gathering,  
Swarming myriads throng our coasts,  
Hear, with steady steps advancing,  
Ceaseless tread of countless hosts.
- 3 God of nations! Our Preserver,  
Hear our prayers, our counsels bless;  
Lift o'er all Thy radiant banner,  
On these souls Thy love impress;

REFORMATION AND HOME MISSIONS.

From Thy throne of boundless blessing,  
O'er our land Thy Spirit pour;  
In the grandeur of Thine empire,  
Reign supreme from shore to shore!

Rev. Samuel Wolcott, d., 1886.

279

8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. 7.

- 1 A mighty Fortress is our God,  
A bulwark never failing;  
Our Helper He, amid the flood  
Of mortal ills prevailing.  
For still our ancient foe  
Doth seek to work us woe;  
His craft and power are great,  
And arm'd with cruel hate,  
On earth where is his equal?
- 2 Did we in our own strength confide,  
Our striving would be losing;  
Were not the right man on our side,  
The man of God's own choosing:  
Dost ask who that may be  
Christ Jesus, it is He;  
Lord Sabaoth His Name,  
From age to age the same,  
And He must win the battle.
- 3 And though this world, with devils filled,  
Should threaten to undo us;  
We will not fear, for God hath willed  
His truth to triumph through us;  
The prince of darkness grim,—  
We tremble not for him;  
His rage we can endure,  
For lo! his doom is sure,  
One little word shall fell him.

## THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

- 4 That word above all earthly powers,  
No thanks to them, abideth;  
The spirit and the gifts are ours  
Through Him who with us sideth:  
Let goods and kindred go,  
This mortal life also;  
The body they may kill:  
God's truth abideth still,  
His kingdom lasts forever.

Martin Luther, 1529.

Tr. Rev. Frederick H. Hedge, 1853.

## 280

L. M.

- 1 Look from Thy sphere of endless day  
O God of mercy and of might!  
In pity look on those who stray,  
Benighted in this land of light.
- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,  
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,  
How many of the sons of men  
Hear not the message sent from Thee!
- 3 Send forth Thy Herald, Lord, to call  
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,  
A scattered, homeless flock, till all  
Be gathered to Thy peacefull fold.
- 4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,  
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,  
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,  
And bind and heal the broken heart.
- 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,  
That makes us sadden as we gaze,  
Shall grow with living waters green,  
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William C. Bryant, 1865, a.

REFORMATION AND HOME MISSIONS.

**281** L. M.

- 1 Almighty God, whose only Son  
O'er sin and death the triumph won,  
And ever lives to intercede  
For souls who Thy sweet mercy need.
- 2 In His dear Name to Thee we pray  
For all who err and go astray,  
For sinners, whoso'er they be,  
Who do not serve and honor Thee.
- 3 And some within Thy sacred fold,  
To holy things are dead and cold,  
And waste the precious hours of life  
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife;
- 4 And many a quickened soul within  
There lurks the secret love of sin,  
A wayward will, or anxious fears,  
Or lingering taint of bygone years:
- 5 O give repentance true and deep  
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep,  
And kindle in their hearts the fire  
Of holy love and pure desire!

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, 1868.

**282** 8. 8. 8. 4.

- 1 Father of all, from land and sea  
The nations sing, "Thine, Lord, are we,  
Countless in number, but in Thee  
May we be one."
- 2 O Son of God, whose love so free  
For men did make Thee Man to be,  
United to our God in Thee  
May we be one.

### THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

- 3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone:  
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own  
Of their two walls the Corner-stone,  
Making them one.
- 4 Thou art the fountain of all good,  
Cleansing with Thy most precious blood,  
And feeding us with angels' food,  
Making us one.
- 5 Join high and low, join young and old,  
In love that never waxes cold:  
Under one Shepherd, in one Fold,  
Make us all one.
- 6 O Spirit blest, who from above  
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,  
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;  
O make us one!
- 7 O Trinity in Unity,  
One only God, in Persons Three,  
Dwell ever in our hearts; like Thee  
May we be one.
- 8 So, when the world shall pass away,  
May we awake with joy and say,  
"Now in the bliss of endless day  
We all are one."

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1871.

**283**

L. M.

- 1 O Holy Ghost, Thou God of Peace,  
Pity Thy Church, now rent in twain;  
Bid wrath, and strife and variance cease,  
And let us all be one again;
- 2 One with our brethren here in love,  
And one with saints that are at rest,  
And one with angel hosts above,  
And one with God forever blest.

## REFORMATION AND HOME MISSIONS.

- 3 O make on earth all churches one,  
One with the blessèd gone before,  
All knit in sweet communion,  
To love Thee, worship, and adore.
- 4 For one the Lord on whom we call,  
The Spirit one whom He hath given,  
One God and Father of us all,  
One Faith on earth, one Hope of heaven.

Rev. Isaac Williams, 1842.

**284**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

(Or to Bavaria.)

- 1 "Call them in"—the poor, the wretched,  
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;  
Peace and pardon freely offer!  
Can you weigh their worth with gold?  
"Call them in"—the weak, the weary,  
Laden with the doom of sin;  
Bid them come and rest in Jesus!  
He is waiting: "Call them in!"
- 2 "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gentile;  
Bid the stranger to the feast!  
"Call them in"—the rich, the noble,  
From the highest to the least.  
Forth the Father runs to meet them,  
He hath all their sorrows seen;  
Robe, and ring, and kiss of pardon,  
Wait the lost ones: "Call them in!"
- 3 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,  
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame:  
Speak love's message low and tender—  
'Twas for sinners Jesus came.  
See the shadows lengthen round us,  
Soon the day-dawn will begin;  
Can you leave them lost and lonely?  
Christ is coming: "Call them in!"

Anna Shipton, 1862.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

**285** C. M.

- 1 Lord, lead the way the Saviour went,  
By lane and cell obscure,  
And let our treasures still be spent,  
Like His, upon the poor.
- 2 Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,  
Who bore the world's sad weight,  
We, in their gloomy loneliness  
Would seek the desolate.
- 3 For Thou hast placed us side by side  
In this wide world of ill;  
And that Thy followers may be tried,  
The poor are with us still.
- 4 Small are the offerings we can make;  
Yet Thou hast taught us, Lord,  
If given for the Saviour's sake,  
They loose not their reward.

Rev. William Croswell, 1851.

**286** 7. 5. 7. 5.

- 1 Thine are all the gifts, O God,  
Thine the broken bread;  
Let the naked feet be shod,  
And the starving fed.
- 2 Let Thy children, by Thy grace,  
Give as they abound,  
Till the poor have breathing-space,  
And the lost are found.
- 3 Wiser than the miser's hoards  
Is the giver's choice;  
Sweeter than the song of birds  
Is the thankful voice.



## REFORMATION AND HOME MISSIONS.

- 4 Welcome smiles on faces sad  
As the flowers of spring;  
Let the tender hearts be glad  
With the joy they bring.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1878.

### 287

C. M.

- 1 O still in accents sweet and strong  
Sounds forth the ancient word,—  
“More reapers for white harvest fields,  
More lab’rers for the Lord!”
- 2 We hear the call; in dreams no more  
In selfish ease we lie,  
But, girded for our Father’s work,  
Go forth beneath His sky.
- 3 Where prophet’s word and martyrs’ blood,  
And prayers of saints were sown,  
We, to their labors entering in,  
Would reap where they have strown.
- 4 O Thou whose call our hearts hast stirred,  
To do Thy will we come;  
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,  
And bear our harvest home.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1864.

### 288

C. M.

- 1 Blest is the man whose softening heart  
Feels all another’s pain;  
To whom the supplicating eye  
Was never raised in vain:—
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,  
A stranger’s woes to feel;  
And bleeds in pity o’er the wound  
He wants the power to heal.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

He spreads His kind supporting arms  
To every child of grief;  
His secret bounty largely flows,  
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love  
His feet are never slow;  
He views, through mercy's melting eye,  
A brother in a foe.

5 Peace from the bosom of his God,  
The Saviour's grace shall give;  
And, when he kneels before the throne,  
His trembling soul shall live.

Anna L. Barbauld, 1772.

289

C. M,

1 The Lord will come, and not be slow;  
His footsteps cannot err;  
Before Him Righteousness shall go,  
His royal harbinger.

2 Mercy and Truth, that long were missed,  
Now joyfully are met;  
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed,  
And hand in hand are set.

3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,  
Shall bud and blossom then,  
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,  
Look down on mortal men.

4 Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God!  
Thee honor and adore  
With my whole heart; and sound abroad  
Thy Name forevermore!

John Milton, 1674.

REFORMATION AND HOME MISSIONS.

290

L. M.

- 1 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of Thy tone;  
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek  
Thy erring children lost and lone.
- 2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
The wandering and the wavering feet;  
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.
- 3 O strengthen me, that, while I stand  
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
- 4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things Thou dost impart;  
And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.
- 5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak with soothing power  
A word in season, as from Thee,  
To weary ones in needful hour.
- 6 O use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,  
Until Thy blessèd face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Frances R. Havergal, 1872.

291

L. M.

- 1 Great God of Abra'am! hear our prayer,  
Let Abra'am's seed Thy mercy share.  
O may they now, at length, return,  
And look on Him they pierced, and mourn.

## THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

- 2 Though outcasts still, estranged from Thee,  
Cut off from their own olive tree,  
Why should they longer such remain?  
For Thou canst graft them in again.
- 3 Lord, put Thy law within their hearts,  
And write it in their inward parts;  
The veil of darkness rend in two  
Which hides Messiah from their view.
- 4 O haste the day, foretold so long,  
When Jew and Greek—a glorious throng—  
Our house shall seek, our prayer shall pour,  
And one Redeemer shall adore.

Thomas Cotterill, 1819.

**292**

L. M.

- 1 It may not be our lot to wield  
The sickle in the harvest field;  
Not ours to hear, on summer eves,  
The reaper's song among the sheaves.
- 2 Yet ours the grateful service whence  
Comes, day by day, the recompense;  
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,  
The fountain, and the noonday shade.
- 3 And were this life the utmost span,  
The only end and aim of man,  
Better the toil of fields like these  
Than waking dreams and slothful ease.
- 4 But life, though falling like our grain,  
Like that revives and springs again;  
And, early called, how blest are they  
Who wait, in heaven, their harvest day!

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1892.

REFORMATION AND HOME MISSIONS.

293

8, 7. 8. 7. D.

(Or to Esther.)

- 1 If you cannot on the ocean  
Sail among the swiftest fleet,  
Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet,  
You can stand among the sailors,  
Anchored yet within the bay,  
You can lend a hand to help them,  
As they launch their boat away.
- 2 If you are too weak to journey  
Up the mountain steep and high,  
You can stand within the valley,  
While the multitude go by;  
You can chant in happy measure,  
As they slowly pass along;  
Though they may forget the singer,  
They will not forget the song.
- 3 If you have not gold and silver  
Ever ready to command;  
If you cannot toward the needy  
Reach an ever open hand,  
You can visit the afflicted,  
O'er the erring you can weep;  
You can be a true disciple  
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.
- 4 If you cannot in the harvest  
Garner up the richest sheaf,  
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,  
Will the careless reapers leave;  
Go and glean among the briers,  
Growing rank against the wall,  
For it may be that the shadow  
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

294

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
Thinking not 'tis thrown away;  
God Himself saith, thou shalt gather  
It again some future day.  
Cast thy bread upon the waters;  
Wildly though the billows roll,  
They but aid thee as thou toilest  
Truth to spread from pole to pole.
- 2 As the seed, by billows floated,  
To some distant island lone,  
So to human souls benighted,  
That thou flingest may be borne.  
Cast thy bread upon the waters;  
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?  
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,  
If thou sowest with liberal hand.

Mrs. P. A. Hanaford.

295

S. M.

- 1 We give Thee but Thine own,  
Whate'er the gift may be:  
All that we have is Thine alone,  
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
- 2 May we Thy bounties thus  
As stewards true receive,  
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,  
To Thee our first-fruits give.
- 3 O, hearts are bruised and dead,  
And homes are bare and cold,  
And lambs for whom the Saviour bled,  
Are straying from the fold.
- 4 To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,  
To tend the lone and fatherless  
Is angels' work below.

## REFORMATION AND HOME MISSIONS.

5 The captive to release,  
To God the lost to bring.  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be;  
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto Thee.

Bishop William W. How, 1858.

## 296

S. M.

1 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Thy mighty arm make bare;  
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,  
And make Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Disturb this sleep of death;  
Quickening the smouldering embers now  
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Create soul-thirst for Thee;  
And hungering for the Bread of Life  
O may our spirits be.

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Exalt Thy precious Name;  
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love  
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Give pentecostal showers:  
The glory shall be all Thine own,  
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

Albert Midlane, 1858.



THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

297

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Soldiers of the cross, arise,  
Gird you with your armor bright;  
Mighty are your enemies,  
Hard the battle ye must fight.
- 2 O'er a faithless fallen world  
Raise your banner in the sky;  
Let it float there wide unfurled;  
Bear it onward; lift it high.
- 3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,  
Strangers to the living word,  
Let the Saviour's herald go,  
Let the voice of hope be heard.
- 4 Where the shadows deepest lie,  
Carry truth's unsullied ray;  
Where are crimes of blackest dye,  
There the saving sign display.
- 5 To the weary and the worn  
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;  
To the outcast and forlorn  
Speak of mercy and of peace.
- 6 Guard the helpless, seek the strayed;  
Comfort troubles; banish grief;  
In the might of God arrayed,  
Scatter sin and unbelief.
- 7 Be the banner still unfurled,  
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword  
Till the kingdoms of the world  
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

Bishop William W. How, 1854.

REFORMATION AND HOME MISSIONS.

298

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

1 Saints of God! the dawn is bright'ning,  
Token of our coming Lord;  
O'er the earth the field is whitening;  
Louder rings the Master's word,—  
"Pray for reapers, pray for reapers,  
In the harvest of the Lord."

2 Now, o Lord! fulfill Thy pleasure,  
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,  
And, with pentecostal measure,  
Send forth reapers o'er our land,—  
Faithful reapers, faithful reapers,  
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,  
Eager millions hither roam;  
Lo! they wait for Thy salvation;  
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!  
By Thy Spirit, by Thy Spirit,  
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,  
Soon the reaping time will come,—  
Heaven and earth together keeping  
God's eternal Harvest Home;  
Saints and angels! saints and angels!  
Shout the world's great Harvest Home.

Mrs. Mary Maxwell, 1849.

299

11. 10. 11. 10. 11. 10.

1 Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,  
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;  
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,  
Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save.

*Refrain:*

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying:  
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is  
waiting,  
Waiting the penitent child to receive:  
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them  
gently;  
He will forgive if they only believe.—*Ref.*

3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the  
tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;  
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,  
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.  
—*Ref.*

4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;  
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;  
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;  
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.—*Ref.*

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1870.

300

11. 10. 11. 10.

1 Come, gracious Saviour, manifest Thy glory,  
And let Thy light'nings shine from east to west,  
O by Thine anguish 'neath the olives hoary,  
Take us, Thy people, to Thy promised rest.

*Refrain.*

Come blessed Jesus,  
Come, come, we pray;  
Banish the darkness  
And bring the glorious day.

2 Our eyes are weary watching for Thy coming,  
Watching through glare of noon and gloom of  
night  
Hoping the morn may bring Thee, or the gloaming  
May see Thee bursting on our happy sight.—*Ref.*

## REFORMATION AND HOME MISSIONS.

3 How long shall stay the bitter strife and sorrow,  
And wrong have triumph o'er the true and right?  
O come, and coming, bring the better morrow,  
Whose noon shall never darken into night.—*Ref.*

4 Come, gracious Lord, our longing souls to  
Arise! O Son of Righteousness, arise! [gladden;  
Let hope deferred our hearts no longer sadden,  
But turn to songs our sorrows and our sighs.—*Ref.*

5 O come and cheer the eyes all dim with weeping,  
Banish the sin, the sorrow, and the strife;  
Let those who sow in tears now have their reaping,  
Their golden harvest sheaves of light and life.  
*Ref.*

6 Then shall we worship Thee with joy and  
singing,  
And laud Thy Name all other names above;  
The world throughout with praises shall be  
ringing,  
And we shall swell the triumphs of Thy love.—*Ref.*  
Rev. Charles D. Bell, 1882.

**301** 11. 10. 11. 10.

1 O, he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken!  
The holier worship, which God deigns to bless,  
Restores the lost, and heals the spirit broken,  
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

2 Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy  
brother!  
For where love dwells, the peace of God is there;  
To worship rightly is to love each other;  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

3 Follow, with reverent steps, the great example  
Of Him whose holy work was doing good;  
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,  
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

## THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

4 Thus shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor  
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;  
Love shall tread out the baleful fires of anger,  
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807—1892.

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### Foreign Missions.

**302** 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.  
(Or to Corinth.)

- 1 O'er the 'gloomy hills of darkness  
Cheered by no celestial ray,  
Sun of Righteousness, arising,  
Bring the bright, the glorious day;  
Send the gospel, send the gospel  
To the earth's remotest bounds.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,  
Let the rude barbarian see  
That divine and glorious conquest,  
Once obtained on Calvary;  
Let the gospel, let the gospel,  
Wide resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,  
And from eastern coast to western  
May the morning chase the night;  
And redemption, and redemption,  
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 May the glorious day approaching  
Thine eternal Love proclaim,  
And the everlasting gospel  
Spread abroad Thy holy Name,  
O'er the borders, o'er the borders  
Of the great Emmanuel's land.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,  
Win and conquer, never cease;  
May thy lasting, wide dominions  
Multiply and still increase;  
Sway Thy sceptre, sway Thy sceptre,  
Saviour, all the world around.

Rev. William Williams, 1772.

**303**

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 On the mountain's tops appearing,  
Lo! the sacred herald stands;  
Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
Zion long in hostile lands,  
Mourning captive, mourning captive,  
God Himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?  
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
Cease thy mourning, cease thy mourning;  
Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;  
He Himself appears thy Friend;  
All thy foes shall flee before thee;  
Here their boasts and triumphs end:  
Great deliverance, great deliverance  
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble;  
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;  
For thy shame thou shalt have double,  
In thy Maker's favor blessed;  
All thy conflicts, all thy conflicts  
End in everlasting rest.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1802.



THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

304

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand,  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O Salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till like a sea of glory  
It spread from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1819.



FOREIGN MISSIONS.

305

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 When shall the voice of singing  
Flow joyfully along?  
When hill and valley, ringing  
With one triumphant song,  
Proclaim the contest ended,  
And Him, who once was slain,  
Again to earth descended,  
In righteousness to reign?
- 2 Then from the craggy mountains  
The sacred shout shall fly;  
And shady vales and fountains  
Shall echo the reply:  
High tower and lowly dwelling  
Shall send the chorus round,  
All hallelujah swelling  
In one eternal sound.

James Edmeston, 1822, alt.

306

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 The morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us  
In many a gentle shower;  
And brighter scenes before us  
Are opening every hour:  
Each cry to heaven going  
Abundant answer brings;  
And heavenly gales are blowing,  
With peace upon their wings.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

3 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—  
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thy onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay:  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim—"The Lord is come."

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1832.

307

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

1 Roll on, thou mighty ocean,  
And, as thy billows flow,  
Bear messengers of mercy  
To every land below.  
Arise, ye gales, and waft them  
Safe to the destined shore;  
That man may sit in darkness,  
And death's black shade no more.

2 O Thou eternal Ruler,  
Who holdest in Thine arm  
The tempests of the ocean,  
Protect them from all harm!  
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,  
Wherever they may be;  
Though far from us, who love them,  
Still let them be with Thee.

James Edmeston, 1820.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

308

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

1 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are,  
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height  
See that glory-beaming star!  
Watchman, does its beauteous ray  
Aught of hope or joy foretell?  
Traveller, yes; it brings the day,  
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Traveller, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth its course portends.  
Watchman, will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Traveller, ages are its own;  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home!  
Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,  
Lo, the Son of God is come!

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

309

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

1 Hark! the song of Jubilee,  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fullness of the sea,  
When it breaks upon the shore:  
Hallelujah! for the Lord  
God Omnipotent shall reign;  
Hallelujah! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

- 2 Hallelujah!—Hark the sound,  
From the centre to the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies:  
See Jehovah's banner furled;  
Sheathed His sword: He speaks—'tis done,  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of His Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable sway;  
He shall reign, when like a scroll,  
Yonder heavens have passed away;  
Then the end;—beneath His rod,  
Man's last enemy shall fall;  
Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
God in Christ, is All in all.

James Montgomery, 1818.

310

10. 10. 10. 10.

- 1 Rise, crowned with light imperial Salem rise!  
Exalt thy tow'ring head, and lift thine eyes;  
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
- 2 See a long race Thy precious courts adorn,  
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on every side arise  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light,—and in thy temple bend;  
See thy bright altars, thronged with prostrate  
  kings,  
While every land its joyous tribute brings.
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away,  
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;  
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

Alexander Pope, 1712.

## FOREIGN MISSIONS.

**311**

10. 10. 10. 10.

1 Pour blessèd Gospel, glorious news of man!  
Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll:  
Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,  
And make one brotherhood from pole to pole.

2 On, piercing Gospel, on! of every heart  
In every latitude, thou ownst the key:  
From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,  
With all their treasures first unlocked by Thee.

3 Spread, mighty Gospel, spread thy soaring wings!  
Gather thy scattered ones from every land:  
Call home the wanderers to the King of kings;  
Proclaim them all thine own;—'tis Christ's com-  
mand!

Rev. Caleb Ashworth, 1774.

**312**

L. M.

1 Fling out the banner! let it float  
    Skyward and seaward, high and wide;  
The sun, that lights its shining folds,  
    The cross on which the Saviour died.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend  
    In anxious silence o'er the sign,  
And vainly seek to comprehend  
    The wonder of the love Divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands  
    Shall see from far the glorious sight,  
And nations, crowding to be born,  
    Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,  
    That sink and perish in the strife,  
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,  
    And spring immortal into life.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float  
    Skyward and seaward, high and wide,  
Our glory, only in the cross;  
    Our only hope, the Crucified!

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,  
    Seaward and skyward, let it shine:  
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;  
    We conquer only in that sign.

Bishop George W. Doane, 1848.

**313**

L. M.

- 1 O Christ, our true and only Light,  
    Illumine those who sit in night;  
Let those afar now hear Thy voice,  
    And in Thy fold with us rejoice.
- 2 And all who else have strayed from Thee,  
    O gently seek; Thy healing be  
To every wounded conscience given;  
    And let them also share Thy heaven.
- 3 O make the deaf to hear Thy word;  
    And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,  
Who dare not yet the faith avow,  
    Though secretly they hold it now.
- 4 Shine on the darkened and the cold;  
    Recall the wanderers from Thy fold;  
Unite those now who work apart;  
    Confirm the weak and doubting heart:
- 5 So they with us may evermore  
    Such grace with wondering thanks adore,  
And endless praise to Thee be given  
    By all the Church in earth and heaven.

Johann Heermann, 1630.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

**314**

L. M.

(Or to Duke Street.)

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown His head;  
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice;
- 3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power  
Death and the curse are known no more;  
In Him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King.  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

**315**

L. M.

- 1 Great God, whose universal sway  
The known and unknown worlds obey,  
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,  
Extend His power, exalt His throne.



THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

2 With power He vindicates the just,  
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;  
His worship and His fear shall last,  
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

3 As rain on meadows newly mown,  
So shall He send His influence down;  
His grace on fainting souls distils,  
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

4 The heathen lands, that lie beneath  
The shades of overspreading death,  
Revive at His first dawning light,  
And deserts blossom at the sight.

5 The saints shall flourish in His days,  
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;  
Peace, like a river from His throne,  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

**316**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 Saviour, sprinkle many nations,  
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;  
By Thy pains and consolations  
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.  
Of Thy cross the wondrous story,  
Be it to the nation told;  
Let them see Thee in Thy glory  
And Thy mercy manifold.
- 2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,  
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;  
Human tears for Thee are flowing,  
Human hearts in Thee would rest,  
Thirsting, as for dews of even,  
As the new-mown grass for rain;  
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,  
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

## FOREIGN MISSIONS.

- 3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,  
    Stretched the hand; and strained the sight,  
For Thy Spirit, new creating  
    Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.  
Give the word! and of the preacher  
    Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,  
Till on earth by every creature  
    Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Bishop A. Cleveland Cope, 1851.

**317**

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

- 1 Thou, whose almighty word  
    Chaos and darkness heard,  
    And took their flight,  
Hear us, we humbly pray;  
And, where the gospel's day  
    Sheds not its glorious ray,  
    Let there be light.
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring  
    On Thy redeeming wing  
    Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind,  
O now to all mankind  
    Let there be light.
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,  
    Life-giving, holy Dove,  
    Speed forth Thy flight;  
Move o'er the waters' face  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
    Let there be light.
- 4 Holy and blessèd Three,  
    Glorious Trinity,  
    Wisdom, Love, Might!

## THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Boundless as ocean's tide  
Rolling in fullest pride  
Through the world, far and wide,  
Let there be light.

Rev. John Marriott, c. 1813.

**318**

L. M.

- 1 The heav'ns declare Thy glory, Lord!  
In ev'ry star Thy wisdom shines;  
But, when our eyes behold Thy word,  
We read Thy Name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days Thy power confess;  
But the blest volume Thou hast writ  
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise  
'Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
So, when Thy truth began its race,  
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the world Thy truth has run,  
Till Christ has all the nation blessed,  
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!  
O bless the world with heavenly light!  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise:  
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:—  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

319

L. M.

- 1 Assembled at Thy great command,  
Before Thy face, dread King, we stand;  
The voice that marshaled every star,  
Has called Thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet, through distant lands to spread  
The truth for which the martyrs bled;  
Along the line, to either pole,  
The thunder of Thy praise to roll.
- 3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,  
Our hopes revive, our courage raise;  
Our counsels aid; to each impart  
The single eye, the faithful heart.
- 4 Forth with Thy chosen heralds come,  
Recall the wandering spirits home;  
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,  
To spread the spacious earth around.

Rev. William B. Collyer, 1812.

320

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 And is the time approaching,  
By prophets long foretold,  
When all shall dwell together,  
One Shepherd and one fold?  
Shall ev'ry idol perish,  
To moles and bats be thrown?  
And ev'ry prayer be offered  
To God in Christ alone?
- 2 Shall Jew and Gentile meeting  
From many a distant shore,  
Around one altar kneeling,  
One common Lord adore?  
Shall all that now divides us  
Remove, and pass away  
Like shadows of the morning  
Before the blaze of day?

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

3 Shall all that now unites us  
More sweet and lasting prove,  
A closer bond of union  
In a blest land of love?  
Shall war be learned no longer?  
Shall strife and tumult cease?  
All earth His blessèd kingdom,  
The Lord and Prince of Peace.

4 O long-expected dawning,  
Come with thy cheering ray;  
When shall the morning brighten,  
The shadows flee away?  
O sweet anticipation!  
It cheers the watchers on  
To pray, and hope, and labor,  
Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick, 1859.

321

L. M.

- 1 Arm of the Lord, awake! awake!  
Put on Thy strength! the nations shake!  
And let the world adoring see  
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen from Thy Throne,  
I am Jehovah, God alone:  
Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 Let Zion's time of favor come;  
O bring the tribes of Israel home;  
And let our wondering eyes behold  
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.
- 4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim  
In every clime, of every name;  
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

William Shrubsole, 1795.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

322

6. 6. 6. 6.

- 1 Thy kingdom come, O God!  
Thy rule, O Christ, begin!  
Break with Thy iron rod  
The tyrannies of sin!
- 2 Where is Thy reign of peace,  
And purity, and love?  
When shall all hatred cease,  
As in the realms above?
- 3 When comes the promised time  
That war shall be no more,  
Oppression, lust, and crime  
Shall flee Thy face before?
- 4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,  
And come in Thy great might;  
Revive our longing eyes,  
Which languish for Thy sight.
- 5 O'er heathen lands afar  
Thick darkness broodeth yet:  
Arise, O morning Star,  
Arise, and never set.

Rev. Lewis Hensley, 1867.

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## IV. THE MEANS OF GRACE.

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### The Word of God.

323

C. M. D.

- 1 There is a book, who runs may read,  
Which heav'nly truth imparts,  
And all the love its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.  
The works of God, above, below,  
Within us and around,  
Are pages in that book to show  
How God Himself is found.

### THE MEANS OF GRACE.

- 2 The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompassed great and small  
In peace and order move.  
The moon above, the Church below,  
A wondrous race they run;  
But all their radiance, all their glow,  
Each borrows of its sun.
- 3 The Saviour lends the light and heat  
That crowns His holy hill;  
The saints, like stars, around His seat  
Perform their courses still.  
The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,  
It steals in silence down;  
But, where it lights, the favored place  
By richest fruits is known.
- 4 One Name above all glorious names,  
With its ten thousand tongues,  
The everlasting sea proclaims,  
Echoing angelic songs.  
The raging fire, the roaring wind,  
Thy boundless power display;  
But in the gentler breeze we find  
The Spirit's viewless way.
- 5 Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin  
Forbids us to descry  
The mystic heaven and earth within,  
Plain as the sea and sky;  
Thou, who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee  
And read Thee everywhere.

Rev. John Keble, 1827.

**324**

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Holy bible, book Divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine;  
Mine to tell me whence I came;  
Mine to teach me what I am.



THE WORD OF GOD.

- 2 Mine to chide me when I rove;  
Mine to show a Saviour's love;  
Mine art thou to guide my feet,  
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;
- 3 Mine to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine to show by living faith,  
Man can triumph over death;
- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom:  
Holy bible, book Divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

John Burton, 1805.

**325**

L. M.

- 1 Lord, keep us steadfast in Thy word:  
Curb those who fain by craft or sword  
Would wrest the kingdom from Thy Son,  
And set at naught all He hath done.
- 2 Lord Jesus Christ, Thy power make known;  
For Thou art Lord of lords alone:  
Defend Thy Christendom, that we  
May evermore sing praise to Thee.
- 3 O Comforter, of priceless worth,  
Send peace and unity on earth,  
Support us in our final strife,  
And lead us out of death to life.

Martin Luther, 1541.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1862.

**326**

4. 4. 7. 4. 4. 7.

- 1 I trust the Lord;  
Upon His word  
I rest my soul's well-being;  
My walk with Thee,  
Lord, here must be  
By faith and not by seeing.

## THE MEANS OF GRACE.

- 2 Thy word is sure;  
May it secure  
My confidence forever!  
Let reason's pride  
Ne'er be my guide  
From faith my soul to sever.
- 3 What but Thy word  
Could light afford,  
To save from doubt and error?  
Where else is shown,  
Than here alone,  
Escape from guilt and terror?
- 4 'Tis here made plain,—  
Sought else in vain—  
The soul is ever-living:  
For endless days,  
Of future praise,  
That Thou this life art giving.
- 5 The only scheme  
Man to redeem  
From death, sin's fearful wages,  
Would lie concealed,  
But as revealed  
In these Thy sacred pages.
- 6 And now shall grief  
Hope no relief,  
My soul sink down despairing?  
No!—here I see  
Thy grace for me  
A Father's love declaring.
- 7 By faith to live,  
Its fruits to give,—  
This is the path to heaven:  
All strength and skill  
To do Thy will  
But through Thy word are given.

THE WORD OF GOD.

- 8 Teach me, O Lord,  
To prize Thy word,  
This gift of matchless favor:  
Be it my wealth,  
Be it my health,  
My strength and life forever!

Chr. F. Gellert, 1715—1769. Tr.

**327**

6. 6. 6. 6.

- 1 Lord, Thy word abideth,  
And our footsteps guideth;  
Who its truth believeth  
Light and joy receiveth.
- 2 When our foes are near us,  
Then Thy word doth cheer us;  
Word of consolation,  
Message of salvation.
- 3 When the storms are o'er us,  
And dark clouds before us,  
Then its light directeth  
And our way protecteth.
- 4 Who can tell the pleasure,  
Who recount the treasure,  
By Thy word imparted  
To the simple-hearted?
- 5 Word of mercy, giving  
Succor to the living;  
Word of life, supplying  
Comfort to the dying!
- 6 O that we, discerning  
Its most holy learning,  
Lord, may love and fear Thee,  
Evermore be near Thee.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1861.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

328

C. M.

- 1 Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace  
Our path when wont to stray;  
Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace,  
Brook by the trav'ler's way;
- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,  
True manna from on high;  
Our guide and chart, wherein we read  
Of realms beyond the sky;
- 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,  
And radiant cloud by day;  
When waves would 'whelm our tossing bark,  
Our anchor and our stay:
- 4 Word of the everlasting God,  
Will of His glorious Son;  
Without thee how could earth be trod,  
Or heaven itself be won?
- 5 Yet to unfold thy hidden worth,  
Thy mysteries to reveal,  
That Spirit which first gave thee forth  
Thy volume must unseal.
- 6 Lord, grant us all aright to learn  
The wisdom it imparts;  
And to its heavenly teaching turn,  
With simple, childlike hearts.

Bernard Barton, 1836.

329

8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

- 1 Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures  
Sing of those who spread the treasures  
In the holy gospels shrined!  
Blessed tidings of salvation,  
Peace on earth their proclamation,  
Love from God to lost mankind.

THE WORD OF GOD.

- 2 See the rivers four that gladden,  
With their streams, the better Eden  
Planted by our Lord most dear;  
Christ the fountain, these the waters;  
Drink, O Zion's sons and daughters!  
Drink, and find salvation here.
- 3 O, that we, Thy truth confessing,  
And Thy holy word possessing,  
Jesus, may Thy love adore!  
Unto Thee our voices raising,  
Thee with all Thy ransomed praising,  
Ever and forevermore.
- 4 Then shall thanks and praise ascending,  
For Thy mercies without ending,  
Rise to Thee, O Saviour blest:  
With Thy gracious aid defend us;  
Let Thy guiding light attend us;  
Bring us to Thy place of rest.

Adam of St. Victor, 1150.

Tr. Robert Campbell, 1850.

**330**

C. M.

- 1 Father of mercies! in Thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
Forever be Thy Name adored  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find;  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

4 O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be Thou forever near;  
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele, 1760.

331

C. M.

1 The Spirit breathes upon the word,  
And brings the truth to sight;  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic, like the sun;  
It gives a light to every age;  
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat;  
Its truths upon the nations rise,  
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine,  
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of Him I love,  
Till glory breaks upon my view,  
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper, 1779.

THE WORD OF GOD.

332

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

(Or to Munich.)

- 1 O Word of God Incarnate,  
O Wisdom from on high,  
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,  
O Light of our dark sky,  
We praise Thee for the radiance  
That from the hallowed page,  
A lantern to our footsteps,  
Shines on from age to age.
- 2 The Church from her dear Master  
Received the gift Divine,  
And still that light she lifteth  
O'er all the earth to shine.  
It is the golden casket,  
Where gems of truth are stored;  
It is the heaven-drawn picture  
Of Christ, the living Word.
- 3 It floateth like a banner  
Before God's host unfurled;  
It shineth like a beacon  
Above the darkling world.  
It is the chart and compass  
That o'er life's surging sea,  
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,  
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.
- 4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,  
A lamp of purest gold,  
To bear among the nations  
Thy true light, as of old.  
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims  
By this their path to trace,  
Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
They see Thee face to face.

Bishop William W. How, 1867.



THE MEANS OF GRACE.

333

C. M.

- 1 How precious is the book Divine,  
By inspiration giv'n:  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine  
To guard our souls to heav'n.
- 2 Its light, descending from above,  
Our gloomy world to cheer,  
Displays a Saviour's boundless love.  
And brings His glories near.
- 3 It shows to man His wandering ways,  
And where His feet have trod,  
And brings to view the matchless grace  
Of a forgiving God.
- 4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts  
In this dark vale of tears;  
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.
- 5 This lamp through all the tedious night  
Of life shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1782.

334

L. M.

- 1 Now let my soul, eternal King,  
To Thee its grateful tribute bring;  
My knee, with humble homage, bow;  
My tongue perform its solemn vow.
- 2 All nature sings Thy boundless love,  
In worlds below, and worlds above;  
But in Thy blessed word I trace  
Diviner wonders of Thy grace.

THE WORD OF GOD.

- 3 There, what delightful truths I read!  
There, I behold the Saviour bleed:  
His Name salutes my list'ning ear,  
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.
- 4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,  
And gives my lab'ring conscience peace;  
Raises my grateful thoughts on high,  
And points to mansions in the sky.
- 5 For love like this, O let my song,  
Through endless years, Thy praise prolong;  
Let distant climes Thy Name adore,  
Till time and nature are no more.

Rev. O. Heginbothom, 1768.

335

L. M.

- 1 Upon the gospel's sacred page  
The gathered beams of ages shine;  
And, as it hastens, every age  
But makes its brightness more Divine.
- 2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,  
From year to year does knowledge soar;  
And, as it soars, the gospel light  
Becomes effulgent more and more.
- 3 More glorious, still, as centuries roll,  
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,  
Expanding with the expanding soul,  
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world.—
- 4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;  
As when the cloudless lamp of day  
Pours out its floods of light and joy,  
And sweeps the lingering mists away.

Sir John Bowring, 1865.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

**336** 6. 7. 8. 6. 7. 8. 9. 6.

1 Holy Lord, holy Lord,  
Holy and almighty Lord,  
Thou, who, as the great Creator,  
Art by all Thy works adored;  
Source of universal nature,  
And to man, redeemed by Jesus' blood,  
Sov'reign Good, Sov'reign Good.

2 Thanks and praise, thanks and praise,  
Thanks and praise be ever Thine,  
That Thy word to us is givèn,  
Teaching us with power Divine,  
That the Lord of earth and heavèn,  
Everlasting life for us to gain,  
Once was slain, once was slain.

3 Lord, our God; Lord, our God;  
May Thy precious saving word,  
Till our race is here completed,  
Light unto our path afford;  
And, when in Thy presence seated,  
We to Thee will render for Thy grace  
Ceaseless praise, ceaseless praise.

Anon.

**337**

7. 7. 7. 7.

1 Spread, O spread, thou mighty word,  
Spread the kingdom of the Lord,  
Wheresoe'er His breath has giv'n  
Life to beings meant for heav'n.

2 Tell them how the Father's will  
Made the world, and keeps it still;  
How He sent His Son to save  
All who help and comfort crave.

THE WORD OF GOD.

3 Word of life, most pure and strong,  
Lo, for Thee the nations long:  
Spread, till from its dreary night  
All the world awakes to light.

4 Lord of harvest, let there be  
Joy and strength to work for Thee:  
Let the nations, far and near,  
See Thy light, and learn Thy fear.

Rev. Jonathan Frederick Bahnmaier, 1823.  
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858, ab.

338

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. .

1 I love the volume of Thy word;  
What light and joy those leaves afford  
To souls benighted and distress!  
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,  
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,  
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 From the discoveries of Thy law,  
The perfect rules of life I draw;  
These are my study and delight;  
Not honey so invites the taste,  
Nor gold that has the furnace passed,  
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?  
My God, forgive my secret faults,  
And from presumptuous sins restrain;  
Accept my poor attempts of praise,  
That I have read Thy book of grace,  
And book of nature not in vain.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

**The Lord's Day and Sanctuary.**

**339**

L. M.

- 1 How pleasant, now divinely fair,  
O Lord of hosts! Thy dwellings are!  
With long desire my spirit faints,  
To meet th'assemblies of Thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in Thine abode,  
My panting heart cries out for God;  
My God! my King! why should I be  
So far from all my joys, and Thee?
- 3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,  
Around Thy throne of majesty;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.
- 4 Blest are the souls who find a place  
Within the temple of Thy grace;  
There they behold Thy gentler rays,  
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.
- 5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;  
Till all before Thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

**340**

L. M.

- 1 This day at Thy creating word  
First o'er the earth the light was poured:  
O Lord, this day upon us shine,  
And fill our souls with light Divine.
- 2 This day the Lord for sinners slain  
In might victorious rose again:  
O Jesus, may we raised be  
From death of sin, to life in Thee.

## THE LORD'S DAY AND SANCTUARY.

- 3 This day the Holy Spirit came  
With fiery tongues of cloven-flame:  
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day  
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.
- 4 O day of Light, and Life, and Grace,  
From earthly toils sweet resting-place,  
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,  
Give we again to God above!

Bishop William W. How, 1854.

**341**

L. M.

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise Thy Name, give thanks, and sing;  
To show Thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all Thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;  
No mortal care shall seize my breast;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless His works, and bless His word:  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!  
How deep Thy counsels, how Divine!
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;  
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;  
Like grass they flourish till Thy breath  
Blasts them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part  
When grace hath well refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desired or wished below;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

342

L. M.

- 1 Lord of the Sabbath, hear us cry,  
In this Thy house, on this Thy day;  
And own, as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which from Thy temple rise.
- 2 Now met to pray, and bless Thy Name,  
Whose mercies flow each day the same,  
Whose kind compassions never cease,  
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.
- 3 Thy day of rest, O Lord, we love,  
But look for truer rest above;  
To that our laboring souls aspire  
With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 4 In Thy blest kingdom we shall be  
From every mortal trouble free;  
No sighs shall mingle with the songs  
Resounding from immortal tongues;
- 5 No rude alarms of raging foes;  
No cares to break the long repose;  
No midnight shade, no waning moon,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 6 O long-expected day, begin,  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!  
Break, morn of God, upon our eyes;  
And let the world's true Sun arise!

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1737, alt.

343

L. M.

- 1 Another six day's work is done;  
Another Sabbath is begun.  
Return, my soul, enjoy the rest;  
Improve the day Thy God hath blest.



## THE LORD'S DAY AND SANCTUARY.

- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;  
Provides an antepast to heaven,  
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise  
As grateful incense to the skies;  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose  
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest  
Which for the Church of God remains  
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 In holy duties let the day,  
In holy pleasures, pass away:  
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

Rev. Joseph Stennett, 1732.

## 344 L. M.

- 1 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,  
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;  
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,  
And ev'ry place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind;  
Such ever bring Thee where they come,  
And going, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,  
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

- 5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near  
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;  
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

William Cowper, 1769.

**345**

S. M.

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast  
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King Himself comes near,  
And feasts His saints to-day;  
Here we may sit, and see Him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place  
Where my dear God hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And wait to hail a brighter day,  
Of everlasting bliss.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

**346**

S. M.

- 1 How charming is the place  
Where my Redeemer God  
Unveils the beauties of His face,  
And sheds His love abroad!
- 2 Not the fair palaces  
To which the great resort,  
Are once to be compared with this,  
Where Jesus holds His court.

THE LORD'S DAY AND SANCTUARY.

- 3 Here on the mercy-seat  
With radiant glory crowned,  
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit  
And smile on all around.
- 4 To Him their prayers and cries  
Each humble soul presents;  
He listens to their broken sighs,  
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 Give me, O Lord, a place  
Within Thy blessed abode,  
Among the children of Thy grace,  
The servants of my God.

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1772.

**347**

S. M.

- 1 Hail to the Sabbath day!  
The day divinely given,  
When men to God their homage pay,  
And earth draws near to heaven.
- 2 Lord, in this sacred hour,  
Within Thy courts we bend,  
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,  
Our Father and our Friend.
- 3 But Thou art not alone  
In courts by mortals trod;  
Nor only is the day Thy own  
When man draws near to God.
- 4 Thy temple is the arch  
Of yon unmeasured sky,  
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march  
Of grand eternity.
- 5 Lord, may that holier day  
Dawn on Thy servants' sight;  
And purer worship may we pay  
In heaven's unclouded light.

Rev. Stephen G. Bulfinch, 1832.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

348

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Hallelujah! fairest morning!  
Fairer than our words can say!  
Down we lay the heavy burden  
Of life's toil and care to-day:  
While this morn of joy and love  
Brings fresh vigor from above.
- 2 Sunday, full of holy glory!  
Sweetest rest-day of the soul!  
Light upon a world of darkness  
From Thy blessèd moments roll!  
Holy, happy, heavenly day,  
Thou canst charm our grief away.
- 3 In the gladness of His worship  
I will seek my joy to-day:  
It is then I learn the fullness  
Of the grace for which I pray,  
When the word of life is given,  
Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.
- 4 Let the day with Thee be ended,  
As with Thee it has begun;  
And Thy blessing, Lord, be granted,  
Till earth's days and weeks are done:  
That at last Thy servant may  
Keep eternal Sabbath-day.

Jonathan Krause, 1739.  
Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1858, a.

349

S. M.

- 1 This is the day of light:  
Let there be light to-day;  
O Day-spring, rise upon our night  
And chase its gloom away.
- 2 This is the day of rest  
Our failing strength renew;  
On weary brain and troubled breast  
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

THE LORD'S DAY AND SANCTUARY.

- 3 This is the day of peace:  
Thy peace our spirits fill;  
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,  
The waves of strife be still.
- 4 This is the day of prayer:  
Let earth to heaven draw near;  
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;  
Come down to meet us here.
- 5 This is the first of days:  
Send forth Thy quickening breath,  
And wake dead souls to love and praise,  
O Vanquisher of death!

Rev. John Ellerton, 1867.

**350**

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Safely through another week,  
God has brought us on our way;  
Let us now a blessing seek,  
Waiting in His courts to-day;  
Day of all the week the best,  
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we pray for pardoning grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's Name,  
Show Thy reconciled face,  
Take away our sin and shame;  
From our wordly care set free,  
May we rest, this day, in Thee.
- 3 Here we come Thy Name to praise;  
Let us feel Thy presence near;  
May Thy glory meet our eyes,  
While we in Thy house appear;  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.

## THE MEANS OF GRACE.

- 4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief from all complaints:  
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the Church above.

Rev. John Newton, 1779, a.

### 351

C. M.

- 1 My Lord, my Love, was crucified,  
He all my pains did bear;  
But in the sweetness of His rest,  
He makes His servants share.
- 2 Come, dearest Lord, and feed Thy sheep  
On this sweet day of rest;  
O bless this flock, and make this fold  
Enjoy a heavenly rest!
- 3 Welcome and dear unto my soul  
Are these sweet feasts of love;  
But what a Sabbath shall I keep  
When I shall rest above!
- 4 I bless Thy wise and wondrous love,  
Which binds us to be free;  
Which makes us leave our earthly snares,  
That we may come to Thee.
- 5 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,  
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;  
I sing to think this is the way  
Unto my Saviour's face.

Rev. John Mason, 1683, ab.

### 352

C. M.

- 1 Wearied with earthly toil and care,  
The day of rest, how sweet!  
To breathe the Sabbath's holy air  
And sit at Jesus' feet.

THE LORD'S DAY AND SANCTUARY.

- 2 What vain disturbing thoughts infest  
My bosom as their den;  
O, that they knew the day of rest,  
Would they disturb me then?
- 3 Fain would I lay my burden down  
That wounds me with its weight,  
To gaze awhile at yonder crown,  
And press to heaven's gate.
- 4 I ask the foretaste of the peace,  
The rest, the joy, the love,  
Which when the earthly Sabbaths cease,  
Await the saints above.

Mrs. Gilbert, 1845.

353

C. M.

- 1 Spirit Divine attend our prayers,  
And make this house Thy home;  
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,  
O come, great Spirit, come.
- 2 Come as the light; to us reveal  
Our emptiness and woe;  
And lead us in those paths of life  
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire; and purge our hearts,  
Like sacrificial flame:  
Let our whole soul an offering be  
To our Redeemer's Name.
- 4 Come as the dove; and spread Thy wings,  
The wings of peaceful love;  
And let Thy Church on earth become  
Blest as Thy Church above.
- 5 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers;  
Make a lost world Thy home;  
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,  
O come, great Spirit, come.

Rev. Andrew Reed, 1829.



THE MEANS OF GRACE.

**354**

C. M.

- 1 This is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours His own;  
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell:  
To-day the saints His triumph spread,  
And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th'anointed King,  
To David's holy Son;  
Help us, O Lord—descend and bring  
Salvation from Thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men  
With messages of grace;  
Who comes in God His Father's Name  
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
The Church on earth can raise;  
The highest heavens in which He reigns  
Shall give Him nobler praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

**355**

C. M.

- 1 When the worn spirit wants repose,  
And sighs her God to seek,  
How sweet to hail the evening's close  
That ends the weary week.
- 2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,  
That opens on the sight,  
When first that soul-reviving morn  
Sheds forth new rays of light!

THE LORD'S DAY AND SANCTUARY.

3 Sweet day, thine hours too soon will cease;  
Yet, while they gently roll,  
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,  
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done;  
The world's long week be o'er;  
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,  
That day which fades no more?

James Edmeston, 1820.

**356**

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

- 1 Pleasant are Thy courts above,  
In the land of light and love;  
Pleasant are Thy courts below,  
In this land of sin and woe.  
O my spirit longs and fairs  
For the converse of Thy saints,  
For the brightness of Thy face,  
King of glory, God of grace!
- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly,  
Round Thy altars, O Most High!  
Happier souls that find a rest,  
In their heavenly Father's breast!  
Like the wandering dove that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair,  
And enjoy it ever there.
- 3 Happy souls, their praises flow,  
Ever in this vale of woe;  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies;  
On they go from strength to strength,  
Till they reach Thy throne at length;  
At Thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

- 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;  
Guide me through this world of sin;  
Keep me by Thy saving grace,  
Give me at Thy side a place;  
Sun and shield alike Thou art,  
Guide and guard my erring heart;  
Grace and glory flow from Thee,  
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834.

357

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

- 1 Lord, remove the vail away,  
Let us see Thyself to-day:  
Thou who camest from on high,  
For our sins to bleed and die,  
Help us now to cast aside  
All that would our hearts divide;  
With the Father and the Son  
Let Thy living Church be one.
- 2 O, from earthly cares set free,  
Let us find our rest in Thee;  
May our toils and conflicts cease  
In the calm of Sabbath peace;  
That Thy people here below  
Something of the bliss may know,  
Something of the rest and love,  
In the Sabbath-home above.
- 3 Give our souls the spotless dress  
Of Thy perfect righteousness;  
So at length each welcome guest,  
Then shall enter to the feast,  
Take the harp and raise the song,  
All Thy ransomed ones among;  
Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,  
Joys to last forevermore.

Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock, 1769.  
Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1862.

THE LORD'S DAY AND SANCTUARY.

358

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 O day of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
O balm of care and sadness,  
Most beautiful, most bright;  
On thee the high and lowly,  
Through ages joined in tune,  
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,  
To the great God Triune.
- 2 On thee, at the creation,  
The light first had its birth;  
On thee, for our salvation,  
Christ rose from depths of earth;  
On thee our Lord, victorious,  
The Spirit sent from heaven;  
And thus on thee, most glorious,  
A triple light was given.
- 3 Thou art a port protected  
From storms that round us rise;  
A garden intersected  
With streams of Paradise;  
Thou art a cooling fountain  
In life's dry, dreary sand;  
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,  
We view our promised land.
- 4 To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly manna falls:  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where gospel light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

- 5 New graces ever gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the rest remaining  
To Spirits of the blest.  
To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father, and to Son;  
The Church her voice upraises  
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

359

8. 8. 8. 6.

- 1 The Sabbath-day has reached its close,  
Yet, Saviour, e'er I seek repose,  
Grant me the peace Thy love bestows:  
Smile on my evening hour.
- 2 Weary I come to Thee for rest:  
Hallow and calm my troubled breast;  
Grant me Thy Spirit for my guest:  
Smile on my evening hour.
- 3 Let not the gospel seed remain  
Unfruitful, or be sown in vain;  
Let heavenly dews descend like rain:  
Smile on my evening hour.
- 4 O Jesus, Lord enthroned on high,  
Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh;  
Look down on me with pitying eye:  
Smile on my evening hour.
- 5 My only Intercessor Thou,  
Mingle Thy fragrant incense now  
With every prayer, and every vow:  
Smile on my evening hour.
- 6 And, O, when time's short course shall end,  
And death's dark shades around impend  
My God, my everlasting Friend,  
Smile on my evening hour.

Charlotte Elliott, 1841.

THE LORD'S DAY AND SANCTUARY.

360

7. 7. 7. 7.

1 To Thy pastures fair and large,  
Heavenly Shepherd, lead Thy charge,  
And my couch, with tend'rest care,  
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,  
Thou shalt guide my weary feet  
To the streams that, still and slow,  
Through the verdant meadows flow.

2 Safe the dreary vale I tread  
By the shades of death o'erspread,  
With Thy rod and staff supplied,  
This my guard—and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end,  
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;  
And shalt bid Thy hallowed dome  
Yield me an eternal home.

Rev. James Merrick, 1760.

361

L. M.

1 Within Thy courts have millions met,  
This day before Thee millions bowed,  
Their faces heavenward were set,  
Their vows to Thee, O God! they vowed.

2 Still as the light of morning broke  
O'er island, continent, and deep,  
Thy far-spread family awoke,  
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

3 From east to west the sun surveyed,  
From north to south, adoring throngs;  
And still where evening stretched her shade,  
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

## THE MEANS OF GRACE.

- 4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,  
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;  
To hearts that sought Thee Thou wast nigh,  
Nor hath one sought Thy face in vain.
- 5 The poor in spirit Thou hast fed,  
The feeble soul hath strengthened been,  
The mourner Thou hast comforted,  
The pure in heart their God hath seen.

James Montgomery, 1834.

### 362

L. M.

- 1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our longing souls aspire,  
With cheerful hope and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;  
No groans shall mingle with the songs  
That warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,  
No cares to break the long repose,  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O long-expected day, begin!  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death to rest with God.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755.

### 363

S. M.

- 1 The day of praise is done;  
The evening shadows fall;  
Yet pass not from us with the sun,  
True Light that lightenest all.



THE LORD'S DAY AND SANCTUARY.

- 2 Around Thy throne on high,  
Where night can never be,  
The white-robed harpers of the sky  
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here:  
Too soon of praise we tire;  
But O, the strains how full and clear  
Of that eternal choir!
- 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will  
If Thou attune the heart,  
We in Thine angels' music still  
May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,  
Each wayward thought reclaim,  
And make our daily life a psalm  
Of glory to Thy Name.
- 6 Shine Thou within us, then,  
A day that knows no end,  
Till songs of angels and of men  
In perfect praise shall blend.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1868.

**364** 7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 For the mercies of the day,  
For this rest upon our way,  
Thanks to Thee alone be giv'n,  
Lord of earth and King of heav'n!
- 2 Cold our services have been,  
Mingled every prayer with sin;  
But Thou canst and wilt forgive;  
By Thy grace alone we live.
- 3 While this thorny path we tread,  
May Thy love our footsteps lead;  
When our journey here is past,  
May we rest with Thee at last.

## THE MEANS OF GRACE.

- 4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove  
Foretastes of our joys above;  
While their steps Thy children bend  
To the rest which knows no end.

“O. P.”—Missionary Minstrel, 1826.

### 365

11. 12. 11. 12.

- 1 Saviour, to Thee we raise our hymn of gladness;  
Once more at evening's hours we look to heav'n  
above:

Far, far behind to leave earth's toil and sadness—  
So resting only on Thy great redeeming love.

- 2 May this day's sins, we pray Thee, all be  
pardoned;

Grant us Thy absolution, give Thy grace to cheer;  
O never let our hearts by sin be hardened,  
But keep our conscience tender, give us holy fear.

- 3 Now day is done, and all its labors ended,  
Close Thou, O Lord, our weary eyes in gentle  
sleep;

So may we ever be by Thee defended—

O may Thy guardian angels round us vigil keep!

- 4 Our soul restore, renew our powers, and make us  
Strong in Thy strength to rise and greet the  
morning light;

And at the last, O blessed Saviour, take us  
To dwell with Thee in that glad land which  
knows no night!

Rev. William James Foxell, 1875.

### 366

6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

- 1 Lord of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of Thy love,  
Thine earthly temples are;  
To Thine abode my heart aspires,  
With warm desires to see my God.

THE LORD'S DAY AND SANCTUARY.

- 2 O happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear!  
O happy men that pay  
Their constant service there!  
They praise Thee still; and happy they  
That love the way to Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in heaven appears:  
O glorious seat! Thou, God our King,  
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.
- 4 The Lord His people loves;  
His hand no good withholds  
From those His heart approves,  
From humble, contrite souls:  
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,  
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee!

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

**367**

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 To Thy Temple I repair—  
Lord, I love to worship there,  
When within the veil I meet  
Christ before the mercy-seat.
- 2 While Thy glorious Name is sung,  
Touch my lips,—unloose my tongue;  
That my joyful soul may bless  
Thee, the Lord, my Righteousness.
- 3 I through Him am reconciled,  
I through Him become Thy child:  
Abba, Father! give me grace  
In Thy courts to seek Thy face.
- 4 While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love, to mine attend;  
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

## THE MEANS OF GRACE.

- 5 While I hearken to Thy law,  
Fill my soul with humble awe;  
Till Thy gospel bring to me  
Life and immortality.
- 6 While Thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,  
Through their voice, by faith, may I  
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.
- 7 From Thy house when I return,  
May my heart within me burn,  
And at evening let me say,  
I have walked with God to-day.

James Montgomery, 1812.

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## The Ministry, Ordination and Installation.

**368**

L. M.

- 1 Pour out Thy Spirit from on high;  
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;  
Graces and gifts to each supply,  
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within Thy temple when we stand  
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,  
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand  
The angels of the churches be!
- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,  
Firmness, with meekness from above,  
To bear Thy people on our heart,  
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;
- 4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,  
By day and night strict guard to keep,  
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

## THE MINISTRY, ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION.

- 5 Then, when our work is finished here,  
In humble hope our charge resign!  
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,  
O God, may they and we be Thine!

James Montgomery, 1825.

### 369 L. M.

- 1 Father of mercies, bow Thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer;  
We plead for those who plead for Thee  
Successful pleaders may they be!
- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge!  
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge;  
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,  
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 3 Teach them to sow the precious seed;  
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;  
Teach them immortal souls to gain,  
Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 4 Let thronging multitudes around  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,  
In humble strains Thy grace implore,  
And feel Thy new-creating power.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

### 370 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

- 1 Lord of the Church, we humbly pray  
For those who guide us in Thy way,  
And speak Thy holy word;  
With love Divine their hearts inspire,  
And touch their lips with hallowed fire  
And needful strength afford.
- 2 Help them to preach the truth of God,  
Redemption through the Saviour's blood;  
Nor let the Spirit cease

### THE MEANS OF GRACE.

On all the Church His gifts to shower;  
To them a messenger of power,  
To us, of life and peace.

- 3 So may they live to Thee alone;  
Then hear the welcome word, "Well done!"  
And take their crown above;  
Enter into their Master's joy,  
And all eternity employ  
In praise, and bliss, and love.

Edward Osler, 1836.

### 371 L. M.

- 1 O Spirit of the living God,  
In all Thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love  
To preach the reconciling word;  
Give power and unction from above,  
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;  
Confusion, order in Thy path;  
Souls without strength inspire with might;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O spirit of the Lord, prepare  
All the round earth her God to meet;  
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,  
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh  
The triumphs of the cross record;  
The Name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

James Montgomery, 1823.

THE MINISTRY, ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION.

372

L. M. 6 l.

- 1 Awake, Thou Spirit, who didst fire  
The watchmen of the Church's youth,  
Who faced the foe's envenomed ire,  
Who witnessed day and night Thy truth,  
Whose voices loud are ringing still,  
And bringing hosts to know Thy will.
- 2 Lord, let our earnest prayer be heard,  
The prayer Thy Son hath bid us pray,  
For lo, Thy children's hearts are stirred  
In every land in this our day,  
To cry with fervent soul to Thee,  
O help us, Lord! so let it be!
- 3 O haste to help, ere we are lost!  
Send preachers forth, in spirit strong,  
Armed with Thy word, a dauntless host  
Bold to attack the rule of wrong;  
Let them the earth for Thee reclaim,  
Thy heritage, to know Thy Name.
- 4 And let Thy word have speedy course,  
Through every land be glorified,  
Till all the heathen know its force,  
And fill Thy churches far and wide;  
Wake Israel from her sleep, O Lord,  
And spread the conquests of Thy word!
- 5 The Church's desert paths restore;  
Let stumbling-blocks that in them lie  
Hinder Thy word henceforth no more:  
Error destroy, and heresy,  
And let Thy Church, from hirelings free,  
Bloom as a garden fair to Thee!

Charles Henry Bogatzky, 1750.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855.



THE MEANS OF GRACE.

**373**

C. M.

- 1 Let Zion's watchmen all awake,  
And all like shepherds live;  
Now let them from the mouth of God,  
Their heav'nly charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import,  
The pastor's care demands;  
But what might fill an angel's heart,  
And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls for which the Lord  
Did heav'nly bliss forego;  
For souls, which must forever live  
In raptures, or in woe.
- 4 May they in Jesus, whom they preach,  
Their own Redeemer see;  
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,  
That they may watch for Thee.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1750.

**374**

S. M.

- 1 Ye servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait,  
Observant of His heav'nly word,  
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame;  
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,  
For awful is His Name.
- 3 Watch: 'tis your Lord's command,  
And while we speak, He's near;  
Mark the first signal of His hand,  
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he  
In such a posture found!  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crowned.

## THE MINISTRY, ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread  
With His own royal hand,  
And raise that favorite servant's head  
Amidst the angelic band.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755.

**375**

10. 10. 10. 10.

- 1 God of the Prophets! Bless the Prophets' sons;  
Elijah's mantle o'er Elisha cast;  
Each age its solemn task may claim but once;  
Make each one nobler, stronger than the last!
- 2 Anoint them Prophets! Make their ears attent  
To Thy divinest speech; their hearts awake  
To human need; their lips make eloquent  
To assure the right, and every evil break.
- 3 Anoint them Priests! Strong intercessors they  
For pardon, and for charity and peace.  
Ah, if with them the world might pass, astray,  
Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice!
- 4 Anoint them Kings! Aye kingly Kings, O Lord!  
Anoint them with the spirit of Thy Son:  
Theirs, not a jewelled crown, a blood-stained  
sword;  
Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom  
won.
- 5 Make them Apostles! Heralds of Thy cross,  
Forth may they fare to tell all realms Thy  
grace  
Inspired of Thee, may they count all but loss,  
And stand at last with joy before Thy face.
- 6 O mighty Age of prophet-kings, return!  
O Truth, O Faith, enrich our urgent time!  
Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn:  
A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime!

Rev. Denis Wortman, 1884.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

**The Holy Baptism.**

**376**

*Lord Jesus Christ* 8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding  
With the Shepherd's kindest care,  
All the feeble gently leading,  
While the lambs Thy bosom share;
- 2 Now, these little ones receiving,  
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;  
There, we know, Thy word believing,  
Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,  
Let them be the lion's prey;  
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep them through life's dangerous way.
- 4 Then within Thy fold eternal  
Let them find a resting-place,  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

William Augustus Muhlenberg, 1826.

**377**

*Lord Jesus Christ* L. M.

- 1 This child we dedicate to Thee,  
O God of grace and purity!  
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,  
And let Thy love its life prolong.
- 2 O may Thy Spirit gently draw  
Its willing soul to keep Thy law;  
May virtue, piety and truth  
Dawn even with its dawning youth.
- 3 We, too, before Thy gracious sight,  
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,  
And would renew its solemn vow  
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.

## THE HOLY BAPTISM.

- 4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,  
We still may act the Christian's part,  
Cheered by each promise Thou hast given,  
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

West Boston Coll.

**378**

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

- 1 Lord, may the inward grace abound  
Through Thine appointed outward sign:  
A milder seal than Abra'am found  
Of cov'nant blessings more divine,  
Which opens glory to our view  
Beyond the brightest hope he knew!

- 2 Type of the Spirit's living flow,  
In faith we pour the hallowed stream;  
We sign the cross upon the brow,  
The solemn pledge of truth to Him  
Who shed for us His precious blood  
To seal the covenant of God.

- 3 Baptized into the Trinity,  
Adopted children of Thy grace,  
O help us, Lord, to live to Thee  
A humble, pure, and faithful race!  
Instruct us, sanctify, defend,  
And crown with heavenly life our end.

Edward Osler, 1836.

**379**

10. 6. 10. 6. 8. 8. 4.

- 1 Father of heaven, who hast created all  
In wisest love, we pray,  
Look on this child, who at Thy gracious call  
Is ent'ring on life's way!  
O make it Thine, Thy blessing give,  
That to Thy glory it may live,  
Father of heaven!

### THE MEANS OF GRACE.

- 2 O Son of God, atoning Lord, behold  
We bring this child to Thee;  
Take it, O loving Shepherd to Thy fold,  
Forever Thine to be:  
Defend it through this earthly strife,  
And lead it in the path of life,  
O Son of God!
- 3 O Holy Ghost, who broodest o'er the wave,  
Descend upon this child;  
Give it undying life, its spirit lave  
With waters undefiled;  
And make it evermore to be  
A child of God, a home for Thee,  
O Holy Ghost!
- 4 O Triune God, what Thou hast willed is done;  
We speak: but Thine the might;  
This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,  
Yet pour on it Thy light  
Of faith, and hope, and joyful love,  
Thou Sun of all below, above,  
O Triune God.

Albert Knapp, 1841.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858.

## 380

### BEFORE THE ADMINISTRATION.

- 1 The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to  
everlasting upon them that fear Him,  
And His righteousness unto children's children.
- 2 To such as keep His covenant;  
And to those that remember His command-  
ments to do them.
- 3 Suffer little children to come unto me, and  
forbid them not:  
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

### THE BAPTISM (ADULTS).

- 4 For the promise is unto you, and to your children;  
And to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.

#### AFTER THE ADMINISTRATION.

- 1 Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you,  
And ye shall be clean:
- 2 A new heart also will I give you,  
And a new spirit will I put within you,
- 3 And I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh,  
And I will give you a heart of flesh.
- 4 I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed,  
And my blessing upon thine offspring:
- 5 And they shall spring up as among the grass,  
As willows by the water-courses.
- 6 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;  
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be world without end. Amen.

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### The Baptism. (Adults.)

**381**

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

- 1 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit  
I'm baptized in Thy dear Name;  
In the seed Thou dost inherit,  
With the people Thou dost claim,  
I am reckoned;  
And for me the Saviour came.
- 2 Thou receivest me, O Father,  
As a child and heir of Thine;  
Jesus, Thou who diedst, yea, rather

### THE MEANS OF GRACE.

Ever livest, Thou art mine.  
Thou, O Spirit,  
Art my Guide, my light Divine.

3 I have pledged, and would not falter,  
Truth, obedience, love to Thee;  
I have vows upon Thine altar,  
Ever Thine alone to be;  
And forever  
Sin and all its lusts to flee.

4 Gracious God, all Thou hast spoken  
In this covenant shall take place;  
But if I, alas! have broken  
These my vows, hide not Thy face;  
And from falling  
O restore me to Thy grace!

5 Lord, to Thee I now surrender  
All I have, and all I am;  
Make my heart more true and tender,  
Glorify in me Thy Name.  
Let obedience  
To Thy will be all my aim.

6 Help me in this high endeavor,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!  
Bind my heart to Thee forever,  
Till I join the heavenly host.  
Living, dying,  
Let me make in Thee my boast.

John Jacob Rambach, 1734.

Tr. Charles William Schaeffer, 1860.

**382**

S. M.

1 Stand, soldier of the cross,  
Thy high allegiance claim,  
And vow to hold the world but loss  
For thy Redeemer's Name.



## THE CONFIRMATION.

- 2 Arise, and be baptized,  
And wash thy sins away;  
Thy league with God be solemnized,  
Thy faith avouched to-day.
- 3 No more thine own, but Christ's,—  
With all the saints of old,  
Apostles, seers, evangelists,  
And martyr throngs enrolled,—
- 4 In God's whole armor strong,  
Front hell's embattled powers:  
The warfare may be sharp and long,  
The victory must be ours.
- 5 O bright the conqueror's crown,  
The song of triumph sweet,  
When faith casts every trophy down  
At our great Captain's feet.
- Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1870.

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## The Confirmation.

**383**

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Thine forever! God of love!  
Hear us from Thy throne above;  
Thine forever may we be,  
Here and in eternity.
- 2 Thine forever: Saviour, keep  
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;  
Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
Let us all Thy goodness share.
- 3 Thine forever! O how blest  
They who find in Thee their rest;  
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,  
O defend us to the end.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

4 Thine forever! Thou our Guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied;  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

5 Thine forever! Lord of life,  
Shield us through the earthly strife;  
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

Mary F. Maude, 1848.

**384**

S. M.

1 Dear Saviour, we are Thine  
By everlasting bands;  
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign  
Entirely to Thy hands.

2 To Thee we still would cleave  
With ever-growing zeal;  
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,  
O let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite  
Our souls to Thee, our Head:  
Shall form us to Thy image bright,  
And teach Thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide  
From these abodes of clay:  
But love shall keep us near Thy side,  
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,  
Why should we doubt or fear?  
If He in heaven hath fixed His throne,  
He'll fix His members there.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1775.

THE CONFIRMATION.

385

L. M.

- 1 O happy day, that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God:  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love:  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done:  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice Divine.
- 4 Now, rest, my long-divided heart,  
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;  
With ashes who would grudge to part,  
When called on angel's bread to feast.
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear;  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755.

386

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 In Thy service will I ever,  
Jesus, my Redeemer, stay;  
Nothing me from Thee shall sever,  
Gladly would I go Thy way.  
Life in me Thy life produces,  
And gives vigor to my heart,  
As the vine doth living juices  
To the purple grape impart.
- 2 Could I be in other places,  
Half so happy as with Thee,  
Who so many gifts and graces  
Hast Thyself prepared for me?

### THE MEANS OF GRACE.

- No place could be half so fitted  
To impart true joy, I ween,  
Since to Thee, O Lord! committed  
Power in heaven and earth hath been.
- 3 Where shall I find such a Master,  
Who hath done my soul such good,  
And retrieved the great disaster  
Sin first caused, by His own blood?  
Is not He my rightful owner,  
Who for me His own life gave?  
Were it not a foul dishonor  
Not to love Him to the grave?
- 4 Yes, Lord Jesus, I am ever  
Thine in sorrow and in joy;  
Death the union shall not sever  
Nor eternity destroy.  
I am waiting, yea, am sighing  
For my summons to depart;  
He is best prepared for dying  
Who in life is Thine in heart.
- 5 Let Thy light on me be shining  
When the day is almost gone,  
When the evening is declining,  
And the night is drawing on:  
Bless me, O my Saviour! laying  
Thy hands on my weary head;  
"Here thy day is ended," saying,  
"Yonder live the faithful dead."
- 6 Stay beside me, when the stillness  
And the icy touch of death  
Fills my trembling soul with chillness,  
Like the morning's frosty breath;  
As my failing eyes grow dimmer,  
Let my spirit grow more bright,  
As I see the first faint glimmer  
Of the everlasting light.

Carl Philip Spitta, 1836.

## THE CONFIRMATION.

**387**

L. M. D.

- 1 Arm these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord,  
With shield of faith and Spirit's sword,  
Forth to the battle may they go  
And boldly fight against the foe,  
With banner of the cross unfurled,  
And by it overcome the world;  
And so at last receive from Thee  
The palm and crown of victory.
- 2 Come, ever-blessèd Spirit, come,  
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;  
Thus consecrated, Lord, to Thee,  
May each a living temple be:  
Enrich that temple's holy shrine  
With sevenfold gifts of grace Divine;  
With wisdom, light and knowledge bless,  
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.
- 3 O Trinity in Unity,  
One only God, and Persons Three,  
In whom, through whom, by whom we live,  
To Thee we praise and glory give;  
O grant us so to use Thy grace  
That we may see Thy glorious face,  
And ever with the heavenly host  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862, alt.

**388**

10. 6. 10. 6. 8. 8. 4.

- 1 Here is my heart! my God, I give it Thee;  
I heard Thee call and say  
"Not to the world, my child, but unto me;"  
I heard and will obey.  
Here is love's off'ring to my King,  
Which, a glad sacrifice, I bring—  
Here is my heart.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

- 2 Here is my heart! surely the gift, though poor;  
My God will not despise;  
Vainly and long I sought to make it pure,  
To meet Thy searching eyes;  
Corrupted first in Adam's fall,  
The stains of sin pollute it all—  
My guilty heart!
- 3 Here is my heart! in Christ its longings end,  
Near to His cross it draws;  
It says, "Thou art my portion, O my Friend,  
Thy blood my ransom was!"  
And in the Saviour it has found  
What blessedness and peace abound—  
My trusting heart!
- 4 Here is my heart!— ah, Holy Spirit, come,  
Its nature to renew,  
And consecrate it wholly as Thy home,  
A temple fair and true.  
Teach it to love and serve Thee more,  
To fear Thee, trust Thee, and adore—  
My cleansèd heart!
- 5 Here is my heart!—teach it, O Lord, to cling  
In gladness unto Thee;  
And in the day of sorrow still to sing,  
"Welcome my God's decree."  
Believing, all its journeys through,  
That Thou art wise, and just, and true—  
My waiting heart!
- 6 Here is my heart!—O Friend of friends be near,  
To make each tempter fly,  
And when at last—I death await with fear,  
Give me the victory!  
Then gladly on Thy love reposing,  
Let me say, when my life is closing—  
Here is my heart!

Ehrenfried Liebich, 1756, Tr.

THE CONFIRMATION.

389

6. 4. 6. 4. With Refrain.

- 1 I need Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord;  
No tender voice like Thine  
Can peace afford.

*Refrain.*

I need Thee; O I need Thee;  
Every hour I need Thee;  
O bless me now, my Saviour!  
I come to Thee.

- 2 I need Thee every hour:  
Stay Thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.—*Ref.*

- 3 I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain.—*Ref.*

- 4 I need Thee every hour;  
Teach me Thy will;  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfill.—*Ref.*

- 5 I need Thee every hour,  
Most Holy One;  
O, make me Thine indeed,  
Thou blessèd Son.—*Ref.*

Annie S. Hawkes, 1872.

390

C. M.

- 1 Witness, ye men and angels now,  
Before the Lord we speak:  
To Him we make our solemn vow,  
A vow we dare not break:



## THE MEANS OF GRACE.

- 2 That long as life itself shall last,  
Ourselves to Christ we yield,  
Nor from His cause will we depart,  
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,  
But on His grace rely,  
That, with returning wants, the Lord  
Will all our need supply.
- 4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,  
And keep us in Thy ways;  
And, while we turn our vows to prayers  
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome, 1817.

**391**

C. M.

- 1 My God, accept my heart this day,  
And make it always Thine,  
That I from Thee no more may stray,  
No more from Thee decline.
- 2 Before the cross of Him who died,  
Behold, I prostrate fall;  
Let every sin be crucified,  
Let Christ be All in all!
- 3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,  
Adopt me for Thine own;  
That I may see Thy glorious face,  
And worship at Thy throne!
- 4 May the dear blood, once shed for me,  
My blest atonement prove,  
That I from first to last may be  
The purchase of Thy love!
- 5 Let every thought, and work, and word,  
To Thee be ever given:  
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,  
And death the gate of heaven!

Matthew Bridges, 1848.

THE CONFIRMATION.

**392** C. M.

- 1 O that the Lord would guide my ways,  
To keep His statutes still!  
O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do His will!
- 2 Order my footsteps by Thy word,  
And make my heart sincere;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.
- 3 Assist my soul, too apt to stray,  
A stricter watch to keep;  
And should I e'er forget Thy way,  
Restore Thy wandering sheep.
- 4 Make me to walk in Thy commands,  
'Tis a delightful road:  
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands  
Offend against my God.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719, a.

**393** L. M.

- 1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!  
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star:  
He sheds the beams of light Divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:  
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,  
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His Name.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
And O may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Rev. Joseph Grigg, 1765, alt.

**394**

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7

1 Holy Spirit, Lord of glory,  
Look on us Thy flock to-day,  
Meekly kneeling at Thy footstool  
For Thy sevenfold gifts we pray;  
Guide us all our earthly journey  
In the true and narrow way.

2 Foes on every hand are round us,  
And our hearts are weak and frail;  
Gird us with Thy heavenly armor;  
Never let us yield or quail;  
Give us victory in the struggle,  
When the hosts of sin assail.

3 Blessèd Jesus, draw Thou near us,  
As before Thy cross we bow;  
Help us to be true and faithful,  
Seal our sacramental vow;  
We Thy soldiers are, and servants;  
Hear our solemn promise now.

4 Lead us by Thy guiding presence  
Through the waste, with danger rife;  
Feed us with the heavenly manna,  
That we faint not in the strife;  
Slake our weary spirits' thirsting,  
From the living well of life.

## THE CONFIRMATION.

- 5 Looking ever unto Jesus,  
    Leaning on His staff and rod;  
May we follow in His footsteps,  
    Tread the path that He has trod,  
Till we dwell with Him forever  
    In the Paradise of God.

Rev. R. H. Baynes, 1868.

**395**

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Holy Spirit, Lord of love,  
    Thou who comest from above,  
    Gifts of blessing to bestow  
    On Thy waiting Church below;  
Once again in love draw near  
    To Thy children gathered here.
- 2 From their bright baptismal day,  
    Through their childhood's onward way,  
    Thou hast been their constant guide,  
    Watching ever by their side;  
May they now till life shall end,  
    Choose and know Thee as their Friend.
- 3 Give them light Thy truth to see,  
    Give them life to live for Thee,  
    Daily power to conquer sin,  
    Patient faith the crown to win;  
Shield them from temptation's breath,  
    Keep them faithful unto death.
- 4 When the holy vow is made,  
    When the hands are on them laid,  
    Come, in this most solemn hour,  
    With Thy sev'nfold gifts of power,  
Come, Thou blessèd Spirit, come,  
    Make each heart Thy happy home.

Archbishop William D. Maclagan, 1873.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

The Holy Communion.

**396**

9. 8. 9. 8.

- 1 O Rock of Ages, one foundation,  
On which the living Church doth rest,—  
The Church, whose walls are strong salvation,  
Whose gates are praise—Thy Name be blest!
- 2 Son of the living God, O call us  
Once and again to follow Thee;  
And give us strength, whate'er befall us,  
Thy true disciples still to be.
- 3 When fears appall, and faith is failing,  
Make Thy voice heard o'er wind and wave,  
“Why doubt?” and in Thy love prevailing  
Put forth Thine hand to help and save.
- 4 And if our coward hearts deny Thee,  
In inmost thought, in deed, or word,  
Let not our hardness still defy Thee,  
But with a look subdue us, Lord.
- 5 O strengthen Thou our weak endeavor  
Thee in Thy sheep to serve and tend,  
To give ourselves to Thee for ever,  
And find Thee with us to the end.

Rev. Henry A. Martin, 1869.

**397**

7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

- 1 Jesus sinners doth receive!  
Let the lost and weeping hear it;  
Though in sin and shame they grieve,  
And Jehovah's anger merit,  
Here's what can their woe relieve  
Jesus sinners doth receive.
- 2 No such mercy can we claim,  
But our blessed Lord hath spoken;  
He hath sworn by His great Name,

## THE HOLY COMMUNION.

And His word cannot be broken.  
Heaven is open! I believe  
Jesus sinners doth receive.

- 3 As the shepherd seeks to find  
His lost sheep that from him strayeth,  
So hath Christ each soul in mind,  
And for its salvation prayeth;  
Fain He'd have each wanderer live—  
Jesus sinners doth receive.
- 4 Come then, all by guilt oppressed,  
Jesus calls, and He would make you  
God's own children, pure and blest,  
And to glory He would take you;  
Think on this, and well believe,  
Jesus sinners doth receive.
- 5 In my grief I now draw near,  
All my sinfulness confessing;  
Saviour, my petition hear,  
Grant me pardon and Thy blessing;  
Help, O help me to believe,  
Jesus sinners doth receive.
- 6 Cheered at thought of peace with God,  
Darkness yields to hopeful brightness;  
Through the merit of Thy blood  
Scarlet sins are turned to whiteness,  
As I say, and now believe,  
Jesus sinners doth receive.
- 7 Now my conscience is at peace;  
From the law I stand acquitted;  
Christ hath purchased my release,  
And my every sin remitted.  
Naught remains my soul to grieve,  
Jesus sinners doth receive!

Erdmann Neumeister, 1718.  
Tr. 1890.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

**398** 10. 10. 10. 10.

- 1 Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;  
Here would I touch and handle things  
unseen,  
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal  
grace,  
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.
- 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,  
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of  
heaven  
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;  
This is the heavenly table spread for me:  
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong  
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with  
Thee.
- 4 I have no help but Thine, nor do I need  
Another arm save Thine to lean upon:  
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;  
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might  
alone.
- 5 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;  
Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing  
blood;  
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,  
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my  
God.
- 6 Feast after feast thus comes, and passes by;  
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,  
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,  
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and  
love.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1855.



THE HOLY COMMUNION.

399

8. 8. 8. 8. D.

- 1 Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness,  
Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,  
Come into the day-light's splendor,  
There with joy thy praises render  
Unto Him whose grace unbounded  
Hath this wondrous banquet founded;  
High o'er all the heav'ns He reigneth,  
Yet to dwell with thee He deigneth.
- 2 Hasten as a bride to meet Him,  
And with loving reverence greet Him,  
Who with words of life immortal  
Now is knocking at thy portal;  
Haste to make for Him a pathway  
Cast thee at His feet, now saying:  
Since O Lord, Thou com'st to save me  
Help me that I'll ne'er turn from Thee.
- 3 Now I sink before Thee, lowly,  
Filled with joy most deep and holy,  
As with trembling awe and wonder  
On Thy mighty works I ponder,  
How by mystery surrounded,  
Depths no man has ever sounded,  
None may dare to pierce, unbidden,  
Secrets that with Thee are hidden.
- 4 Sun, who all my life dost brighten,  
Light, who dost my soul enlighten,  
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth,  
Fount, whence all my being floweth,  
At Thy feet I cry, my Maker;  
Let me be a fit partaker  
Of this blessed food from heaven,  
For our good, Thy glory, given.

Johann Frank, 1650.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

400

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

(Or to St. George's, Windsor.)

- 1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing  
Praise to our victorious King,  
Who hath washed us in the tide  
Flowing from His pierced side;  
Praise we Him whose love Divine  
Gives His sacred blood for wine,  
Gives His body for the feast,  
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.
- 2 Where the paschal blood is poured,  
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;  
Israel's hosts triumphant go  
Through the wave that drowns the foe.  
Praise we Christ, whose blood is shed,  
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;  
With sincerity and love  
Eat we manna from above.
- 3 Mighty Victim from the sky,  
Powers of hell beneath Thee lie;  
Death is conquered in the fight,  
Thou hast brought us life and light:  
Paschal triumph, paschal joy,  
Only sin can this destroy;  
From the death of sin set free  
Souls re-born, dear Lord, in Thee.

Anon. (Latin, 6th cent.)  
Tr. Robert Campbell, 1849, alt.

401

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

- 1 Lo, the feast is spread to-day!  
Jesus summons, come away!  
From the vanity of life,  
From the sounds of mirth or strife,

## THE HOLY COMMUNION.

To the feast by Jesus given,  
Come and taste the bread of heaven.  
Why, with proud excuse and vain,  
Spurn His mercy once again?

2 From amidst life's social ties,  
From the farm and merchandise,  
Come, for all is now prepared;  
Freely given, be freely shared.  
Blessèd are the lips that taste  
Our Redeemer's marriage feast;  
Blessèd who on Him shall feed,  
Bread of Life, and drink indeed

3 Blessèd, for their thirst is o'er,  
They shall never hunger more.  
Make, then, once again your choice,  
Hear to-day His calling voice;  
Servants, do your Master's will;  
Bidden guests, His table fill;  
Come, before His wrath shall swear:  
Ye shall never enter there.

Dr. Henry Alford, 1845.

**402**

**7. 7. 7.**

- 1 Jesus, to Thy table led,  
Now let ev'ry heart be fed  
With the true and living Bread.
- 2 While in penitence we kneel,  
Thy sweet presence let us feel,  
All Thy wondrous love reveal.
- 3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,  
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,  
Turn our sadness into praise.

## THE MEANS OF GRACE.

- 4 When we taste the mystic wine,  
Of Thine out-poured blood the sign,  
Fill our hearts with love Divine.
- 5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,  
Whence there flowed the healing tide;  
There our sins and sorrows hide.
- 6 From the bonds of sin release,  
Cold and wavering faith increase;  
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.
- 7 Lead us by Thy piercéd hand,  
Till around Thy throne we stand  
In the bright and better land.

Rev. Robert H. Baynes, 1864.

### 403 9. 8. 9. 8.

- 1 Bread of the world in mercy broken,  
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,  
By whom the words of life were spoken,  
And in whose death our sins are dead;
- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed;  
And by Thy feast to us the token  
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Bishop Reginald Heber, publ. 1827.

### 404 L. M.

(Or to Rockingham.)

- 1 My God, and is Thy table spread?  
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?  
Thither be all Thy children led,  
And let them all its sweetness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,  
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

## THE HOLY COMMUNION.

- 3 Why are its blessings all in vain  
Before unwilling hearts displayed?  
Was not for us the Victim slain?  
Are we forbid the children's bread?
- 4 O let Thy table honored be,  
And furnished well with joyful guests;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 5 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared;  
With warm desire let all attend;  
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,  
The pleasures or the profit end.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755, a.

**405**

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 O living Bread from heaven,  
How hast Thou fed Thy guest!  
The gifts Thou now hast given  
Have filled my heart with rest,  
O wondrous flood of blessing,  
O cup that heals our woes!  
My heart, this gift possessing  
On thankful song o'erflows.
- 2 My Lord, Thou here hast led me  
Within Thy holiest place,  
And there Thyself hast fed me  
With treasures of Thy grace:  
And Thou hast freely given  
What earth could never buy,  
The Bread of Life from heaven,  
That now I shall not die.
- 3 Thou givest all I wanted,  
The food can death destroy;  
And Thou hast freely granted  
The cup of endless joy.

## THE MEANS OF GRACE.

Ah, Lord, I do not merit  
The favor Thou hast shown,  
And all my soul and spirit  
Bow down before Thy throne!

- 4 Lord, grant me that, thus strengthened  
With heavenly food, while here  
My course on earth is lengthened,  
I serve with holy fear:  
And when Thou call'st my spirit  
To leave this world below,  
I enter, through Thy merit,  
Where joys unmingled flow.

John Rist, 1651.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858.

## 406

8. 8. 8. 4.

- 1 By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,  
We keep the memory adored,  
And show the death of our dear Lord  
Until He come.
- 2 His body broken in our stead  
Is here in this memorial bread,  
And so our feeble love is fed  
Until He come.
- 3 The streams of His dread agony,  
His life-blood shed for us, we see;  
The wine shall tell the mystery  
Until He come.
- 4 And thus that dark betrayal night  
With the last advent we unite  
By one blest chain of loving rite  
Until He come.

## THE HOLY COMMUNION.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,  
Until the ancient graves be stirred,  
And, with the great commanding word,  
The Lord shall come.

6 O blessed hope! with this elate  
Let not our hearts be desolate,  
But, strong in faith, in patience wait  
Until He come.

George Rawson, 1876.

**407**

L. M.

- 1 Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts,  
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,  
From the blest bliss that earth imparts  
We turn unfilled to Thee again.
- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;  
Thou savest those that on Thee call;  
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,  
To them that find Thee, All in all.
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,  
And long to feast upon Thee still;  
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,  
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;  
Glad, that Thy gracious smile we see,  
Blest, that our faith can hold Thee fast.
- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!  
Make all our moments calm and bright;  
Chase the dark night of sin away,  
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, d. 1153.

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858 a.



THE MEANS OF GRACE.

408

C. M.

- 1 Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless  
Thy chosen pilgrim flock  
With manna in the wilderness,  
With water from the rock.
- 2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,  
As Thou when here below,  
Our souls the joys celestial seek  
Which from Thy sorrows flow.
- 3 We would not live by bread alone,  
But by that word of grace,  
In strength of which we travel on  
To our abiding-place.
- 4 Be known to us in breaking bread,  
But do not then depart,  
Saviour, abide with us, and spread  
Thy table in our heart.
- 5 There sup with us in love Divine;  
Thy body and Thy blood,  
That living bread, that heavenly wine,  
Be our immortal food.

Verses 1, 2, 3, Anon; verses 4, 5,  
James Montgomery, 1825.

409

8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

- 1 Zion, to thy Saviour singing,  
To thy Prince and Shepherd bringing  
Sweetest hymns of love and praise,  
Thou wilt never reach the measure  
Of His worth, by all its treasure  
Of thy most ecstatic lays.

## THE HOLY COMMUNION.

- 2 Of all wonders that can thrill thee  
And with adoration fill thee,  
What than this can greater be,  
That Himself to thee He giveth?  
He that eateth ever liveth,  
For the Bread of Life is He.
- 3 Fill thy lips to overflowing  
With sweet praise, His mercy showing  
Who this heavenly table spread:  
On this day so glad and holy,  
To each longing spirit lowly  
Giveth He the living Bread.
- 4 Here the King hath spread His table,  
Whereon eyes of faith are able  
Christ our Passover to trace:  
Shadows of the law are going,  
Light and life and truth inflowing,  
Night to day is giving place.
- 5 O Good Shepherd, Bread life-giving,  
Us, Thy grace and life receiving,  
Feed and shelter evermore;  
Thou on earth our weakness guiding,  
We in heaven with Thee abiding  
With all saints will Thee adore.

Thomas Aquinas, c. 1260.

Tr. Rev. Alexander R. Thompson, 1883.

## 410

C. M.

- 1 According to Thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be;  
The testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember Thee.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there Thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,  
I must remember Thee;
- 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,  
And all Thy love to me:  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery, 1825.

**411** 10. 10. 10. 10.

- 1 "This is my body, which is giv'n for you;  
Do this," He said, and break, "rememb'ring  
me."  
O Lamb of God, our Paschal off'ring true,  
To us the Bread of Life each moment be.
- 2 "This is my blood, for sins' remission shed;"  
He spake, and passed the cup of blessing  
round;  
So let us drink, and, on life's fullness fed,  
With heavenly joy each quickening pulse  
shall bound.
- 3 Some will betray Thee—"Master, is it I?"  
Leaning upon Thy love, we ask in fear—  
Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry  
To Thee, the Strong, for strength, when sin  
is near.

## THE HOLY COMMUNION.

4 But round us fall the evening shadows dim;  
A saddened awe pervades our darkening  
sense;

In solemn choir we sing the parting hymn,  
And hear Thy voice, "Arise, let us go hence."

Charles L. Ford, 1880.

**412** 10. 10. 10. 10.

1 O blest memorial of our dying Lord,  
Who living bread to men doth here afford!  
O may our souls for ever feed on Thee,  
And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be!

2 Fountain of goodness! Jesus, Lord and God!  
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing  
blood;

Increase our faith and love, that we may  
know

The hope and peace which from Thy presence  
flow.

3 O Christ! whom now beneath a veil we see,  
May what we thirst for soon our portion be;  
To gaze on Thee unvailed, and see Thy face,  
The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace.

Rev. James R. Woodford, 1880.

**413** 10. 10. 10. 10.

1 True Bread of Life, in pitying mercy giv'n,  
Long famished souls to strengthen and to  
feed;

Christ Jesus, Son of God, true Bread of heav'n,  
Thy flesh is meat, Thy blood is drink  
indeed.

## THE MEANS OF GRACE.

- 2 I cannot famish, though this earth should fail,  
Though life through all its fields should  
pine and die;  
Though the sweet verdure should forsake  
each vale,  
And every stream of every land run dry.
- 3 True Tree of Life, of Thee I eat and live;  
Who eateth of Thy fruit shall never die;  
'Tis Thine the everlasting health to give,  
The youth and bloom of immortality.
- 4 Feeding on Thee all weakness turns to power,  
This sickly soul revives, like earth in  
spring;  
Strength floweth on and in, each buoyant  
hour,  
This being seems all energy, all wing.
- 5 Jesus, our dying, buried, risen Head,  
Thy Church's Life and Lord, Emmanuel!  
At Thy dear cross we find the eternal Bread,  
And in Thy empty tomb the living Well.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857.

## ~~414~~ 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Many centuries have fled  
Since our Saviour broke the bread,  
And this sacred feast ordained,  
Ever by His Church retained:  
Those His body who discern,  
Thus shall meet till His return.
- 2 Through the Church's long eclipse,  
When, from priest or pastor's lips,  
Truth Divine was never heard,—  
'Mid the famine of the word,  
Still these symbols witness gave  
To His love who died to save.

## THE HOLY COMMUNION.

- 3 All who bear the Saviour's Name,  
Here their common faith proclaim;  
Though diverse in tongue or rite,  
Here, one body we unite;  
Breaking thus one mystic bread,  
Members of one common Head.
- 4 Come, the blessed emblems share,  
Which the Saviour's death declare;  
Come, on truth immortal feed;  
For His flesh is meat indeed:  
Saviour! witness with the sign,  
That our ransomed souls are Thine.

Josiah Conder, 1836.

## IV. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

### Prayer and Aspiration.

**415** 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Quiet, Lord, my froward heart;  
Make me teachable and mild,  
Upright, simple, free from art,  
Make me as a weaned child,—  
From distrust and envy free,  
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.
- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive;  
What to-morrow may betide,  
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;  
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care—  
Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own;  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Fears to stir a step alone;  
Let me thus with Thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

- 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,  
Safe from dangers, free from fears,  
May I live upon Thy smiles  
Till the promised hour appears,  
When the sons of God shall prove  
All their Father's boundless love.

Rev. John Newton, 1779.

416

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
He Himself invites thee near,  
Bids thee ask Him—waits to hear.
- 2 With my burden I begin:—  
Lord, remove this load of sin!  
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;  
Take possession of my breast;  
There, Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.
- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end!
- 5 Show me what I have to do;  
Every hour my strength renew;  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me die Thy people's death.

Rev. John Newton, 1779.



PRAYER AND ASPIRATION.

**417** *And when thou shalt see* C. M.

- 1 Walk in the light, so shalt thou know  
That fellowship of love  
His Spirit only can bestow,  
Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find  
Thy heart made truly His  
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt own  
Thy darkness passed away,  
Because that light hath on thee shone,  
In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb  
No fearful shade shall wear;  
Glory shall chase away its gloom  
For Christ hath conquered there.
- 5 Walk in the light, and thine shall be  
A path, though thorny, bright;  
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
And God Himself is light.

Bernard Barton, 1820.

**418** *Thy mercy, Lord, my soul* S. M.

- 1 Sweet is Thy mercy, Lord;  
Before Thy mercy-seat  
My soul, adoring, pleads Thy word,  
And owns Thy mercy sweet.
- 2 My need, and Thy desires,  
Are all in Christ complete;  
Thou hast the justice truth requires,  
And I Thy mercy sweet.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Where'er Thy Name is blest,  
Where'er Thy people meet,  
There I delight in Thee to rest,  
And find Thy mercy sweet.
- 4 Light Thou my weary way  
Lead Thou my wandering feet,  
That while I stay on earth I may  
Still find Thy mercy sweet.
- 5 Thus shall the heavenly host  
Hear all my songs repeat,  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
My joy, Thy mercy sweet.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1862.

**419**

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
For I am full of sin;  
My soul is dark and guilty,  
My heart is dead within;  
I need the cleansing fountain  
Where I can always flee,  
The blood of Christ most precious,  
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 2 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus,  
For I am very poor;  
A stranger and a pilgrim,  
I have no earthly store.  
I need the love of Jesus  
To cheer me on my way,  
To guide my doubting footsteps,  
To be my strength and stay.
- 3 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus;  
I need a friend like Thee,  
A friend to soothe and pity,  
A friend to care for me.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION.

I need the heart of Jesus  
To feel each anxious care,  
To tell my every trial,  
And all my sorrows share.

- 4 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus,  
And hope to see Thee soon,  
Encircled with the rainbow  
And seated on Thy throne:  
There, with Thy blood-bought children,  
My joy shall ever be  
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,  
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

Rev. Frederick Whitfield, 1855.

420

S. M.

- 1 Come to the morning prayer  
Come let us kneel and pray;  
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,  
To walk with God all day.
- 2 At noon beneath the Rock  
Of Ages rest and pray;  
Sweet is the shadow from the heat,  
When the sun smites by day.
- 3 At eve shut to the door,  
Round the home-altar pray,  
And finding there the house of God,  
At heaven's gate close the day.
- 4 When midnight seals our eyes,  
Let each in spirit say,  
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,  
With Thee to watch and pray.

James Montgomery, 1842.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

**421**

L. M.

- 1 From ev'ry stormy wind that blows,  
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,  
A place than all besides more sweet;  
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,  
Though sundered far; by faith they meet  
Around the common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Rev. Hugh Stowell, 1828.

**422**

C. M.

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,—  
The falling of a tear,—  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

## PRAYER AND ASPIRATION.

- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watchword at the gates of death,—  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels, in their songs rejoice,  
And cry,—“Behold, he prays!”
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one,  
In word, and deed, and mind,  
While with the Father and the Son  
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor prayer is made by man alone,  
The Holy Spirit pleads;  
And Jesus on th' eternal throne  
For mourner's intercedes.
- 8 O Thou, by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way—  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:—  
Lord, teach us how to pray!

James Montgomery, 1818.

**423**

C. M.

- 1 There is an eye that never sleeps  
Beneath the wing of night;  
There is an ear that never shuts  
When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires,  
When human strength gives way;  
There is a love that never fails,  
When earthly loves decay.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;  
That arm upholds the sky;  
That ear is filled with angel songs;  
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield  
When mortal aid is vain,  
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,  
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,  
Through Jesus, to the throne;  
And moves the hand which moves the world,  
To bring salvation down!

Rev. James C. Wallace, 1830.

**424** 10. 4. 10. 4.

1 I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
A pleasant road;  
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me  
Aught of its load.

2 I do not ask that flowers should always  
spring  
Beneath my feet;  
I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord I plead:  
Lead me aright,  
Though strength should falter and though  
hearts should bleed,  
Through peace to light.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed  
Full radiance here;  
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
Without a fear.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION.

5 I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see;  
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,  
And follow Thee.

6 Joy is like restless day; but peace Divine  
Like quiet night:  
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,  
Through peace to light.

Adelaide A. Proctor, 1862.

**425**

C. M.

- 1 O for a closer walk with God,—  
A calm and heav'nly frame,  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 3 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.
- 4 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper, 1772.

**426**

C. M.

- 1 Great Shepherd of Thy people, hear;  
Thy presence now display;  
We plead within Thy house of pray'r;  
O give us hearts to pray.



### THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Show us some token of Thy love,  
Our feeble hopes to raise;  
And pour Thy blessing from above,  
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love and concord dwell;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The hearing ear, the watchful eye,  
The contrite heart bestow:  
And shine upon us from on high,  
To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive Thy word,  
In faith address our prayers;  
And in the presence of the Lord  
Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may Thy gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforced by grace Divine,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
And bend their wills to Thine.

Rev. John Newton, 1779.

**427**

C. M.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free;  
A heart that always feels Thy blood  
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone!

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION.

- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean!  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And filled with love Divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;  
An image, Lord! of Thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,—  
Thy new, best Name of Love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742.

428

L. M.

(Or to Ward.,

- 1 O Thou, to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light,  
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee;  
O burst these bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;  
Nail my affections to the cross;  
Hallow each thought; let all within  
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darkness wild I stray,  
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my head o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:  
O let Thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to Thy holy hill.
- 6 If rough and thorny be my way,  
My strength porportion to my day;  
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease  
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

Count Nicolaus L. von Zinzendorf, 1721.  
Verse 4, J. A. Freylinghausen, 1704  
Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1738, alt.

429

L. M

- 1 My God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and Thee;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my highest birth?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense:  
One sovereign word can draw me thence;  
I would obey the voice Divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn,  
Let noise and vanity be gone;  
In secret silence of the mind  
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

430

L. M.

- 1 What various hind'rances we meet,  
In coming to a mercy-seat?  
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there?

## PRAYER AND ASPIRATION.

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 When half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Our cheerful song would oftener be,  
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

William Cowper, 1772.

**431**

S. M.

- 1 My God, permit my tongue  
This joy, to call Thee mine;  
And let my early cries prevail  
To taste Thy love Divine.
- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul  
Thy mercy doth implore;  
Not travelers in desert lands  
Can pant for water more.
- 3 In wakeful hours at night,  
I call my God to mind;  
I think how wise Thy counsels are,  
And all Thy dealings kind.
- 4 Since Thou hast been my help,  
To Thee my spirit flies;  
And on Thy watchful providence  
My cheerful hope relies.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 The shadow of Thy wings  
My soul in safety keeps;  
I follow where my Father leads,  
And He supports my steps.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

**432**

7. 7. 7. 7.

(Or to Springfield.)

- 1 Lord! I cannot let Thee go,  
Till a blessing Thou bestow;  
Do not turn away Thy face,  
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Once a sinner, in despair,  
Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer;  
Mercy heard and set him free—  
Lord! that mercy came to me.
- 3 Many days have passed since then,  
Many changes I have seen;  
Yet have been upheld till now;  
Who could hold me up but Thou?
- 4 Thou hast helped in every need—  
This emboldens me to plead;  
After so much mercy passed,  
Canst Thou let me sink at last?
- 5 No— I must maintain my hold;  
'Tis Thy goodnes makes me bold;  
I can no denial take,  
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

Rev. John Newton, 1800.

**433**

6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

- 1 More love to Thee, O Christ,  
More love to Thee!  
Hear Thou the prayer I make  
On bended knee;

## PRAYER AND ASPIRATION.

This is my earnest plea,  
||: More love, O Christ, to Thee: ||  
More love to Thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest;  
Now Thee alone I seek,  
Give what is best:  
This all my prayer shall be,  
||: More love, O Christ, to Thee: ||  
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,  
Send grief and pain;  
Sweet are Thy messengers,  
Sweet their refrain,  
When they can sing with me,  
||: More love, O Christ, to Thee: ||  
More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath  
Whisper Thy praise;  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise,  
This still its prayer shall be,  
||: More love, O Christ, to Thee: ||  
More love to Thee!

Elizabeth P. Prentiss, 1869.

**434**

L. M.

1 Where is my God? does He retire  
Beyond the reach of humble sigh?  
Are these weak breathings of desire  
Too languid to ascend the skies?

2 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye;  
See where the great Redeemer stands,  
The glorious Advocate on high,  
With precious incense in His hands!

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 He sweetens every humble groan;  
He recommends each broken prayer;  
Recline Thy hope on Him alone,  
Whose power and love forbid despair.
- 4 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,  
With stronger faith to call Thee mine!  
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,  
My Father God, with joy Divine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

**435**

10. 10. 10. 10.

- 1 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace;  
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,  
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase:  
Lead us thro' Christ, the true and living  
Way.
- 2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;  
Unhelped By Thee, in error's maze we grope,  
While passion stains and folly dims our  
youth,  
And age comes on uncheered by faith and  
hope.
- 3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;  
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,  
Involved in shadows of a moral night;  
Only with Thee we journey safely on.
- 4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,  
However rough and steep the path may be;  
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,  
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

William H. Burleigh, 1868.



PRAYER AND ASPIRATION.

**436**

C. M.

- 1 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Soft resting on Thy breast;  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,  
And bid my spirit rest.
- 2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;  
Let Thine outstretchèd wing  
Be like the shade of Elim's palm  
Beside her desert-spring.
- 3 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude  
The sounds my ear that greet,  
Calm in the closet's solitude,  
Calm in the bustling street.
- 4 Calm in the hour of bouyant health,  
Calm in my hour of pain;  
Calm in my poverty or wealth,  
Calm in my loss or gain.
- 5 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
Like Him who bore my shame,  
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng  
Who hate Thy holy Name;
- 6 Calm as the ray of sun or star  
Which storms assail in vain;  
Moving unruffled through earth's war,  
The eternal calm to gain.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857.

**437**

C. M.

- 1 Dear refuge of my weary soul,  
On Thee, when sorrows rise,  
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,  
For Thou alone canst heal;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,  
I fear to call Thee mine;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?  
Thou art my only trust;  
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,  
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;  
Here let my soul retreat,  
With humble hope attend Thy will,  
And wait beneath Thy feet.

Anne Steele, 1760.

438

8. 8. 8. 4.

- 1 My God and Father, while I stray  
Far from my home in life's rough way  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
Thy will be done.
- 2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
Thy will be done.
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,  
Thy will be done.
- 4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine  
I only yield Thee what was Thine:  
Thy will be done.

PRAYER AND ASPIRATION.

- 5 If but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;  
Thy will be done.
- 6 Renew my will from day to day;  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
And that now makes it hard to say,  
Thy will be done.
- 7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Thy will be done.

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

439

8. 8. 8. 4.

- 1 My God, is any hour so sweet,  
From blush of morn to evening star,  
As that which calls me to Thy feet—  
The hour of prayer?
- 2 Then in my strength by Thee renewed;  
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;  
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude,  
With hopes of heaven.
- 3 No words can tell what sweet relief  
Here for my every want I find:  
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,  
What peace of mind!
- 4 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;  
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;  
And e'en the penitential tear  
Is wiped away.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,  
No privilege so dear shall be  
As thus my inmost soul to pour  
In prayer to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

**440**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 Love Divine, all loves excelling,  
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!  
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,  
All Thy faithful mercies crown.  
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Enter ev'ry trembling heart!
- 2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving spirit  
Into every troubled breast!  
Let us all in Thee inherit,  
Let us find Thy promised rest.  
Take away the love of sinning,  
Alpha and Omega be.  
End of faith, as its Beginning  
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, Almighty, to deliver,  
Let us all Thy life receive;  
Graciously return, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave!  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,  
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,  
Glory in Thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish then Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see Thy great salvation  
Perfectly restored in Thee!

## INVITATION.

Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1746, a.

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### Invitation.

**441**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

1 Souls of men, why will ye scatter  
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?  
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander  
From a love so true and deep?  
Was there ever kinder shepherd,  
Half so gentle, half so sweet,  
As the Saviour, who would have us  
Come and gather round His feet?

2 It is God! His love looks mighty,  
But is mightier than it seems,  
'Tis our Father, and His fondness  
Goes far out beyond our dreams.  
There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more graces for the good;  
There is mercy with the Saviour,  
There is healing in His blood.

3 There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.  
Pining souls, come nearer Jesus!  
And O come not doubting thus,  
But with faith that trusts more bravely  
His huge tenderness for us.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1854.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

**442**      11. 10. 11. 10.

1 Come, ye disconsolate, wher-e'er ye languish,  
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell  
your anguish;  
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot  
heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot  
cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life, see waters flow-  
ing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from  
above;  
Come to the feast of love, come, ever know-  
ing  
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can re-  
move.

Thomas Moore, 1816; verse 4, Thomas Hastings, 1832

**443**      7. 7. 7. 7.

1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord!  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to Thee,  
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

## INVITATION.

- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of My throne shalt be:  
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love Thee and adore;  
O for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper, 1768.



7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 "Come," said Jesus' sacred voice,  
"Come, and make My paths your choice;  
I will guide you to your home,  
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
- 2 "Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.
- 3 "Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;  
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
In remorse for guilt who mourn;
- 4 "Hither come, for here is found  
Balm that flows for every wound,  
Peace that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure."

Anna L. Barbauld, 1792, alt.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

445

not prepared as he did. L. M.

- 1 Behold! a Stranger's at the door;  
He gently knocks, has knocked before;  
Has waited long, is waiting still:  
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 But will He prove a friend indeed?  
He will, the very Friend you need;  
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,  
With garments dyed at Calvary.
- 3 O lovely attitude! He stands  
With melting heart and laden hands;  
O matchless kindness! and He shows  
This matchless kindness to His foes.
- 4 Rise touched with gratitude Divine;  
Turn out His enemy and thine,  
That soul-destroying monster, sin,  
And let the heavenly Stranger in.
- 5 Admit Him ere His anger burn;  
His feet, departed, ne'er return:  
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand  
When at His door denied you'll stand.

Rev. Joseph Grigg, 1765.

446

L. M.

(Or to Rockingham.)

- 1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?  
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?  
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,  
And still my soul in slumbers lie?
- 2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?  
Can I His loving voice despise,  
And basely His kind care repay?  
He calls me still; can I delay?

## INVITATION.

- 3 God calling yet? and shall He knock,  
And I my heart the closer lock?  
He still is waiting to receive,  
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?
- 4 God calling yet! and shall I give  
No heed, but still in bondage live?  
I wait, but He does not forsake;  
He calls me still; my heart, awake!
- 5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;  
My heart I yield without delay:  
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;  
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1735.  
Tr. Sarah B. Findlater, 1855.

## 447 L. M.

- 1 Return, O wanderer, return!  
And seek an injured Father's face;  
Those warm desires that in thee burn  
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return;  
He heard thy deep repentant sigh,  
He saw thy softened spirit mourn  
When no intruding ear was nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return;  
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live:  
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And wipe away the falling tear;  
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"  
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

Rev. William B. Collyer, 1812.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

**448** L. M.

- 1 "Take up thy cross," the Saviour said,  
"If thou wouldst My disciple be;  
Take up thy cross with willing heart,  
And humbly follow after Me."
- 2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight  
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;  
His strength shall bear Thy spirit up  
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross; nor heed the shame,  
And let thy foolish pride be still;  
Thy Lord refused not e'en to die  
Upon a cross, on Calvary's hill.
- 4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,  
And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;  
'Twill guide thee to a better home,  
It points to glory o'er the grave.
- 5 Take up thy cross, and follow on,  
Nor think till death to lay it down;  
For only he who bears the cross  
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Rev. Charles W. Everest, 1833.

**449** L. M.

- 1 Haste traveller, haste! the night comes on,  
And many a shining hour is gone;  
The storm is gathering in the west,  
And thou art far from home and rest.
- 2 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;  
The rains descend, the winds are high;  
The waters swell, and death and fear  
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.

## INVITATION.

3 Haste, while a shelter you may gain,  
A covert from the wind and rain,  
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,  
A refuge from the wrath to come.

4 Then linger not in all the plain,  
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;  
Look not behind, make no delay,  
O speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

Rev. William B. Collyer, 1829.

## 450

8. 5. 8. 3.

1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distrest?  
"Come to Me," saith One, "and, coming,  
Be at rest."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my Guide?  
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,  
That His brow adorns?  
"Yea, a crown, in every surety,  
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,  
What His guerdon here?  
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last?  
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay?  
"Not till earth and not till heaven  
Pass away."

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless?  
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
Answer, 'Yes.'"

Based on an early Greek Hymn.  
Rev. John M. Neale, 1862.

451

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

(Or to St. Edith.)

- 1 O Jesus, Thou art standing  
Out-side the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er:  
Shame on us, Christian brothers,  
His Name and sign who bear,  
O shame, thrice shame upon us,  
To keep Him standing there!
- 2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;  
And lo, that hand is scarred,  
And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
And tears Thy face have marred  
O love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait!  
O sin that hath no equal,  
So fast to bar the gate!
- 3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,  
"I died for you, My children,  
And will ye treat Me so?"  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door;  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore.

Bishop William W. How, 1867.

## REPENTANCE.

**452**

8. 7. 8. 7. With Refrain.

- 1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,  
Like the wideness of the sea,  
There's a kindness in His justice  
Which is more than liberty.

### REFRAIN.

He is calling, "Come to Me!"  
He is calling, "Come to Me!"  
He is calling, "Come to Me!"  
"Lord, I gladly come Thee!"

- 2 There's no place where earthly sorrows  
Are more felt than up in heaven;  
There's no place where earthly failings  
Have such kindly judgment given.—Ref.

- 3 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind,  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.—Ref.

- 4 But we make His love too narrow  
By false limits of our own,  
And we magnify His strictness  
With a zeal He will not own.—Ref.

- 5 If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.—Ref.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1854.

## Repentance.

**453**

7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 6.

- 1 The way is long and dreary,  
The path is bleak and bare,  
Our feet are worn and weary,  
But we will not despair.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

More heavy was Thy burden,  
More desolate Thy way:  
O Lamb of God, who takest  
The sin of the world away,  
Have mercy upon us!

2 The snows lie thick around us  
In dark and gloomy night,  
The tempest roars above us,  
The stars have hid their light;  
But blacker was the darkness  
Round Calvary's cross that day:  
O Lamb of God, who takest  
The sin of the world away,  
Have mercy upon us!

3 Our hearts are faint with sorrow,  
Heavy and sad to bear;  
We dread the bitter morrow,  
But we will not despair.  
Thou knowest all our anguish,  
And Thou wilt bid it cease:  
O Lamb of God, who takest  
The sin of the world away,  
O give to us Thy peace!

Adelaide A. Proctor, 1858.

**454**

C. M.

1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat  
Where Jesus answers pray'r;  
There humbly fall before His feet,  
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh;  
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.



## REPENTANCE.

- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely prest,  
By war without, and fear within,  
I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place  
That, sheltered near Thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him Thou hast died.
- 5 O wondrous Love, to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead Thy gracious Name!

Rev. John Newton, 1779.

**455**

C. M.

- 1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at Thy feet  
A guilty rebel lies,  
And upward to the mercy-seat  
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
To pay the debt I owe,  
Tears should from both my weeping eyes  
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead  
To expiate my guilt;  
No tears but those which Thou hast shed,  
No blood but Thou hast spilt.
- 4 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord,  
And all my sins forgive:  
Justice will well approve the word  
That bids the sinner live.

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1787.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

**456**

8. 8. 8. 6.

- 1 O Thou, the contrite sinners' Friend,  
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,  
On this alone my hopes depend,  
That Thou wilt plead for me.
- 2 When, weary in the Christian race,  
Far off appears my resting-place,  
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,  
Then, Saviour, plead for me.
- 3 When I have erred and gone astray  
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,  
And see no glimmering guiding ray,  
Still, Saviour, plead for me.
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
And plead, O plead for me.
- 5 And when my dying hour draws near,  
O'ercast with sorrow, pain, and fear,  
Then to my fainting sight appear,  
Pleading in heaven for me.
- 6 When the full light of heavenly day  
Reveals my sins in dread array,  
Say Thou hast washed them all away;  
O say Thou plead'st for me.

Charlotte Elliott, 1835.

**457**

C. M.

- 1 O Lord, turn not Thy face away  
From them that lowly lie,  
Lamenting sore their sinful life  
With tears and bitter cry.

## REPENTANCE.

- 2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide  
To them that mourn their sin;  
O shut them not against us, Lord,  
But let us enter in.
- 3 We need not to confess our fault,  
For surely Thou canst tell;  
What we have done, and what we are,  
Thou knowest very well.
- 4 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,  
With tears we come to Thee,  
As children that have done amiss  
Fall at their father's knee.
- 5 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat  
The blessing which we crave,  
When Thou dost know, before we speak,  
The thing that we would have?
- 6 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we seek,  
This is the total sum;  
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;  
O let Thy mercy come.

Rev. John Marckant, 1561.

**458**

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

- 1 Out of the depths I cry to Thee,  
Lord, hear me, I implore Thee;  
Bend down Thy gracious ear to me,  
Let my prayer come before Thee!  
On my misdeeds in mercy look  
O deign to blot them from Thy book,  
Or who can stand before Thee?
- 2 Thy sovereign grace and boundless love  
Make Thee, O Lord, forgiving;  
My purest thoughts and deeds but prove  
Sin in my heart is living:

### THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

None guiltless in Thy sight appear;  
All who approach Thy throne must fear,  
And humbly trust Thy mercy.

- 3 Thou canst be merciful while just,—  
This is my hope's foundation;  
On Thy redeeming grace I trust,  
Grant me, then, Thy salvation.  
Shielded by Thee, I stand secure;  
Thy word is firm, Thy promise sure,  
And I rely upon Thee.
- 4 Like those who watch for midnight's hour  
To hail the dawning morrow,  
I wait for Thee, I trust Thy power,  
Unmoved by doubt or sorrow.  
So thus let Israel hope in Thee,  
And he shall find Thy mercy free,  
And Thy redemption plenteous.
- 5 Where'er the greatest sins abound  
By grace they are exceeded;  
Thy helping hand is always found  
With aid, where aid is needed:  
Thy hand, the only hand to save,  
Will rescue Israel from the grave,  
And pardon his transgression.

Martin Luther, 1859.  
Tr. New Cong. H. B., 1859.

**459** 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

- 1 For help, O whither shall I flee?  
Who now to peace will guide me?  
To none, dear Saviour, but to Thee,  
Can I with hope confide me.  
'Tis Thine to give the weary rest,  
The mourning soul in Thee is blest,—  
Help, Jesus, the afflicted!

## REPENTANCE.

- 2 My sin, O Lord, is now my grief,  
Against my will it rages:—  
Thy grace alone can bring relief,  
While sin its warfare wages.  
All that I need is known to Thee,  
And now a part myself can see,—  
Help, Jesus, the sin-burdened!
- 3 Good Shepherd, bearest Thou the weak?  
Sustain me in my weakness!  
Thou great Physician of the sick,  
Heal Thou my moral sickness!  
A prey to death I helpless fall,—  
For health and strength to Thee I call,  
Save, Jesus, or I perish!
- 4 To those who trust Thee!—"Nothing fear!  
I am the Life!"—Thou criest.  
Seeks not my soul, with strong desire,  
The Life which Thou suppliest?  
Through all my sorrows Thou canst lead,  
In death provide for every need—  
Help, Jesus, the confiding.
- 5 I would do good, but still I fail,—  
Must I thus always waver?  
What grief it gives Thou knowest well;  
Who shall my soul deliver,  
And set the slave for ever free  
From sin and death to live with Thee?—  
I thank Thee, God, through Jesus?  
Joachim Neander, 1680.

**460**

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Depth of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God His wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 I have long withstood His grace;  
Long provoked Him to His face;  
Would not hearken to His calls;  
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now incline me to repent;  
Let me now my sins lament;  
Now my foul revolt deplore,  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- 4 Kindled His relentings are;  
Me He now delights to spare;  
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"—  
Lest the lifted thunder drop.
- 5 There for me the Saviour stands;  
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;  
God is Love! I know, I feel;  
Jesus weeps, but loves me still.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740.

## 461

S. M. D.

- 1 I was a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold;  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled.  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home;  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
The Father sought His child;  
They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild:  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famished and faint and lone;  
They bound me with the bands of love,  
They saved the wandering one.

## REPENTANCE.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is:

'Twas He that loved my soul,  
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,  
'Twas He that made me whole;  
'Twas He that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep,  
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
'Twas He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep.

I would not be controlled;  
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold.  
I was a wayward child,  
I once preferred to roam;  
But now I love my Father's voice,  
I love, I love His home.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843.

462

10. 10. 10. 10.

1 Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,  
I look at heaven and long to enter in;  
But there no evil thing may find a home;  
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
In the pure glory of that holy land?  
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?  
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me  
near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly  
way,  
Evil is ever with me day by day;  
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,  
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from  
all."



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;  
His are the hands stretched out to draw me  
near,  
And His the blood that can for all atone,  
And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,  
And made me hear of heaven, the Father's  
child,  
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,  
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
- 6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear  
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,  
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress  
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.
- 7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;  
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;  
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden  
crown;  
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid  
down.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone, 1866.

**463**

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 O Jesus, our salvation,  
Low at Thy cross we lie;  
Lord, in Thy great compassion,  
Hear our bewailing cry.  
We come to Thee with mourning,  
We come to Thee in woe;  
With contrite hearts returning,  
And tears that over-flow.
- 2 O gracious Intercessor,  
O Priest within the veil,  
Plead, for each lost transgressor,  
The blood that cannot fail.

## REPENTANCE.

We spread our sins before Thee,  
We tell them one by one;  
O, for Thy Name's great glory,  
Forgive all we have done.

3 O, by Thy cross and passion,  
Thy tears and agony,  
And crown of cruel fashion,  
And death on Calvary;  
By all that untold suffering,  
Endured by Thee alone;  
O Priest, O spotless offering,  
Plead for us, and atone!

4 And in these hearts now broken  
Re-enter Thou and reign,  
And say, by that dear token,  
We are absolved again.  
And build us up, and guide us,  
And guard us day by day;  
And in Thy presence hide us,  
And take our sins away.

Rev. James Hamilton, 1867.

**464** 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

1 Jesus, Lord of life and glory,  
Bend from heav'n Thy gracious ear;  
While our waiting souls adore Thee,  
Friend of helpless sinners, hear,  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.

2 From the depths of nature's blindness,  
From the hardening power of sin,  
From all malice and unkindness,  
From the pride that lurks within,  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 When temptation sorely presses,  
In the day of Satan's power,  
In our times of deep distresses,  
In each dark and trying hour,  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.
- 4 When the world around is smiling,  
In the time of wealth and ease,  
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,  
In the day of health and peace,  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.
- 5 In the weary hours of sickness,  
In the times of grief and pain,  
When we feel our mortal weakness,  
When the creature's help is vain,  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.
- 6 In the solemn hour of dying,  
In the awful judgment day,  
May our souls, on Thee relying,  
Find Thee still our Rock and Stay:  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.

John J. Cummins, 1839.

**465**

8. 7. 8. 7. With Refrain.

- 1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,  
Thou art scattering full and free;  
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some droppings fall on me.

REFRAIN.

Even me, even me,  
Let some droppings fall on me.

## REPENTANCE.

- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou might'st pass me, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy light on me.—Ref.
- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,  
Let me love and cling to Thee;  
I am longing for Thy favor;  
When Thou comest, call for me.—Ref.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of power to me.—Ref.
- 5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,  
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?  
Has the world my heart been keeping?  
O forgive and rescue me.—Ref.
- 6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,  
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,  
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,  
Magnify them all in me.—Ref.
- 7 Pass me not, but, pardon bringing,  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;  
While the streams of life are springing:  
Blessing others, O bless me.—Ref.

Elizabeth Codner, 1860, alt.

## 466

L. M.

- 1 With broken heart and contrite sigh,  
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:  
Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free:  
O God, be merciful to me.
- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,  
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;  
Christ and His cross my only plea:  
O God, be merciful to me.

### THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,  
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;  
But Thou dost all my anguish see;  
O God, be merciful to me.
- 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,  
Can for a single sin atone;  
To Calvary alone I flee:  
O God, be merciful to me.
- 5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,  
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,  
My raptured song shall ever be,  
God has been merciful to me.

Rev. Cornelius Elven, 1852.

**467**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 Take me, O my Father, take me;  
Take me, save me, through Thy Son;  
That which Thou wouldst have me, make me,  
Let Thy will in me be done.  
Long from Thee my foot-steps straying,  
Thorny proved the way I trod;  
Weary come I now, and praying,  
Take me to Thy love, my God.
- 2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,  
Humbly I confess my sin;  
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,  
To Thy household take me in.  
Freely now to Thee I proffer  
This relenting heart of mine;  
Freely life and soul I offer,  
Gift unworthy love like Thine.
- 3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,  
Bore our sins upon the tree;  
On that sacrifice relying,  
Now I look in hope to Thee:  
Father, take me; all forgiving,  
Fold me to Thy loving breast;

## REPENTANCE.

In Thy love for ever living  
I must be for ever blest.

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1864.

468

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

- 1 Saviour! when in dust to Thee  
Low we bow th'adoring knee,  
When repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,  
O by all Thy pains and woe  
Suffered once for man below,  
Bending from Thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn litany.
- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,  
By Thy life of want and tears,  
By Thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness,  
By the dread mysterious hour  
Of the insulting tempter's power:  
Turn, O turn a pitying eye,  
Hear our solemn litany!
- 3 By the sacred grief that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;  
By the boding tears that flowed  
Over Salem's loved abode;  
By the anguished sigh that told  
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;  
From Thy seat above the sky,  
Hear our solemn litany!
- 4 By the burden Thou didst bear;  
By Thine agony of prayer,  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;  
Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn litany!

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 By Thy deep expiring groan;  
By the sad sepulchral stone;  
By the vault, whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God:  
O from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn litany!

Sir Robert Grant, 1839.

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## Faith and Salvation.

**469**

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

- 1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing!
- 3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?  
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?  
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!  
Lo, on Thee I cast my care;



FAITH AND SALVATION.

Reach me out Thy gracious hand.

While I of Thy strength receive,

Hoping against hope I stand,

Dying, and behold I live!

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;

More than all in Thee I find:

Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,

Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is Thy Name;

I am all unrighteousness;

False and full of sin I am,

Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,

Grace to cover all my sin;

Let the healing streams abound;

Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the Fountain art,

Freely let me take of Thee;

Spring Thou up within my heart;

Rise to all eternity!

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740.

**470**

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in Thee;

Let the water and the blood,

From Thy riven side which flowed,

Be of sin the double cure,

Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

2 Not the labors of my hands

Can fulfill Thy law's demands;

Could my zeal no respite know,

Could my tears forever flow,

All for sin could not atone,

Thou must save, and Thou alone.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly:  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar through tracts unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

**471** 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 "Till He come:" O let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords;  
Let us think how heaven and home  
Lie beyond that—"Till He come."  
Let the little while between  
In their golden light be seen;

2 When the weary ones we love  
Enter on their rest above,  
Seems the earth so poor and vast,  
All our life joy overcast?  
Hush, be every murmur dumb;  
It is only—"Till He come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,  
Drink the wine, and break the bread;  
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord  
Call us round His heavenly board;  
Some from earth, from glory some,  
Severed only—"Till He come."

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1848.

FAITH AND SALVATION.

472

C. M.

- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper, 1772.

473

C. M.

- 1 Jesus! Thou art the sinner's Friend;  
As such I look to Thee;  
Now, in the fullness of Thy love,  
O Lord! remember me.
- 2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,  
Remember Calvary's tree,  
Remember all Thy dying groans,  
And then remember me.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,  
I yield my soul to Thee;  
While Thou art pleading on the throne  
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,  
But Thy salvation's free;  
Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,  
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 And when I close my eyes in death,  
And human help shall flee,  
Then, then, my dear redeeming God,  
O then remember me.

Rev. Richard Burnham, 1796.

**474** C. M.

1 When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurled;  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like wildest deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest;  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

FAITH AND SALVATION.

**475**

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamp of Calvary  
Saviour Divine:  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul.

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1830.

**476**

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

- 1 Come, all ye saints of God;  
Wide through the earth abroad  
Spread Jesus' fame;

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Tell what His love has done;  
Trust in His Name alone;  
Shout to His lofty throne,  
    "Worthy the Lamb."

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!  
Dry up your mournful tears;  
    Swell the glad theme;  
Praise ye our gracious King,  
Strike each melodious string;  
Join heart and voice to sing,  
    "Worthy the Lamb."

3 Hark! how the choirs above,  
Filled with the Saviour's love,  
    Dwell on His Name!  
There, too, may we be found,  
With light and glory crowned,  
While all the heavens resound,  
    "Worthy the Lamb."

Pratt's Coll.

**477**

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

(Or to St. Theodulph.)

1 I lay my sins on Jesus,  
    The spotless Lamb of God;  
He bears them all, and frees us  
    From the accursed load.  
I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
    To wash my crimson stains  
White in His blood most precious,  
    Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,  
    All fullness dwells in Him;  
He healeth my diseases,  
    He doth my soul redeem;

## FAITH AND SALVATION.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares;  
He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine;  
His right hand me embraces,  
I on His breast recline.  
I love the Name of Jesus,  
Emmanuel Christ, the Lord;  
Like fragrance on the breezes,  
His Name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's holy Child;  
I long to be with Jesus  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
To sing with saints His praises,  
To learn the angels' song.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857.

**478**

7. 6. 7. 6. D

1 In holy contemplation,  
Now let our souls pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new:  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
Let the unknown to-morrow  
Bring with it what it may.

2 It can bring with it nothing,  
But He will bear us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe His people too:



## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed;  
And He who feeds the ravens,  
Will give His children bread.

- 3 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,  
There wonted fruit should bear,  
Though all the fields should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there;  
Yet, God the same abiding,  
His praise shail tune my voice;  
For while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper, 1779.

**479**

L. M.

- 1 Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness,  
My beauty are, my glorious dress,  
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
For who aught to my charge shall lay?  
Fully through these absolved I am  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,  
Who from the Father's bosom came,  
Who died for me, e'en me to atone,  
Now for my Lord and God I own.
- 4 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,  
Which at the mercy-seat of God  
For ever doth for sinners plead,  
For me—e'en for my soul—was shed.
- 5 Lord, I believe were sinners more  
Than sands upon the ocean shore,  
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,  
For all a full atonement made.

FAITH AND SALVATION.

6 When from the dust of death I rise  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then, this shall be all my plea:  
Jesus hath lived, and died for me.

7 Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,  
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,  
For me, and all Thy hands have made,  
An everlasting ransom paid.

Count Nicolaus L. von Zinzendorf, 1739.  
Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1740.

**480**

8. 8. 8. 6.

1 Just as I am, without one plea  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

481

C. M. D.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come unto Me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast."  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
So weary, worn and sad;  
I found in Him a resting place,  
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold, I freely give  
The living water; thirsty one,  
Stoop down and drink, and live."  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"I am this dark world's Light;  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright."  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that Light of life I'll walk,  
Till travelling days are done.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1846.

FAITH AND SALVATION.

482

9. 8. 9. 8. 8. 8.

- 1 I now have found for hope in heaven,  
An anchor-ground that firm will stand  
'Twas thro' the cross of Jesus given,  
By God appointed from of old,  
A ground that shall enduring stay,  
When earth and skies have passed away.
- 2 'Tis God's own mercy, never ending,  
Its measure all our thoughts exceeds;  
While Jesus too, His arms extending,—  
Whose heart for guilty sinners bleeds,—  
Now with compassion calls His foes  
To flee from sin and endless woes.
- 3 And why should we be lost for ever,  
Since God to us commends His love?  
His Son, with message of His favor,  
Invites to holy joys above:  
To win our hearts, as oft before,  
He now is knocking at the door.
- 4 This love's a deep, our follies hiding;  
The death of Christ—a matchless grace,  
To life and peace our spirits guiding,  
Where wrath no more shall find a place.  
His blood for us is pleading still—  
“Let mercy all its work fulfill!”
- 5 From this will I my comfort borrow,  
With joy will trust my Saviour's plea,  
And while for sin I deeply sorrow,  
Now to the Father's pity flee,—  
In Him I'll ever seek a friend  
Whose grace in Christ will never end.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 6 Should earthly cares still gather round me  
And joined with griefs should malice rise,  
Together striving to confound me,  
Or into sin my soul surprise,  
Should sorrows high o'er sorrows swell,  
Let Mercy smile, and all is well.
- 7 Whenever I review my doings,  
The best of all that I have done,—  
Much wrong and weakness I discover,  
And boasting is for ever gone:  
But in one thing I can confide,—  
'Tis mercy,—and in nought beside.
- 8 He leads, and always will be nigh me,  
Who has on me His mercy set;  
With all I need He will supply me,  
Nor let my soul His grace forget:  
What joys or sorrows may befall,  
I'll trust His grace alike in all.
- 9 Upon this ground I rest most firmly,  
Long as the earth my dwelling prove;  
And wish to serve my God and Saviour,  
Till, dying, I shall rise above,  
And there, rejoicing, shall adore—  
Unbounded mercy evermore.

Johann Andreas Rothe, 1728.  
Tr. Dr. Mills, 1885.

483

7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

- 1 Beneath the cross of Jesus  
I fain would take my stand,  
The shadow of a mighty Rock  
Within a weary land;  
A home within the wilderness,  
A rest upon the way,  
From the burning of the noon-tide heat,  
And the burden of the day.

FAITH AND SALVATION.

2 Upon that cross of Jesus  
    Mine eye at times can see  
The very dying form of One  
    Who suffered there for me:  
And from my smitten heart with tears  
    Two wonders I confess,—  
The wonders of His glorious love  
And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O cross, thy shadow  
    For my abiding-place:  
I ask no other sunshine than  
    The sunshine of His face;  
Content to let the world go by,  
    To know no gain nor loss,  
My sinful self my only shame,  
    My glory all the cross.

Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1872.

**484**

11. 11. 11. 11.

1 Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my  
    soul;  
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make  
    me whole.  
There is none in heaven or on earth like Thee:  
Thou hast died for sinners—therefore, Lord,  
    for me.

2 Jesus, I may trust Thee, Name of matchless  
    worth,  
Spoken by the angel at Thy wondrous birth;  
Written, and forever, on Thy cross of shame:  
Sinners, read and worship, trusting in that  
    Name.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Jesus, I must trust Thee, pondering Thy ways,  
Full of love and mercy all Thine earthly days:  
Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers sought  
Thy face— [grace.  
None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's
- 4 Jesus I can trust Thee, trust Thy written  
word,  
Though Thy voice of pity I have never heard.  
When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how  
sweet—  
Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet.
- 5 Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust without a doubt:  
Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast out;  
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy  
blood;  
These my soul's salvation, Thou my Saviour,  
God.

Mary Jane Walker, 1855.

**485**

C. M. D.

- 1 I know in whom I put my trust,  
I know what standeth fast,  
When all things here dissolve like dust,  
Or smoke before the blast:  
I know what still endures, howe'er  
All else may quake and fall,  
When lies the prudent men ensnare,  
And dreams the wise inthrall.
- 2 It is the Dayspring from on high,  
The adamant Rock,  
Whence never storm can make me fly,  
That fears no earthquake's shock;  
My Jesus Christ, my sure Defence,  
My Saviour, and my Light,  
That shines within, and scatters thence  
Dark phantoms of the night;



## FAITH AND SALVATION.

3 Who once was borne, betrayed, and slain,  
At evening to the grave;  
Whom God awoke, who rose again,  
A Conqueror strong to save;  
Who pardons all my sin, who sends  
His Spirit pure and mild;  
Whose grace my every step befriends,  
Who ne'er forgets His child!

4 Therefore I know in whom I trust,  
I know what standeth fast,  
When all things formed of earthly dust  
Are whirling in the blast:  
The terrors of the final foe  
Can rob me not of this;  
And this shall crown me once, I know,  
With never-fading bliss.

Ernst Moritz Arndt, 1819.  
Tr. in "Christ in Song."

**486**

9. 8. 9. 8. 9. 9. 8. 9. 9. 8.

1 How blest am I, most gracious Saviour,  
Reposing on Thy sacred love;  
With grief o'erwhelm'd, I seek Thy favor,  
And Thy reviving bounty prove.  
Away doth flee the night of weeping  
Before the heart-reviving greeting  
Of love, that beams from out Thy breast.  
Ah, then I find on earth my heaven;  
Such comforts to all those are given,  
Who seek in Thee their peace and rest.

2 If my sin's burden would oppress me,  
Or voice of conscience me affright,  
Or fear of death and hell distress me,  
By faith to Thee I take my flight:  
In Thee I always find protection  
'Gainst Satan's darts and sin's infection,

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Thou art my Shield and Hiding-place;  
Though foes assail me in great numbers  
Who shall condemn, O Lord, Thy children?  
My hope lies anchored in Thy grace.

- 3 Through deserts of the cross Thou ledest,  
I follow leaning on Thy hand;  
From out the clouds Thy child Thou feedest,  
And rocks give drink at Thy command.  
Thy wondrous ways will have an ending,  
My Friend, I trust, in love and blessing,  
Enough if Thou art ever near!  
I know, that who would see Thy glory  
O'er sun and stars rise high in victory  
Must pass thro' depths and darkness here.
- 4 To others death seems dark and fearful,  
But not, Thou Life of life, to me;  
For Thou dost ne'er forsake Thy faithful,  
Whose heart and spirit rest in Thee.  
Who fears the end of life's sore journey  
If from its days so dark and stormy  
He then finds safety and release?  
With joyful heart from this dark region  
Would I depart to dwell forever  
In Thy eternal light and peace.
- 5 Friend of my soul, O how contented,  
Am I, when leaning upon Thee:  
By sin I am no more tormented  
Since Thou dost aid and comfort me,  
O may the heart-reviving feeling  
I have of Thy most gracious dealing  
A foretaste yield of joys above;  
I scorn, vain world, thy dull cold flattering  
In Jesus all my joys are centering,  
O rich delight, my Friend is mine.

W. Chr. Dessler, 1660-1722.  
Tr. Moravian Coll.

FAITH AND SALVATION.

487

9. 8. 9. 8. 8. 8.

- 1 Our lot is fall'n in pleasant places,  
A goodly heritage is ours;  
To Him, whence come all gifts and graces,  
Let us give praise with all our pow'rs;  
He chooses us of His free grace,  
And makes us His peculiar race.
- 2 He undertook our soul's salvation,  
Our sad condition moved him so;  
And came to us, from pure compassion,  
To raise us from our depths of woe:  
O wonderful, surpassing love,  
Which brought Him to us from above!
- 3 He saw in us no real beauty,  
No virtue, nor intrinsic worth:  
Not one there was that did his duty,  
For all were sinners from their birth;  
Nor was there one, who could redress  
Our misery in such distress.
- 4 Then, moved at heart with deep compassion,  
The Lord stretched out His arm to save:  
And His own life for our salvation,  
And therewith all things, freely gave,—  
Adoption, sonship, and with this  
A whole eternity of bliss.
- 5 O Lord of goodness so amazing,  
Not one is worthy, no! not one;  
We stand in shame and wonder gazing  
At wondrous things which Thou hast done:  
Thy crowning grace and precious blood  
Have reconciled us with our God.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 6 We feel quite certain of obtaining  
Nothing but goodness from Thy hand,  
And wend our way, without complaining  
Through dreary mist and barren land  
With heaven in view, where we shall be,  
Joined through eternity to Thee.

Carl Philip Spitta, 1836, tr.

**488**

10. 10. 10. 10. 4.

- 1 Jesus, my Lord; Thy nearness does impart,  
Sweet peace and gladness to the longing  
heart;  
Thy gracious smile infuse a joyous thrill,  
And soul and body with sweet pleasure fill,  
And thankfulness.
- 2 We see not with our eyes Thy friendly face,  
So full of kindness, love, and gentle grace;  
But in our hearts we know that Thou art here,  
For Thou canst make us feel Thy presence  
near  
Although unseen.
- 3 Whoever makes it life's chief aim and end  
To have his happiness on Thee depend,  
In him a well of joy for ever springs.  
And all day long his heart is glad, and sings  
Who is like Thee?
- 4 To meet us ever with a friendly face,  
In mercy, patience, and the kindest grace  
Daily Thy rich forgiveness to bestow,  
To comfort, heal, in peace to bid us go,  
Is Thy delight.
- 5 Lord, for Thy rich salvation, hear our prayer,  
And daily give us an abounding share;  
And let our souls, in all their poverty,  
From deep-felt love be looking unto Thee  
Till life's last end.

FAITH AND SALVATION.

- 6 In sorrowing hours may our o'erflowing eyes  
For comfort look to Thy dear sacrifice;  
And, with Thy cross before us, may we find  
Thy genuine image stamped upon our mind,  
In constant view!
- 7 Lord, at all times mayst Thou within us find  
A loving spirit and a childlike mind;  
And from Thy wounds may we receive the  
power,  
Through all life's weal and woe, in every hour  
To cling to Thee.
- 8 Thus, till the heavens receive us, shall we be  
Like children, finding all our joys in Thee;  
And though the tears of sorrow oft must fall,  
Yet, if Thou to our hearts art All in all,  
Sweet peace will come.
- 9 Thy wounded hand, dear Saviour, as a friend,  
Thou dost to us in faithfulness extend;  
At the sad sight our tears must flow,  
And conscious shame come o'er us as we go,  
With thankful praise.

Christian Gregor, 1778.  
Tr. Edward Reynolds, M. D.

489

L. M. 6 l.

(Or to Leipzig.)

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesus' Name:  
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 2 When darkness veils His lovely face,  
I rest upon unchanging grace;  
In every rough and stormy gale

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

My anchor holds within the veil.  
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and His blood  
Support me in the sinking flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my Hope and Stay,  
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

4 When I shall launch in worlds unseen,  
O may I then be found in Him;  
Dressed in His righteousness alone,  
Faultless to stand before the throne.  
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

Rev. Edward Mote, c. 1834.

**490** 11. 10. 10 11. 10. 10.

1 Jesus my King, Thy kind and gracious  
sceptre

Assuages every grief that burdens me;  
When I with all my heart apply to Thee,  
Then Thy peace-giving Spirit's my preceptor;  
Thy comforts so refresh and cheer my heart,  
That fear and restlessness must soon depart.

2 How highly blest, how happy is the spirit  
Which, weary of its sinful deeds, doth mourn  
And unto Him for aid and succor turns:  
The humble every good from Him inherit;  
He to the troubled soul imparteth ease  
Restoring to the wounded conscience peace.

3 That which the law could have imparted  
never,

Is then produced alone by Jesus' grace;  
This is the source of genuine godliness:



## FAITH AND SALVATION.

This changes and reforms our whole behavior;  
From strength to strength, from grace to  
grace lead on,  
We safely walk, until our race is run.

4 O may I look to Christ in every station;  
Come visit me, Thou Day-spring from on  
high,  
That in Thy light the light I may espy,  
On grace depending as my sole foundation;  
Confirm my faith, grant that no fault in me  
May intercept the light that beams from  
Thee.

5 Thou Source of love, I rest in Thy embraces,  
Thou art alone my everlasting peace;  
My only treasure is Thy boundless grace;  
'Tis heaven on earth to live upon Thy mercies;  
And since in Thee all happiness I find,  
I seek nought else to satisfy my mind.

Chr. Friedr. Richter, 1676-1711.

**491** 11. 10. 11. 10. 8. 6. 6.

1 How great the joy to be a child of Jesus,  
And to be guided by His shepherd-staff;  
Earth's greatest honors, howsoe'er they please  
us,  
Compared to this are vain and empty chaff;  
Yea, what this world can never give,  
May, through the Shepherd's grace,  
Each needy sheep receive.

2 Here is a pasture, rich and never-failing,  
Here living waters in abundance flow;  
None can conceive the grace with them pre-  
vailing,  
Who Jesus' shepherd-voice obey and know:



## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

He banishes all fear and strife,  
And leads them gently on  
To everlasting life.

- 3 Whoe'er would spend his days in lasting  
pleasure,  
Must come to Christ, and join His flock  
with speed;  
Here is a feast prepared, rich beyond measure,  
The world meanwhile on empty husks must  
feed;  
Those souls may share in every good  
Whose Shepherd doth possess  
The treasures of God.

Johann Jacob Rambach, 1693—1735.  
Tr. Moravian Coll.

492 11. 11. 11. 11.

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!  
What more can He say than to you He hath  
said,—  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee  
to stand,  
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee  
to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;  
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

## LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall  
lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "E'en down to old age My people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples  
adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be  
borne."
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for  
repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to  
shake,  
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."
- George Keith, 1787.

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## Love, and Communion with Christ.

**493**

8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 8.

- 1 How lovely shines the Morning Star!  
What ray Divine streams from afar!  
God's glory there is shining.  
Bright Beam of God! which scatters night,  
And guides the wand'ring soul aright,  
Which after truth is pining:  
Jesus! God's Word! truth revealing,  
Sorrow healing, soothe our sighing,  
Dry our tears, and end our dying.
- 2 My comfort here, my joy above,  
Man's Son, Son of the Father's love,  
Enthroned in highest heaven,  
With my whole heart Thy praise I sing;

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

To Thee, our Prophet, Priest, and King,  
Be endless honors given.  
Saviour, to Thee, trusting, clinging,  
Come I bringing soul and spirit,  
Thee, my portion, to inherit.

- 3 Aid me, my God, to sing Thy praise,  
Thine ageless love, Thy matchless grace,  
In Christ our Lord appearing.  
When such a gift God gave for thee,  
When such a brother true is He,  
Why still, my soul, be fearing?  
Choose Him, know Him, greatest, dearest,  
Best, and nearest, to befriend thee  
'Gainst all foes who may offend thee.

- 4 To Him who conquered death and hell,  
To him let joyous anthems swell  
Throughout heaven's great Forever.  
Praise to the Lamb that once was slain,  
Glory to Him who bore our pain,  
Flow on, an endless river!  
Earth and heaven—creatures lowly,  
Angels holy—join your voices,  
Till the world with praise rejoices.

- 5 Rejoice, ye heavens; thou, earth, reply:  
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,  
For this His incarnation.  
Incarnate God, put forth Thy power,  
Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,  
Till all know Thy salvation.  
Amen, Amen: Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah! praise be given  
Evermore by earth and heaven!

Philip Nicolai, 1599.

Tr. Rev. John M. Sloan, 1869.

LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

494

11. 10. 11. 10.

- 1 We would see Jesus; for the shadows  
lengthen  
Across this little landscape of our life;  
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to  
strengthen,  
For the last weariness, the final strife.
- 2 We would see Jesus, the great Rock Founda-  
tion  
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign  
grace:  
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,  
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.
- 3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,  
Which for long years we have rejoiced to  
see;  
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;  
We would not mourn them, for we go to  
Thee.
- 4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers  
Round the dear objects it has loved so  
long,  
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its  
fingers;  
Our love to Thee makes not this love less  
strong.
- 5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding  
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;  
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts re-  
minding  
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to  
pay.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 6 W would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;  
Strength, joy, and willingness come with  
the sight;  
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;  
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal  
night.

Ellen Ellis, 1858.

495

C. M.

- 1 O Jesus, when I think of Thee,  
Thy manger, cross, and throne,  
My spirit trusts exultingly  
In Thee, and Thee alone.
- 2 I see Thee in Thy weakness first;  
Then, glorious from Thy shame,  
I see Thee death's strong fetters burst,  
And reach heaven's mightiest Name.
- 3 In each, a brother's love I trace  
By power Divine exprest,  
One in Thy Father God's embrace,  
As on Thy mother's breast.
- 4 For me Thou didst become a man,  
For me didst weep and die;  
For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,  
For me ascend on high.
- 5 O let me share Thy holy birth  
Thy faith, Thy death to sin?  
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,  
My heavenly life begin.
- 6 Then shall I know what means the strain  
Triumphant of Saint Paul:  
"To live is Christ, to die is gain;"  
"Christ is my All in all."

Rev. George W. Bethune, 1847.

LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

496

C. M.

- 1 Fountain of good, to own Thy love  
Our thankful hearts incline;  
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,  
When all the worlds are Thine?
- 2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,  
Partakers of Thy grace,  
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess  
Before the Father's face.
- 3 In each sad accent of distress  
Thy pleading voice is heard;  
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,  
And visited, and cheered.
- 4 Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,  
And joy to do Thy will;  
Each other's burdens gladly bear,  
And love's sweet law fulfill.
- 5 Thy face with reverence and with love  
We in Thy poor would see;  
And while we minister to them  
Would do it as to Thee.
- 6 Do Thou, O Lord, our alms accept,  
And with Thy blessing speed;  
Bless us in giving; greatly bless  
Our gifts to them that need.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755.

497

L. M. 6 l.

- 1 Jesus, Thy boundless love to me  
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;  
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,  
And reign without a rival there:  
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am;  
Be Thou alone my constant flame.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;  
O may Thy love possess me whole,  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:  
Strange fires far from my soul remove;  
My every act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!  
All pain before Thy presence flies:  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er thy healing beams arise.  
O Jesus, nothing may I see,  
Or hear, or feel, or think, but Thee.
- 4 Still let Thy love point out my way;  
How wondrous things Thy love hath  
wrought!  
Still lead me, lest I go astray;  
Direct my work, inspire my thought;  
And if I fall, soon may I hear  
Thy voice, and know that love is near.
- 5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;  
In weakness, be Thy love my power;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesus, in that important hour,  
In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,  
And save me, who for me hast died.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653.  
Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1739, alt.

498

L. M. 6 l.

- 1 Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All,  
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;  
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place  
Pour down the riches of Thy grace:  
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
O make me love Thee more and more.



LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

- 2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;  
How can I love Thee as I ought?  
And how extol Thy matchless fame,  
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?  
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
O make me love Thee more and more.
- 3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me  
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?  
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,  
So far exceeding hope or thought!  
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
O make me love Thee more and more.

- 4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;  
To Thee my heart and soul belong:  
All that I have or am is Thine;  
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine:  
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;  
O make me love Thee more and more.

Rev. Henry Collins, 1854.

499

L. M. 6 l.

- 1 Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tow'r,  
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;  
Thee will I love with all my pow'r,  
In all my works and Thee alone:  
Thee will I love, till sacred fire  
Fills my whole soul with pure desire.
- 2 In darkness willingly I strayed;  
I sought Thee, yet, from Thee I roved;  
For wide my wandering tho'ts were spread;  
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved;  
And now, if more at length I see  
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,  
Nor suffer me again to stray;  
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace  
Still to press forward in Thy way;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 4 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!  
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown  
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod.  
What though my flesh and heart decay?  
Thee shall I love in endless day.

John Scheffler, 1657.  
Tr. John Wesley, 1739.

500

L. M. 6 l.

- 1 Jesus, Thou Source of calm repose,  
All fullness dwells in Thee Divine;  
Our Strength to quell the proudest foes;  
Our Light, in deepest gloom to shine;  
Thou art our Fortress, Strength and Tower,  
Our Trust and Portion, evermore.
- 2 Jesus, our Comforter Thou art;  
Our Rest in toil, our Ease in pain;  
The Balm to heal each broken heart,  
In storms our Peace, in loss our Gain;  
Our Joy beneath the worldling's frown;  
In shame, our Glory and our Crown;—
- 3 In want, our plentiful Supply;  
In weakness, our almighty Power;  
In bonds, our perfect Liberty;  
Our Refuge in temptation's hour;  
Our Comfort when in grief and thrall;  
Our Life in death; our All in all.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742.

LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

**501**

C. M.

- 1 Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?  
Behold my heart and see;  
And turn the dearest idol out  
That dares to rival Thee.
- 2 Is not Thy Name melodious still  
To mine attentive ear?  
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,  
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 3 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock  
I would disdain to feed?  
Hast Thou a foe before whose face  
I fear Thy cause to plead?
- 4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood  
In honor of Thy Name?  
And challenge the cold hand of death  
To damp th' immortal flame?
- 5 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord;  
But O, I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love Thee more.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1740.

**502**

C. M.

- 1 Jesus, I love Thy charming Name,  
'Tis music to mine ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes!—Thou art precious to my soul,  
My Transport and my Trust;  
Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
In Thee doth richly meet;  
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
And sheds its fragrance there;—  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755.

**503** 10. 10.

1 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of  
sin?

The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties  
pressed?

To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging  
round?

On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace perfect peace, with loved ones far  
away?

In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and  
ours?

Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its pow'rs.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall  
cease,

And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1875.

LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

**504**

C. M.

- 1 O Jesus, King most wonderful,  
Thou Conqueror renowned,  
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,  
In whom all joys are found!
- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart  
Then truth begins to shine,  
Then earthly vanities depart,  
Then kindles love Divine.
- 3 O Jesus, Light of all below,  
Thou Fount of Life and fire,  
Surpassing all the joys we know,  
And all we can desire!
- 4 May every heart confess Thy Name,  
And ever Thee adore;  
And seeking Thee, itself inflame  
To seek Thee more and more.
- 5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;  
Thee may we love alone;  
And ever in our lives express  
The image of Thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091—1153.  
Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849.

**505**

C. M.

- 1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills the breast;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,  
O Saviour of mankind!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart  
O Joy of all the meek!  
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,  
How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? ah, this  
Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
The love of Jesus, what it is,  
None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou!  
As Thou our Prize wilt be;  
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now,  
And through eternity!

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091—1153.  
Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1848.

**506**

C. M.

(Or to Ortonville.)

- 1 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis Manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary Rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,  
My Shield and Hiding-place,  
My never-failing Treasury filled  
With boundless stores of grace;
- 4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain  
Although with sin defiled;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am owned a child.

LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

- 5 Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of Thy Name  
Refresh my soul in death.

Rev. John Newton, 1779, alt.

**507**

C. M.

- 1 My God, I love Thee, not because  
I hope for heaven thereby,  
Nor yet because who love Thee not,  
Must die eternally.
- 2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me  
Upon the cross embrace;  
For me didst bear the nails and spear  
And manifold disgrace;
- 3 And griefs and torments numberless,  
And sweat of agony;  
E'en death itself; and all for one  
Who was Thine enemy.
- 4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,  
Should I not love Thee well?  
Nor for the hope of winning heaven,  
Or of escaping hell;
- 5 Nor with the hope of gaining aught,  
Nor seeking a reward;  
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,  
O ever-loving Lord?



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,  
And in Thy praise will sing;  
Solely because Thou art my God,  
And my Eternal King.

Francis Xavier, 1506-1552.  
Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849, alt.

**508**

8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 8. 7.

- 1 For ever to behold Him shine,  
For evermore to call Him mine  
And see Him still before me;  
For ever on His face to gaze,  
And meet His full assembled rays,  
While all the Father He displays  
To all the saints in glory.
- 2 Not all things else are half so dear  
As His delightful presence here—  
What must it be in heaven?  
'Tis heaven on earth to hear Him say  
As now I journey day by day,  
"Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,  
Thy sins are all forgiven."
- 3 But how must His celestial voice  
Make my enraptured heart rejoice,  
When I in glory hear Him?  
While I before the heavenly gate  
For everlasting entrance wait;  
And Jesus, on His throne of state,  
Invites me to come near Him.
- 4 "Come, in thou blessed, sit by Me;  
With my own life I ransomed thee;  
Come, taste My perfect favor:  
Come in, thou happy spirit, come;  
Thou now shalt dwell at home with Me;  
Ye blissful mansions, make him room,  
For he must stay for ever.

Edward Swaine, 1830.

LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

**509**

6. 4. 6. 4. 5. 5. 4.

1 Clothed in Thy righteousness,  
Washed from my sin,  
Hearing the Spirit's voice  
Witness within.  
Lo! I before Thee  
Bow and adore Thee,  
Ever the same,  
Ever the same.

2 Shine with the Light  
Of Emmanuel's face  
Infinite holiness,  
Infinite grace;  
Shine on me ever,  
So to be never  
Darkened with sin,  
Darkened with sin.

3 Fain would I ever  
Abide in Thee, Lord!  
Fain with Thy presence  
Be filled, and Thy word.  
Now, now receive me,  
Never to grieve Thee,  
Never to stay,  
Never to stay.

4 Holy, thrice holy!  
Thy pardoning love  
Draws me to join  
The blest spirits above  
Whose never-ending  
Praises ascending  
Circle Thy throne!  
Circle Thy throne.

Henry Moule, 1878.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

510

C. M.

- 1 Rest in the Lord! O words of love,  
So pure, so sweet, so true;  
They fall on hearts from heaven above,  
Refreshing as the dew.
- 2 Rest in His grace. Before His cross  
Thy load of sin lay down;  
He bore for thee shame, anguish, loss,  
For thee the thorny crown.
- 3 Rest in His love, and cast away  
Each anxious doubt and care:  
Thy griefs, thy sorrows, on Him lay;  
The burden He will bear.
- 4 Rest in His truth, and thou shalt find  
That perfect peace is thine—  
The peace that keepeth heart and mind,  
And guards them as its shrine.
- 5 Rest in the Lord—He cannot fail,  
His promise standeth sure;  
Though stars shall wane, and suns grow pale  
His word shall aye endure.
- 6 Rest in the Lord, and trust His grace,  
And He will lead thee on,  
Till thou shalt see Him face to face,  
And know as thou art known.

Rev. Charles D. Bell, 1882.

511

7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

- 1 Jesus will I never leave,  
He's the God of my salvation;  
Thro' His merits I receive  
Pardon, life and consolation;  
All the powers of my mind  
To my Saviour be resigned.

LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

- 2 Nothing here can satisfy  
One desire which God inspireth;  
Only Jesus can supply  
All my needy heart requireth;  
He all losses can retrieve,  
Him I'll therefore never leave.
- 3 He is mine, and I am His,  
Joined with Him in close communion;  
And His bitter passion is  
The foundation of this union;  
Full of hopes which never yield,  
Firm on Him, my Rock, I build.
- 4 O the happy hours I spend  
With Him in blessed conversation;  
He's my near and faithful Friend,  
Full of grace, peace and salvation;  
From the look at Jesus' wounds  
Pure delight to me redounds.
- 5 With my Jesus I will stay,  
He my soul preserves and feedeth;  
He the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Me to living waters leadeth;  
Blessed who can say with me,  
Christ, I'll never part with Thee.

Chr. Keymann, 1607-1662.

**512**

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Lord, Thine image Thou hast lent me,  
In Thy never fading Love;  
I was fall'n: but Thou hast sent me  
Full Redemption from above.  
Sacred Love, I long to be  
Thine to all eternity!

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Love, Thou hast for me endurèd  
All the pains of death and hell;  
Nay, Thy sufferings have procurèd  
More for me than tongue can tell:  
Love almighty and Divine,  
I would be for ever Thine!
- 3 Love, my Life, and my Salvation,  
Light and Truth, eternal Word!  
Thou alone dost consolation  
To my sinking soul afford.  
Sacred Love, I long to be  
Thine to all eternity!
- 4 Love, in mercy Thou wilt raise me  
From the grave of sin and dust;  
Love, I shall for ever praise Thee  
When in heaven among the just;  
Love, almighty and Divine,  
May I be for ever Thine.

Johann Scheffler, 1657.

Tr. Johann Chr. Jacobi, 1722, a.

**513**

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

(Or to Muriel.)

- 1 One there is, above all others  
Well deserves the name of Friend;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end;  
They who once His kindness prove,  
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Would consent to shed his blood?  
But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled in Him to God;  
This was boundless love indeed  
Jesus is a Friend in need!

LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

- 3 When He lived on earth abasèd,  
    "Friend of sinners" was His Name;  
Now above all glory raisèd  
    He rejoices in the same;  
Still He calls them "Brethren—friends,"  
And to all their wants attends.
- 4 Could we bear from one another  
    What He daily bears from us?  
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother  
    Loves us though we treat Him thus:  
Though for good we render ill,  
He accounts us brethren still.
- 5 O for grace our hearts to soften!  
    Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
We, alas! forget too often,  
    What a Friend we have above;  
But when home our souls are brought,  
We will love Thee as we ought.

Rev. John Newton, 1779.

**514**

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 O how could I forget Him  
    Who ne'er forgetteth me?  
Or tell the love that let Him  
    Come down to set me free?  
I lay in darkest sadness,  
    Till He made all things new;  
And still fresh love and gladness  
    Flow from that heart so true.
- 2 O how could I e'er leave Him  
    Who is so kind a Friend?  
Or how could ever grieve Him  
    Who thus to me doth bend?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Have I not seen Him dying  
For us on yonder tree?  
Do I not hear Him crying:  
Arise and follow Me!

3 For ever will I love Him  
Who saw my hopeless plight,  
Who felt my sorrows move Him,  
And brought me life and light:  
Whose arm shall be around me  
When my last hour is come,  
And suffer none to wound me,  
Though dark the passage home.

4 He gives me pledges holy,  
His body and His blood.  
He lifts the scorned, the lowly,  
He makes my courage good;  
For He will reign within me,  
And shed His graces there:  
The heaven He died to win me  
Can I then fail to share?

5 In joy and sorrow ever  
Shine through me, blessed Heart,  
Who bleeding for us never  
Didst shrink from sorest smart!  
Whate'er I've loved or striven  
Or borne, I bring to Thee;  
Now let Thy heart and heaven  
Stand open, Lord, to me!

Gottlob Chr. Kern, 1835.  
Tr. in "Christ in Song."

**515**

10. 7. 10. 7. 10. 10. 7. 7.

1 More than all, one thing my heart is craving,  
As my food by night and day;  
With it blessed and all trials braving,  
Through this wilderness we stray:



## LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

- Ever on the Man to gaze adoring,  
Who, with bloody sweat and tears, imploring,  
On His face submissive sank,  
And the Father's chalice drank.
- 2 Ever shall mine eyes, His form retaining,  
View the Lamb once slain for me,  
As He yonder, pale and uncomplaining,  
Hangs upon the bitter tree;  
As He thirsting, wrestled in His anguish,  
That in hell my soul might never languish,—  
Of me thinking, when His cry,  
“It is finished!” rose on high.
- 3 O my Saviour! never shall Thy kindness,  
Nor my guilt, forgotten be:  
When I sat a stranger in my blindness,  
Thou didst still remember me;  
For Thy sheep Thou long hadst interceded,  
Ere the Shepherd's gentle voice was heeded,  
And—a costly ransom-price!—  
Bought me with Thy sacrifice.
- 4 I am Thine! Say Thou, “Amen, for ever!”  
Blessèd Jesus, mine Thou art!  
Let Thy precious Name escape me never;  
Stamp it burning on my heart.  
With Thee all things bearing and achieving;  
In Thee both to live and die, believing:  
This our solemn covenant be,  
Till my spirit rest in Thee!

Albert Knapp, 1798-1864.  
Tr. Prof. Thos. Porter, 1868.

**516**

8. 8. 8. 8. 6.

- 1 O Love that wilt not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul in Thee;  
I give Thee back the life I owe,  
That in Thine ocean depths its flow  
May richer, fuller be.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 O Light that followest all my way,  
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;  
My heart restores its borrowed ray,  
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day  
May brighter, fairer be.
- 3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,  
I cannot close my heart to Thee;  
I trace the rainbow through the rain,  
And feel the promise is not vain  
That morn shall tearless be.
- 4 O Cross that liftest up my head,  
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;  
I lay in dust life's glory dead,  
And from the ground there blossoms red  
Life that shall endless be.

Rev. George Matheson, 1882.

**517**

5. 5. 8. 8. 5. 5.

(Or to Fatherland.)

- 1 Jesus, who can be  
Once compared with Thee;  
Source of rest and consolation,  
Life and light and full salvation;  
Son of God with Thee  
None compared can be!
- 1 Thou hast died for me,  
From all misery  
And distress me to deliver,  
And from death to save for ever:  
I am by Thy blood  
Reconciled to God.
- 3 Grant me steadiness,  
Lord, to run my race,  
Following Thee with love most tender,

LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

So that Satan may not hinder  
Me by craft or force;  
Further Thou my course.

4 By Thy Spirit's light  
O instruct me right,  
That I watch and pray with fervor,  
Trusting Thee, my soul's Preserver:  
Love unfeigned, O Lord,  
Unto me afford.

5 When I hence depart,  
Strengthen Thou my heart;  
Where Thou art, O Lord convey me;  
In Thy righteousness array me,  
That at Thy right hand  
Joyful I may stand.

J. A. Freylinghausen, 1713.  
Moravian Coll., 1754; Alt. 1801.  
Tr. J. Gambold.

**518**

8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 8.

1 O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by Thee?  
I thirst, I faint, and die to prove  
The greatnes of redeeming love,  
The matchless love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger His love than death or hell;  
Its riches are unsearchable;  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see;  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
Nor span the length and breadth and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

For love I sigh, for love I pine;  
This only portion, Lord be mine,  
Forever mine this better part.

- 4 O that I could forever sit  
With Mary at the Master's feet!  
Be this my happy choice;  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,  
To listen to the Bridegroom's voice.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749.

**519**

8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 Lord of glory, Thou hast bought us  
With Thy life-blood as the price,  
Never grudging for the lost ones  
That tremendous sacrifice.
- 2 And with that hast freely given  
Blessings countless as the sand,  
To the evil and unthankful  
With Thine own unsparing hand.
- 3 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee,  
Gladly, freely of Thine own;  
With the sunshine of Thy goodness  
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;
- 4 Till our cold and selfish natures,  
Warmed by Thee, at length believe  
That more happy and more blessed  
'Tis to give than to receive.
- 5 Wondrous honor hast Thou given  
To our humblest charity,  
In Thine own mysterious sentence,  
"Ye have done it unto Me."

LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

- 6 Can it be, O gracious Master,  
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,  
Saying, by Thy poor and needy,  
"Give as I have given to you?"

- 7 Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,  
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee:  
But O best of all Thy graces,  
Give us Thine own charity.

Mrs. E. S. Alderson, 1868.

**520**

8. 8. 8. 6.

- 1 O God of mercy, O God of might,  
In love and pity infinite,  
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,  
To live our life to Thee.
- 2 And Thou who cam'st on earth to die,  
That fallen men might live thereby,  
O hear us, for to Thee we cry  
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.
- 3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught  
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought;  
That every word and deed and thought  
May work a work for Thee.
- 4 For all are brethren, far and wide,  
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;  
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,  
To love them all in Thee.
- 5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,  
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;  
May we, when help is needed, there  
Give help as unto Thee.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move  
All those who live, to live in love,  
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above  
All those who live to Thee.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1877.

**521** 8. 8. 8. 4.

- 1 O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,  
To Thee all praise and glory be;  
How shall we show our love to Thee  
Who givest all?
- 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,  
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;  
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there  
Who givest all.
- 3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,  
For all the blessings earth displays,  
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise  
Who givest all.
- 4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,  
But gav'st Him for a world undone,  
And freely with that Blessèd One  
Thou givest all.
- 5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's holy dower,  
Spirit of life and love and power,  
And dost His sevenfold graces shower  
Upon us all.
- 6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,  
For means of grace and hopes of heaven  
Father, what can to Thee be given  
Who givest all?
- 7 We lose what on ourselves we spend;  
We have as treasure without end  
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend  
Who givest all.

LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

- 8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,  
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;  
Then gladly will we give to Thee  
Who givest all.
- 9 To Thee, from whom we all derive  
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;  
O may we ever with Thee live  
Who givest all.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1863.

**522** 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Ask ye what great thing I know  
That delights and stirs me so?  
What the high reward I win!  
Whose the name I glory in?  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 2 What is faith's foundation strong?  
What awakes my lips to song?  
He who bore my sinful load,  
Purchased for me peace with God,  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?  
Who consoles my saddest woes?  
Who revives my fainting heart,  
Healing all its hidden smart?  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 4 Who is Life in life to me?  
Who the Death of death will be?  
Who will place me on His right  
With the countless hosts of light?  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 This is that great thing I know;  
This delights and stirs me so;  
Faith in Him who died to save,  
Him who triumphed o'er the grave;  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Rev. Benjamin H. Kennedy, 1863.

**523** 7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Earth has nothing sweet or fair,  
Lovely forms or beauties rare,  
But before my eyes they bring  
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.
- 2 When the morning paints the skies,  
When the golden sunbeams rise,  
Then my Saviour's form I find  
Brightly imaged on my mind.
- 3 When the day-beams pierce the night,  
Oft I think on Jesus' light,  
Think how bright that light will be,  
Shining through eternity.
- 4 When, as moonlight softly steals,  
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,  
Then I think: who made their light  
Is a thousand times more bright.
- 5 When I see in spring-tide gay,  
Fields their varied tints display,  
Wakes the thrilling thought in me  
What must their Creator be!
- 6 Lord of all that's fair to see,  
Come, reveal Thyself to me!  
Let me, 'mid Thy radiant light,  
See Thine unveiled glories bright.

Johann Scheffler, 1657.

Tr. Frances E. Cox, 1841.

LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

**524**

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

- 1 Jesus, Thy Name I love  
All other names above,  
Jesus, my Lord:  
O Thou art all to me;  
Nothing to please I see,  
Nothing apart from Thee,  
Jesus, my Lord.
- 2 Thou, blessed Son of God,  
Hast bought me with Thy blood  
Jesus, my Lord:  
O how great is Thy love,  
All other loves above,  
Love that I daily prove,  
Jesus, my Lord.
- 3 When unto Thee I flee,  
Thou wilt my Refuge be,  
Jesus, my Lord:  
What need I now to fear,  
What earthly grief or care,  
Since Thou art ever near?  
Jesus, my Lord.
- 4 Soon Thou wilt come again,  
I shall be happy then,  
Jesus, my Lord:  
Then Thine own face I'll see,  
Then I shall like Thee be,  
Then evermore with Thee,  
Jesus, my Lord.

Rev. James, G. Deck, 1842.

**525**

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour!  
My spirit turns for rest  
My peace is in Thy favor,  
My pillow on Thy breast;

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Though all the world deceive me,  
I know that I am Thine,  
And Thou wilt never leave me,  
O blessèd Saviour mine.

2 In Thee my trust abideth,  
On Thee my hope relies,  
O Thou whose love provideth  
For all beneath the skies;  
O Thou whose mercy found me,  
From bondage set me free,  
And then for ever bound me  
With threefold cords to Thee.

3 My grief is in the dullness  
With which this sluggish heart  
Doth open to the fullness  
Of all Thou wouldst impart;  
My joy is in Thy beauty  
Of holiness Divine,  
My comfort in the duty  
That binds my life in Thine.

4 Alas, that I should ever  
Have failed in love to Thee  
The only One who never  
Forgot or slighted me!  
O for a heart to love Thee  
More truly as I ought,  
And nothing place above Thee  
In deed, or word, or thought.

5 O for that choicest blessing  
Of living in Thy love,  
And thus on earth possessing  
The peace of heaven above;

LOVE, AND COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

O for the bliss that by it  
The soul securely knows  
The holy calm and quiet  
Of faith's serene repose.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1863.

**526**

C. M.

- 1 O Saviour, may we never rest  
Till Thou art form'd within,  
Till Thou hast calm'd our troubled breast,  
And crush'd the pow'r of sin.
- 2 O may we gaze upon Thy cross  
Until the wondrous sight  
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,  
And earthly sorrows light;
- 3 Until, released from carnal ties,  
Our spirit upward springs,  
And sees true peace above the skies,  
True joy in heavenly things.
- 4 There, as we gaze, may we become  
United, Lord, to Thee,  
And in a fairer, happier home  
Thy perfect beauty see.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.

**527**

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Saviour! teach me, day by day,  
Love's sweet lesson to obey  
Sweeter lesson cannot be,—  
Loving Him, who first loved me.
- 2 With a child-like heart of love,  
At Thy bidding may I move;  
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,  
Loving Him who first loved me.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,  
Strong to follow in Thy grace;  
Learning how to love from Thee,  
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 4 Love in loving finds employ—  
In obedience all her joy;  
Ever new that joy will be,  
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 5 Thus may I rejoice to show  
That I feel the love I owe;  
Singing, till Thy face I see,  
Of His love who first loved me.

Jane E. Leeson, 1842.

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## Consecration and Service.

**528**

7. 6. 7. 6 D.

- 1 O Master, when Thou callest,  
No voice may say Thee nay,  
For blest are they that follow  
Where Thou dost lead the way:  
In freshest prime of morning,  
Or fullest glow of noon,  
The note of heavenly warning,  
Can never come too soon.
- 2 O Master, where Thou callest,  
No foot may shrink in fear,  
For they who trust Thee wholly  
Shall find Thee ever near:  
And chamber still and lonely,  
Or busy harvest-field,  
Where Thou, Lord, rulest only,  
Shall precious produce yield.

CONSECRATION AND SERVICE.

3 O Master, whom Thou callest,  
No heart may dare refuse;  
'Tis honor, highest honor,  
When Thou dost deign to use:  
Our brightest and our fairest,  
Our dearest—all are Thine;  
Thou who for each one carest,  
We hail Thy love's design.

4 They who go forth to serve Thee,  
We too who serve at home,  
May watch and pray together  
Until Thy kingdom come:  
In Thee for age united,  
Our song of hope we raise,  
Till that blest shore is sighted  
When all shall turn to praise.

Sarah Geraldina Stock, 1890.

**529**

4. 10. 10. 10. 4.

1 Come, labor on.

Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain  
While all around him waves the golden  
grain?

And to each servant does the Master say  
"Go work to-day."

2 Come, labor on.

Claim the high calling angels cannot share—  
To young and old the gospel-gladness bear:  
Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly  
The night draws nigh.

3 Come, labor on.

The laborers are few, the field is wide  
New stations must be filled and blanks sup-  
plied;

From voices distant far, or near at home  
The call is "Come."

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4 Come, labor on.

Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!  
No arm so weak but may do service here:  
By feeblest agents can our God fulfill  
His righteous will.

5 Come, labor on.

No time for rest, till glows the western sky  
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,  
And a glad sound comes with the setting  
sun—  
"Servants, well done."

6 Come, labor on.

The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,  
Blessèd are those who to the end endure,  
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall  
be

O Lord, with Thee.

Jane Borthwick, 1859.

530

L. M.

1 O sweetly breathe the lyres above,

When angels touch the quivering string,  
And wake, to chant Emmanuel's love,  
Such strains as angel-lips can sing.

2 And sweet, on earth, the chorals swell

From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays,  
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,  
And, grateful, hymn Emmanuel's praise.

3 Jesus, Thy Name our souls adore;

We own the bond that makes us Thine;  
And carnal joys that charmed before,  
For Thy dear sake we now resign.

4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,

Accept Thine offered grace to-day;  
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,  
We bow, and give ourselves away.



## CONSECRATION AND SERVICE.

- 5 In Thee we trust—on Thee rely;  
Though we are feeble, Thou art strong;  
O keep us till our spirits fly  
To join the bright immortal throng!

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1843.

**531**

L. M.

- 1 My glorious Victor, Prince Divine,  
Claps these surrendered hands in Thine;  
At length my will is all Thine own,  
Glad vassal of a Saviour's throne.
- 2 My Master, lead me to Thy door;  
Pierce this now willing ear once more;  
Thy bonds are freedom, let me stay  
With Thee to toil, endure, obey.
- 3 Yes, ear and hand, and thought and will,  
Use all in Thy dear slav'ry still,  
Life's weary liberties I cast  
Beneath Thy feet; then keep them fast.
- 4 Tread them still down, and then I know  
These hands shall with Thy gifts o'erflow;  
And piercèd ears shall hear the tone  
Which tells me Thou and I are one.

Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, 1885.

**532**

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Take my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;  
Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love;
- 2 Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee;  
Take my voice and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee!  
Take my silver and my gold,  
Not a mite would I withhold;
- 4 Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;  
Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 5 Take my will, and make it Thine:  
It shall be no longer mine;  
Take my heart, it is Thine own!  
It shall be Thy royal throne;
- 6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure-store;  
Take myself, and I will be,  
Ever, only, all, for Thee!

Frances R. Havergal, 1874.

### 533

7. 6. 7. 6.

- 1 O happy band of pilgrims,  
If onward ye will tread,  
With Jesus as your Fellow,  
To Jesus as your Head.
- 2 O happy if ye labor  
As Jesus did for men;  
O happy if ye hunger  
As Jesus hungered then.
- 3 The cross that Jesus carried  
He carried as your due;  
The crown that Jesus weareth  
He weareth it for you.
- 4 The trials that beset you,  
The sorrows ye endure,  
The manifold temptations  
That death alone can cure.

## CONSECRATION AND SERVICE.

5 What are they but His jewels  
Of right celestial worth?  
What are they but the ladder  
Set up to heaven on earth?

6 O happy band of pilgrims  
Look upward to the skies,  
Where such a light affliction  
Shall win you such a prize.

Rev. John M. Neale, 1862.

Based on Joseph the Hymnographer, 840.

**534**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave, and follow Thee;  
Destitute, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.  
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,  
All I've sought, and hoped, and known,  
Yet how rich is my condition!  
God and heav'n are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me;  
They have left my Saviour, too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me:  
Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;  
Show Thy face and all is bright.
- 3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!  
Come disaster, scorn and pain!  
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;  
With Thy favor, loss is gain.  
I have called Thee Abba, Father;  
I have stayed my heart on Thee:  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
All must work for good to me.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,  
    'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
    Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
    While Thy love is left to me;  
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
    Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- 5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;  
    Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
Joy to find, in every station,  
    Something still to do or bear.  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,  
    What a Father's smile is thine,  
What a Saviour died to win thee:  
    Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?
- 6 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,  
    Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
    God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
    Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
Hope soon change to glad fruition,  
    Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1825.

## 535

L. M.

- 1 Teach me, O Lord, Thy holy way,  
    And give me an obedient mind;  
That in Thy service I may find  
    My soul's delight from day to day.
- 2 Guide me, O Saviour, with Thy hand  
    And so control my thoughts and deeds,  
That I may tread the path which leads  
    Right onward to the blessed land.

## CONSECRATION AND SERVICE.

- 3 Help me, O Saviour, here to trace  
The sacred footsteps Thou hast trod;  
And, meekly walking with my God,  
To grow in goodness, truth and grace.
- 4 Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er  
Forsake the right, or do the wrong:  
Against temptation make me strong,  
And round me spread Thy sheltering care.
- 5 Bless me in every task, O Lord,  
Begun, continued, done for Thee:  
Fulfill Thy perfect work in me;  
And Thine abounding grace afford.

Rev. William Matson, 1833.

### 536

L. M.

- 1 Now I resolve with all my heart,  
With all my powers to serve the Lord;  
Nor from His precepts e'er depart,  
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 2 O be His service all my joy!  
Around let my example shine,  
Till others love the blest employ,  
And join in labors so Divine.
- 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,  
My solemn, my determined choice,  
To yield to His supreme control,  
And in His kind commands rejoice.
- 4 O may I never faint nor tire,  
Nor wandering leave His sacred ways;  
Great God, accept my soul's desire,  
And give me strength to live Thy praise.

Anne Steele, 1760.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

**537** 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 1.

1 Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
Looking unto Jesus  
Who is gone before:  
Christ the Royal Master  
Leads against the foe;  
Forward into battle,  
See, His banners go.  
Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
Looking unto Jesus  
Who is gone before.

2 At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory:  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise.  
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.  
Onward, etc.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;

## CONSECRATION AND SERVICE.

Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.  
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph-song;  
Glory, laud, and honor  
Unto Christ the King;  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.  
Onward, etc.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865.

**538**

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

(Or to Webb.)

- 1 Stand up!—stand us for Jesus!  
Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high His royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss:  
From vict'ry unto vict'ry  
His army shall He lead,  
Till ev'ry foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Sand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
The trumpet call obey,  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this His glorious day:  
'Ye that are men, now serve Him,'  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Your courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you—  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
Put on the gospel armor,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls or danger,  
Be never wanting there!

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song:  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.

Rev. George Duffield, 1858.

539

8. 8. 8. 4.

- 1 Through good report and evil, Lord,  
Still guided by Thy faithful word,  
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,  
We follow Thee.
- 2 In silence of the lonely night,  
In the full glow of day's clear light,  
Through life's strange windings, dark or  
We follow Thee. [bright,
- 3 Strengthened by Thee we forward go,  
'Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe,  
Through pain or ease, through joy or woe,  
We follow Thee.
- 4 With enemies on every side,  
We lean on Thee, the Crucified;  
Forsaking all on earth beside,  
We follow Thee.

CONSECRATION AND SERVICE.

- 5 O Master, point Thou out the way,  
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;  
Then in the path that leads to day  
We follow Thee.
- 6 Thou hast passed on before our face;  
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;  
O keep us, aid us by Thy grace;  
We follow Thee.
- 7 Whom have we in the heaven above,  
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love?  
Still in Thy light we onward move;  
We follow Thee.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866.

**540**

8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult  
Of our life's wild, restless sea;  
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,  
Saying, Christian, follow Me!
- 2 As, of old, apostles heard it  
By the Galilean lake,  
Turned from home and toil and kindred  
Leaving all for His dear sake.
- 3 Jesus calls us—from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store;  
From each idol that would keep us  
Saying, Christian, love Me more!
- 4 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,—  
Christian, love Me more than these!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies  
Saviour, may we hear Thy call;  
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,  
Serve and love Thee best of all!

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander, 1852.

**541**

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

- 1 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With loving zeal;  
The poor, and them that mourn,  
The faint and over-borne,  
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,  
Whom Christ doth heal.
- 2 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With fervent prayer;  
The wayward and the lost,  
By restless passions tossed,  
Redeemed at countless cost,  
From dark despair.
- 3 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With one accord;  
With us the work to share,  
With us reproach to dare,  
With us the cross to bear,  
For Christ our God.
- 4 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With joyful song;  
The new-born souls, whose days,  
Reclaimed from error's ways,  
Inspired with hope and praise.  
To Christ belong.

Rev. Samuel Wolcott, 1869.

CONSECRATION AND SERVICE.

542

C. M. D.

(Or to Warrior.)

- 1 The Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain;  
His blood-red banner streams a-far;  
Who follows in His train?  
Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain,  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in His train.
- 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave,  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on Him to save:  
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong:  
Who follows in His train?
- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few  
On whom the Spirit came,  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame:  
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
The lion's gory mane;  
They bowed their necks the death to feel:  
Who follows in their train?
- 4 A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed:  
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
Through peril, toil, and pain:  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train.

Bishop Reginald Heber, publ. 1827.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

543

C. M. D.

- 1 How blessed, from the bonds of sin  
And earthly fetters free,  
In singleness of heart and aim,  
Thy servant, Lord, to be;  
The hardest toil to undertake  
With joy at Thy command,  
The meanest office to receive  
With meekness at Thy hand.
- 2 With willing heart and longing eyes  
To watch before Thy gate,  
Ready to run the weary race,  
To bear the heavy weight:  
No voice of thunder to expect,  
But follow calm and still;  
For love can easily divine  
The One Belovèd's will.
- 3 There may I serve Thee, gracious Lord;  
Thus ever Thine alone,  
My soul and body given to Thee,  
The purchase Thou hast won;  
Through evil or through good report  
Still keeping by Thy side;  
And by my life or by my death  
Let Christ be magnified.
- 4 How happily the working days  
In this dear service fly,  
How rapidly the closing hour,  
The time of rest, draws nigh,  
When all the faithful gather home,  
A joyful company;  
And ever where the Master is  
Shall His blest servants be.

Carl Philip Spitta, 1833.  
Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1854.

CONSECRATION AND SERVICE.

**544**

8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8. 8. 6.

- 1 My heart is fixed, immortal God,  
Fixed on Thee, fixed on Thee!  
And my eternal choice is made,  
Christ, for me, Christ for me!  
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,  
Who did for me salvation bring;  
And while I breathe I mean to sing,  
Christ for me, Christ for me!
- 2 In Him I see the Godhead shine,  
Christ for me, Christ for me!  
He is the Majesty Divine,  
Christ for me, Christ for me!  
The Fathers' well-belovèd Son,  
Co-partner of His royal throne,  
Who did for human guilt atone,  
Christ for me, Christ for me!
- 3 Let others boast of heaps of gold,  
Christ for me, Christ for me!  
His riches never can be told,  
Christ for me, Christ for me!  
Your gold will waste and wear away,  
Your honor perish in a day,  
My portion never can decay;  
Christ for me, Christ for me!
- 4 In pining sickness or in health,  
Christ for me, Christ for me!  
In deepest poverty or wealth,  
Christ for me, Christ for me!  
And in that all-important day,  
When I the summons must obey,  
And pass from this dark world away,  
Christ for me, Christ for me!

Richard Jukes, 1862.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

**545**

C. M.

- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No, there's a cross for ev'ry one,  
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above,  
Who once went sorrowing here;  
But now they taste unmingled love,  
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear  
Till death shall set me free;  
And then go home my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me.
- 4 Upon the crystal payment, down  
At Jesus' piercèd feet,  
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,  
And His dear Name repeat.
- 5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!  
O resurrection day!  
Ye angels, from the stars come down,  
And bear my soul away.

Rev. Thomas Shepherd, 1693, alt.  
Verses 4, 5, Rev. Charles Beecher, 1850.

**546**

S. M.

- 1 Jesus, I live to Thee  
The loveliest and best;  
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,  
In Thy blest love I rest.
- 2 Jesus, I die to Thee,  
Whenever death shall come;  
To die in Thee is life to me  
In my eternal home.



## CONSECRATION AND SERVICE.

3 Whether to live or die,  
I know not which is best;  
To live in Thee is bliss to me,  
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,  
I ask but to be Thine;  
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,  
Makes heaven forever mine.

Rev. Henry Harbaugh, 1850.

**547** 7. 6. 7. 5. D.

1 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work thro' the morning hours;  
Work while the dew is sparkling,  
Work mid springing flow'rs;  
Work when the day grows brighter  
Work in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute,  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Coghill, 1860.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

548

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

- 1 In the vine-yard of our Father  
Daily work we find to do;  
Scattered fruit our hands may gather,  
Though we are but weak and few;  
Little clusters—  
Help to fill the basket too.
- 2 Toiling early in the morning,  
Catching moments through the day,  
Nothing small or lowly scorning,  
So we work, and watch, and pray;  
Gathering gladly  
Free-will offerings by the way:
- 3 Not for selfish praise or glory,  
Not for objects nothing worth,  
But to send the blessed story  
Of the gospel o'er the earth,  
Telling mortals  
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.
- 4 Up and ever at our calling,  
Till in death our lips are dumb,  
Or till, sin's dominion falling,  
Christ shall in His kingdom come,  
And His children  
Reach their everlasting home.
- 5 Steadfast, then in our endeavor,  
Heavenly Father, may we be;  
And for ever, and for ever,  
We will give the praise to Thee;  
Hallelujah!  
Singing, all eternity.

Thomas MacKellar, 1845

CONSECRATION AND SERVICE.

**549**

L. M.

- 1 Go, labor on: spend, and be spent,  
Thy joy to do the Father's will;  
It is the way the Master went;  
Should not the servant tread it still?
- 2 Go, labor on, 'tis not for naught;  
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;  
The Master praises:—what are men?
- 3 Go, labor on: enough while here  
If He shall praise thee, if He deign  
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;  
No toil for Him shall be in vain.
- 4 Go, labor on while it is day,  
The world's dark night is hastening on:  
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;  
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;  
Be wise the erring soul to win;  
Go forth into the world's highway,  
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come."

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843.

**550**

10. 10. 10. 10.

- 1 O fill me with Thy Spirit, gracious Lord!  
I ask not for a measure poor or scant;  
The fullness of Thy gift to me accord,  
Not less, not lower is the grace I want.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Fill me with faith, that where I do not see  
I still may rest all trustful on Thy love,  
From fears unchildlike and from doubts set  
free,  
My heart a shrine for peace, that holy dove.
- 3 Fill me with wisdom from the Source of light,  
That I may walk the world unstained  
And keep my raiment spotless, pure, and  
white, [within.  
Blameless in act without and thought
- 4 Fill me with power—it only comes from Thee  
Who art my soul's salvation and desire—  
That in Thy blessed service I may be  
Subtle and quick as flame of living fire.
- 5 Fill me with love, O God, from day to day,  
For this can make all bitter things most  
sweet,  
And this can turn the roughest, hardest way  
Into a flow'ry sward beneath the feet.
- 6 For, knowing then Thy great, surpassing love,  
Thy love so deep, so high, so wide, so broad,  
I shall be filled, like happy saints above.  
With all Thy glorious fullness, O my God.

Rev. Charles D. Bell, 1882.

## 551

C. M.

- 1 O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me,  
And all things else recede!  
My heart be daily nearer Thee,  
From sin be daily freed.
- 2 Each day let Thy supporting might  
My weakness still embrace;  
My darkness vanish in Thy light,  
Thy life my death efface.

CONSECRATION AND SERVICE.

- 3 In Thy bright beams which on me fall  
    Fade every evil thought;  
    That I am nothing, Thou art all,  
    I would be daily taught.
- 4 More of Thy glory let me see,  
    Thou Holy, Wise, and True!  
    I would Thy living image be,  
    In joy and sorrow too.
- 5 Fill me with gladness from above,  
    Hold me by strength Divine;  
    Lord, let the glow of Thy great love  
    Through all my being shine.
- 6 Make this poor self grow less and less  
    Be Thou my life, my aim;  
    O make me daily by Thy grace  
    More meet to bear Thy Name.

Johann Caspar Lavater, 1780.  
Tr. Elizabeth L. Smith, 1860.

**552**      8. 4. 8. 4.

- 1 Lord, for to-morrow and its needs  
    I do not pray;  
    Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,  
    Just for to-day.
- 2 Let me both diligently work,  
    And daily pray;  
    Let me be kind in word and deed,  
    Just for to-day.
- 3 Let me be slow to do my will,  
    Prompt to obey;  
    Help me to sacrifice myself,  
    Just for to-day.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 Let me no wrong or idle word  
Unthinking say;  
Set Thou a seal upon my lips,  
Just for to-day.
- 5 Cleanse and receive my parting soul,  
Be Thou my stay;  
O bid me, if to-day I die,  
Go home to-day.
- 6 So far to-morrow and its needs  
I do not pray;  
But keep me, guide me, hold me Lord  
Just for to-day.

Anon.

**553**

8. 8. 8. 6.

- 1 I ask not now for gold to gild,  
With mocking shine, an aching frame;  
The yearning of the mind is stilled  
I ask not now for fame.
- 2 But, bowed in lowliness of mind,  
I make my humble wishes known;  
I only ask a will resigned,  
O Father, to Thine own.
- 3 In vain I ask my aching brain,  
In vain the sage's thoughts I scan;  
I only feel how weak I am,  
How poor and blind is man.
- 4 And now my spirit sighs for home,  
And longs for light whereby to see;  
And, like a weary child, would come,  
O Father, unto Thee.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1890.

## Temptation, Struggle and Victory.

**554**

S. M.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard;  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray;  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help Divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armor down;  
Thy arduous work will not be done,  
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
Up to His blest abode.

Rev. George Heath, 1781.

**555**

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

- 1 Lord, Thou art my Rock of strength,  
And my home is in Thine arms;  
Thou wilt send me help at length,  
And I feel no wild alarms.  
Sin nor death can pierce the shield  
Thy defence has o'er me thrown;  
Up to Thee myself I yield,  
And my sorrows are Thine own.
- 2 When my trials tarry long,  
Unto Thee I look and wait,  
Knowing none, though keen and strong,  
Can my trust in Thee abate.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

And this faith I long have nursed,  
Comes alone, O God, from Thee;  
Thou my heart didst open first,  
Thou didst see this hope in me.

- 3 Mercy's wings o'er me outspread,  
Ever keep me close to Thee;  
In the peace Thy love doth shed,  
Let me dwell eternally.  
Be my All; in all I do,  
Let me only seek Thy will,  
Where the heart to Thee is true,  
All is peaceful, calm, and still.

August Hermann Franke, 1711.  
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855.

556

S. M.

- 1 If, through unruffled seas,  
Toward heaven we calmly sail,  
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee  
We'll own the favoring gale.
- 2 But should the surges rise,  
And rest delay to come,  
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,  
Which drives us nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
All yield to Thy control:  
Thy tender mercies shall illumine  
The midnight of the soul.
- 4 Teach us, in every state,  
To make Thy will our own;  
And when the joys of sense depart.  
To live by faith alone.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1772, alt.

TEMPTATION, STRUGGLE AND VICTORY.

557

9. 8. 9. 8. D.

(Or to Gellert.)

- 1 Abide with me, O blessed Saviour,  
Enlighten me, O Light of life!  
My faith make steadfast in Thy favor,  
My Friend thro' all my earthly strife!  
Thro' all my days of trial lead me  
The path, which oft I cannot find!  
A pilgrim, like my fathers, save me  
Dear Helper, merciful and kind.
- 2 O answer Thou my humble calling  
And gird my soul with power Divine;  
Make me a warrior never falling  
Equipped with arms of Thy design:  
And when the foe, like lions roaring,  
Thy child is seeking to devour,  
Then shield my soul, Thy help imploring,  
Uphold me in temptation's hour.
- 3 For Thee I sigh, O let me find Thee,  
My thirsty soul on Thee doth wait;  
Reveal Thy face, when sins surround me,  
Receive me ere it is too late!  
Would God with sin-born man be pleading,  
Who doth in mortal weakness groan,  
Then, in the highest court's proceeding,  
None righteousness could claim, not one!
- 4 In sweetest joy to know my Maker,  
To see Thee, Prince of Life and Peace,  
In God's grand army made partaker,  
To join in songs that never cease,  
Away all dangers, tears and sorrow,  
To gain more bliss, than e'er I sought,  
Such, Lord, when comes the glorious morrow  
I hope will be Thy servant's lot.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 O grant true faith unto Thy warrior,  
Faith, that in love is shining bright;  
A spirit humble, pure and peaceful  
And filled with Christian hope's delight;  
A heart with sympathetic feeling,  
In prayer strong, and calm in scorn,  
Prepared for death, soul's rest revealing,  
Though poor, yet rich and heaven-born!

A. G. L. Hering, died 1770, ab.  
Tr. Rev. C. G. Haas, 1898.-

**558**

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 8. 7. 8.

- 1 Still by constant love surrounded,  
Lord, on Thee my trust is stayed;  
Let me never be confounded  
When the wicked are afraid.  
Show Thy ways, O Lord, to me,  
And the paths where Thou wilt lead me,  
While my spirit waits on Thee,  
With Thy full salvation feed me.
- 2 By Thy mercies ever tender,  
By Thy kindness yet untold,  
Lord, I plead, be my Defender  
And my Helper as of old.  
For the sake of Thy great love  
Now give heed to my confessions;  
When Thou lookest from above  
Turn Thy face from my transgressions.
- 3 Thou the sins of men abhorrest,  
Yet wouldst save the sinner still;  
With the pride of sin Thou warrest,  
But wouldst teach the meek Thy will.  
Lord, in whom is all my trust,  
Ever merciful, all-holy,  
Stoop to lift me from the dust,  
Lead me as Thou dost the lowly.

Rev. Louis F. Benson, 1898.

TEMPTATION, STRUGGLE AND VICTORY.

559

C. M.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross?  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His Name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease?  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They view the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all Thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies—  
The glory shall be Thine.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1723.

560

C. M.

(Or to Christmas.)

- 1 Awake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,  
And press with vigor on:  
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis His own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
When victor's wreaths and monarch's gems  
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1775.

**561**

L. M. 6 l.

- 1 When gath'ring clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few;  
On Him I lean, who not in vain,  
Experienced ev'ry human pain.  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do,  
Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Deceived by those I prized too well,

## TEMPTATION, STRUGGLE AND VICTORY.

He shall His pitying aid bestow,  
Who felt on earth severer woe,—  
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
By those who shared His daily bread.

4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,  
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

5 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers what was once a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while,—  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And O, when I have safely past  
Through every conflict but the last;  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed, for Thou hast died:  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

Sir Robert Grant, 1806.

**562**

8. 8. 8. 4.

1 Jesus, my Saviour, look on me,  
For I am weary and opprest;  
I come to cast myself on Thee:  
||:Thou art my Rest. :||

2 Look down on me, for I am weak;  
I feel the toilsome journey's length;  
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:  
||:Thou art my Strength. :||

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 I am bewildered on my way,  
Dark and tempestuous is the night;  
O send Thou forth some cheering ray:  
||:Thou art my Light. :||
- 4 I hear the storms around me rise;  
But when I dread the impending shock,  
My spirit to the refuge flies:  
||:Thou art my Rock. :||
- 5 When Satan flings his fiery darts,  
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;  
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:  
||:Thou art my Peace. :||
- 6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,  
In that tremendous latest strife,  
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:  
||:Thou art my Life. :||
- 7 Thou wilt my every want supply,  
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;  
Through life, in death, eternally,  
||:Thou art my All. :||

Charlotte Elliott, 1869.

**563**

7. 7. 7. 3.

- 1 Christian, seek not yet repose,  
Cast thy dreams of ease away;  
Thou art in the midst of foes:  
Watch and pray.
- 2 Principalities and powers,  
Mustering their unseen array,  
Wait for thy unguarded hours:  
Watch and pray.
- 3 Gird thy heavenly armor on,  
Wear it ever, night and day;  
Ambushed lies the evil one:  
Watch and pray.



TEMPTATION, STRUGGLE AND VICTORY.

- 4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;  
Still they mark each warrior's way;  
All with one sweet voice proclaim,  
"Watch and pray."
- 5 Hear, above all, hear Thy Lord,  
Him thou lovest to obey;  
Hide within thy heart His word,  
"Watch and pray."
- 6 Watch, as if on that alone  
Hung the issue of the day;  
Pray, that help may be sent down:  
Watch and pray.

Charlotte Elliott, 1839, alt.

**564**

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me  
Over life's tempestuous sea;  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;  
Chart and compass came from Thee:  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 2 As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
Boisterous waves obey Thy will  
When Thou sayest to them, "Be still."  
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 3 When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar  
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me,  
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Rev. Edward Hopper, 1871.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

**565**

8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 Strive, when thou of God are callèd,  
When He draws thee by His grace  
Strive to cast away the burden  
That would clog thee in the race.
- 2 Fight, though now thy fight be fiercer,  
Storm the kingdom, but prevail,  
Let not Satan's heaviest weapons  
Make thee, warrior, faint or quail.
- 3 Wrestle, till in all thy actions  
Love and strength are growing warm,  
Love, that dares the worldly factions;  
Half-love will not bide the storm.
- 4 Wrestle, with strong prayers and crying,  
Think no time too much to spend,  
Though the night be passed in sighing  
Though all day thy voice ascend.
- 5 Hast thou won the peace most valued  
Think not thou hast reached the goal,  
Every sin must first be conquered  
That had power to harm thy soul.
- 6 Art thou faithful, then oppose them,  
Sin and wrong, with all thy might;  
Care not how e'er blows the tempest,  
Only care to win the fight.
- 7 Art thou faithful, waking, watching,  
Love with all thy heart Christ's ways  
Seek not each, that is but transient  
Look not for reward or praise.
- 8 From all worldly hope and pleasure,  
Thou must faithful stand apart;  
On the heaven where lies our treasures,  
Yonder fix thy hopes and heart.

## TEMPTATION, STRUGGLE AND VICTORY.

- 9 Soldiers of the cross be steadfast  
Watch and war 'mid fear and pain  
Daily conquering all temptation  
Till our King o'er earth shall reign.

Johann Jos. Winkler, 1670-1722.  
Tr. alt. Rev. C. G. Haas, 1897.

### 566

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Oft in danger, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go,  
Fight the fight, maintain the strife  
Strengthened with the bread of Life.
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go,  
Join the war, and face the foe;  
Faint not: much doth yet remain;  
Dreary is the long campaign.
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;  
March, in heavenly armor clad;  
Fight, nor think the battle long;  
Victory soon shall tune your song.
- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry;  
Let not woe your course impede,  
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 5 Onward then to battle move;  
More than conquerors ye shall prove:  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go.

First 8 ll.. Henry K. White, 1806, alt.  
The remainder, Frances S. Colquhoun, 1827.

### 567

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

- 1 In the hour of trial,  
Jesus, plead for me,  
Lest by base denial  
I depart from Thee;

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

When Thou see'st me waver,  
With a look recall,  
Nor for fear or favor  
Suffer me to fall.

2 With its witching pleasures  
Would this vain world charm,  
Or its sordid treasures  
Spread to work me harm,  
Bring to my remembrance  
Sad Gethsemane,  
Or, in darker semblance,  
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If with sore affliction  
Thou in love chastise,  
Pour Thy benediction  
On the sacrifice;  
Then, upon Thine altar  
Freely offered up,  
Though the flesh may falter,  
Faith shall drink the cup.

4 When in dust and ashes  
To the grave I sink,  
While heaven's glory flashes  
O'er the shelving brink,  
On Thy truth relying  
Through that mortal strife,  
Lord, receive me, dying,  
To eternal life.

James Montgomery, 1834.

**568**

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

1 Christian, dost thou see them  
On the holy ground,  
How the hosts of darkness  
Compass thee around?

## TEMPTATION, STRUGGLE AND VICTORY.

Christian, up and smite them,  
Counting gain but loss;  
Smite them, Christ is with thee,  
Soldier of the cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,  
How they work within,  
Striving, tempting, luring,  
Goading into sin?  
Christian, never tremble;  
Never be downcast;  
Gird thee for the battle,  
Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,  
How they speak thee fair?  
"Always fast and vigil?  
Always watch and prayer?"  
Christian, answer boldly:  
"While I breathe I pray:"  
Peace shall follow battle,  
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,  
O My servant true;  
Thou art very weary,  
I was weary too:  
But that toil shall make thee  
Some day all Mine own,  
And the end of sorrow  
Shall be near My throne."

St. Andrew of Crete, 700.  
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1862.

**569**

5. 5. 5. 5. 6. 5. 6. 5.

1 Breast the wave, Christian,  
When it is strongest;  
Watch for day, Christian,  
When the night's longest;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Onward and onward still,  
Be thine endeavor;  
The rest that remaineth,  
Will be for ever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,  
Jesus is o'er thee;  
Run the race, Christian,  
Heaven is before thee;  
He who hath promisèd  
Faltereth never;  
He who hath loved so well,  
Loveth for ever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,  
Just as it closeth;  
Raise thy heart, Christian,  
Ere it reposeth;  
Thee from the love of Christ  
Nothing shall sever;  
And, when thy work is done,  
Praise Him for ever.

Joseph Stammers, 1830.

**570**

C. M. D.

1 Thou art my Hiding-place, O Lord,  
In Thee I put my trust;  
Encouraged by Thy holy word,  
A feeble child of dust:  
I have no argument beside,  
I urge no other plea;  
And 'tis enough my Saviour died,  
My Saviour died for me.

2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,  
And furious foes assail,  
My refuge is the mercy-seat,  
My hope within the veil.

TEMPTATION, STRUGGLE AND VICTORY.

From strife of tongues and bitter words  
My spirit flies to Thee:  
Joy to my heart the thought affords,  
My Saviour died for me.

3 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,  
When mortal strength is vain,  
A heart with grief and anguish torn,  
A body racked with pain;  
Ah! what could give the sufferer rest  
Bid every murmur flee,  
But this, the witness in my breast  
That Jesus died for me?

4 And when Thine awful voice commands  
This body to decay,  
And life, in its last lingering sands,  
Is ebbing fast away,—  
Then, though it be in accents weak,  
And faint and tremblingly,  
O give me strength in death to speak,  
“My Saviour died for me.”

Rev. Thomas Raffles, 1833.

**571**

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

1 O Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end;  
Be Thou for ever near me,  
My Master and my Friend!  
I shall not fear the battle  
If Thou art by my side,  
Nor wander from the path-way  
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel Thee near me!  
The world is ever near;  
I see the sights that dazzle,  
The tempting sounds I hear;



### THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

My foes are ever near me,  
Around me and within;  
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer;  
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear Thee speaking  
In accents clear and still,  
Above the storms of passion  
The murmurs of self-will!  
O speak to re-assure me,  
To hasten or control;  
O speak, and make me listen,  
Thou Guardian of my soul!

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised  
To all who follow Thee,  
That where Thou art in glory  
There shall Thy servant be;  
And, Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end;  
O give me grace to follow,  
My Master and my Friend.

5 O let me see Thy foot-marks,  
And in them plant my own!  
My hope to follow duly  
Is in Thy strength alone.  
O guide me, call me, draw me,  
Uphold me to the end!  
At last in heaven receive me,  
My Saviour and my Friend!

Rev. John E. Bode, 1860.

**572**

12. 12. 12. 11. With Refrain.

1 There's a fight to be fought, there's a work  
to be done,  
And a foe to be met ere the set of the sun.

## TEMPTATION, STRUGGLE AND VICTORY.

And the call is gone out o'er the land far and wide;

Who'll follow the banner, who's on the Lord's side?

Ref. O hark! the call of battle resounds far and wide:

Who'll follow the banner, who's on the Lord's side?

2 O'er the waters it soundeth, from lands far away,

Where the rebel usurper holds fair realms in sway:

There are chains to be severed, and souls to be freed;

Our Captain is calling, Himself takes the lead.—Ref.

3 O, true hearts have gone forth, glad and strong, to the war,

And the fame of their exploits has echoed afar;

And though brave ones have fallen, yet rich their reward,

Who dies is crowned victor by Jesus our Lord.—Ref.

4 'Tis not each one is called in the front rank to fight,

And there's room for us all though our strength may be slight,

And the weakest and poorest some succor may bring,

If only he follows the flag of his King.—Ref.

5 When the warfare is finished, the long struggle o'er,

And the name of our Master all nations adore.

Then the glad shout of triumph shall ring far and wide;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

O, joy to the victor who's on the Lord's side!  
Ref.—O hark! the shout of triumph resounds  
far and wide;

O, joy to the victor who's on the Lord's side!

Sarah Geraldina Stock, 1888.

**573**

C. M.

1 Thro' all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble, and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.

2 O magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt His Name;  
When in distress to Him I called,  
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just;  
Deliverance He affords to all  
Who on His succor trust.

4 O make but trial of His love;  
Experience will decide—  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in His truth confide.

5 Fear Him, ye saints! and ye will then  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make ye His service your delight—  
He'll make your wants His care.

Nahum Tate and Nicolas Brady, 1696.

**574**

C. M.

1 O help us, Lord; each hour of need  
Thy heav'nly succor give;  
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,  
Each hour on earth we live!

TEMPTATION, STRUGGLE AND VICTORY.

- 2 O help us when our spirits bleed,  
With contrite anguish sore;  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
O help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith  
More firmly to believe;  
For still, the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Jesus, from on high;  
We know no help but Thee:  
O help us so to live and die  
As Thine in heaven to be.

Rev. Henry M. Milman, 1827.

**575**

5. 4. 5. 4.

- 1 Rest of the weary,  
Joy of the sad;  
Hope of the dreary,  
Light of the glad;  
Home of the stranger,  
Strength to the end;  
Refuge from danger,  
Saviour and Friend!
- 2 Pillow where lying,  
Love rests its head;  
Peace of the dying,  
Life of the dead;  
Path of the lowly,  
Prize at the end;  
Breath of the holy,  
Saviour and Friend!
- 3 When my feet stumble,  
I'll to Thee cry;  
Crown of the humble,  
Cross of the high;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Where my steps wander,  
Over me bend,  
Truer and fonder,  
Saviour and Friend!

4 Ever confessing  
Thee, I will raise  
Unto Thee blessing,  
Glory and praise;  
All my endeavors,  
World without end,  
Thine to be ever  
Saviour and Friend.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1863.

**576**

L. M.

(Or to Rockingham.)

- 1 Jesus, the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Thy little flock in safety keep,  
The flock for which Thou cam'st from heav'n,  
The flock for which Thy life was giv'n.
- 2 O guard Thy sheep from beasts of prey,  
And guide them that they never stray;  
Cherish the young, sustain the old,  
Let none be feeble in Thy fold.
- 3 O, may Thy sheep discern Thy voice,  
And in its sacred sound rejoice;  
From strangers may they ever flee,  
And know no other guide but Thee.
- 4 Lord, bring Thy sheep that wander yet,  
And let the number be complete;  
Then let Thy flock from earth remove,  
And occupy the fold above.

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

## Comfort, Trust and Hope in Suffering.

**577** 11. 10. 11. 10.

1 When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,  
And billows wild contend with angry roar,  
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild com-  
motion,

||:That peaceful stillness reigneth ever-  
more. :||

2 Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,  
And silver waves chime peacefully,  
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,  
||:Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea. :||

3 So to the heart that knows Thy love, O  
Purest,  
There is a temple, sacred evermore;  
And all the babble of life's angry voices  
||:Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful  
door. :||

4 Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,  
And loving thoughts rise kind and peace-  
fully,  
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,  
||:Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in  
Thee. :||

Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe, 1855.

**578** C. M.  
(Or to St. Agnes.)

1 I cannot tell if short or long  
My earthly journey be;  
But, all the way, I know Thy rod  
And staff will comfort me.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Though fierce temptations lie in wait,  
What need have I to care?  
Thou wilt not suffer them to hurt  
Beyond my strength to bear.
- 3 What storms may beat, what burdens fall,  
My soul would not avoid;  
Who follow Thee, O Lord, may be  
Cast down, but not destroyed.
- 4 Though over steep and rugged ways  
My weary feet be brought,  
Still following where Thy footprints lead,  
I take no anxious thought.
- 5 O perfect peace! O endless rest!  
No care, no vain alarms;  
Beneath my every cross I find  
The Everlasting Arms.

Miss H. O. Knowlton.

**579**

C. M.

- 1 I worship Thee, sweet Will of God,  
And all Thy ways adore;  
And every day I live, I seem  
To love Thee more and more.
- 2 When obstacles and trials seem  
Like prison-walls to be,  
I do the little I can do,  
And leave the rest to Thee.
- 3 He always wins who sides with God,  
To him no chance is lost;  
God's will is sweetest to him when  
It triumphs at his cost.



COMFORT, TRUST AND HOPE IN SUFFERING.

4 Ill that He blesses is our good,  
And unblest good is ill;  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be His sweet will.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1849.

**580**

8. 5. 8. 3.

1 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,  
Trusting only Thee!  
Trusting Thee for full salvation,  
Great and free.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,  
At Thy feet I bow;  
For Thy grace and tender mercy,  
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing  
In the crimson flood;  
Trusting Thee to make me holy  
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;  
Thou alone shalt lead;  
Every day and hour supplying  
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,  
Thine can never fail;  
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me  
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;  
Never let me fall;  
I am trusting Thee for ever,  
And for all.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

581

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

- 1 O let him whose sorrow  
No relief can find,  
Trust in God and borrow  
Ease for heart and mind.  
Where the mourner weeping  
Sheds the secret tear,  
God His watch is keeping,  
Though none else is near.
- 2 God will never leave us,  
All our wants He knows,  
Feels the pains that grieve us,  
Sees our cares and woes.  
When in grief we languish,  
He will dry the tear,  
Who His children's anguish  
Soothes with succor near.
- 3 All our woe and sadness,  
In this world below,  
Balance not the gladness  
We in heaven shall know,—  
When our gracious Saviour,  
In the realms above  
Crowns us with His favor,  
Fills us with His love.

Heinrich S. Oswald, 1826.

Tr. Frances E. Cox, 1841.

582

10. 6. 10. 6. 8. 8. 4.

(Or to Ich Hab Genug.)

- 1 God is my Light!—my soul do not despair  
In hours of thy distress!  
The sun withdraws, and earth is dark and  
drear.

COMFORT, TRUST AND HOPE IN SUFFERING.

My light will never cease.  
On days of joy with splendor beaming,  
Thro' nights of grief, its rays are gleaming;  
God is my Light!

2 God is my Trust—my soul be not afraid!  
Thy Helper will abide:  
“I'll not forsake thee!”—He has kindly said,—  
He's ever at thy side;  
In feeble age will yet stand by thee,  
No real good will He deny thee:—  
God is my Trust!

3 The Kingdom His!—throughout the earth He  
reigns  
With wisdom, grace and might;  
The stars go on, and time its course main-  
Beneath His watchful sight; [tains,  
In silence onward still proceeding,  
The universe obeys His leading,  
The Kingdom His!

4 God is my Shield!—of me He takes the care  
As none beside could do;  
He guards my head,—He watches every hair,  
All dangers brings me through:  
While thousands, to vain helpers calling,  
On right and left are near me falling,—  
He is my Shield!

5 God's my Reward!—well pleased I onward go  
The path that He has shown:  
It has no trials but my God will know,  
When He awards my crown.  
I'll gladly strive, the fight sustaining,  
Until in death the victory gaining,—  
God's my Reward!

Ernst Wm. Hengstenberg, 1835, tr.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

583

L. M.

- 1 O deem not they are blest alone,  
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;  
The Pow'r, who pities man, has shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again,  
The lids that overflow with tears;  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are promises of happier years.
- 3 There is a day of sunny rest  
For every dark and troubled night;  
And grief may bide an evening guest,  
But joy shall come with early light.
- 4 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier  
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,  
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere  
Will give him to thy arms again.
- 5 Nor let the good man's trust depart,  
Though life its common gifts deny;  
Though, with a pierced and broken heart,  
And spurned of men, he goes to die.
- 6 For God has marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbered every secret tear,  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all His children suffer here.

William Cullen Bryant, 1820.

584

8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 8.

- 1 O Lord, how happy should we be,  
If we would cast our care on Thee,  
If we from self could rest;  
And feel at heart that One above,  
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
Is ever working for the best!

COMFORT, TRUST AND HOPE IN SUFFERING.

- 2 How far from this our daily life,  
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,  
By sudden wild alarms;  
O could we but relinquish all  
Our earthly props, and simply fall  
O Lord on Thine almighty arms!
- 3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,  
E'en while we pray, upon our God,  
Then rise with lightened cheer;  
Sure that the Father, who is nigh  
To still the famished raven's cry,  
Will surely hear in that we fear.
- 4 We cannot trust Him as we should;  
So chafes weak nature's restless mood  
To cast its peace away;  
But birds and flowerets round us preach,  
All, all the present evil teach  
Sufficient for the present day.
- 5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours  
Thy lessons learn from birds and flowers;  
Make them from self to cease,  
Father! we trust; and we lie still;  
Leave all things to Thy Holy will,  
And so at last find perfect peace.

Joseph Anstice, 1836.

**585**

8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 The King of love my Shepherd is,  
Whose goodness faileth never;  
I nothing lack if I am His  
And He is mine for ever.
- 2 Where streams of living water flow  
My ransomed soul He leadeth,  
And, where the verdant pastures grow,  
With food celestial feedeth.

### THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
But yet in love He sought me,  
And on His shoulder gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy cross before to guide me.
- 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;  
Thy unction grace bestoweth;  
And O what transport of delight  
From Thy pure chalice floweth.
- 6 And so through all the length of days  
Thy goodness faileth never:  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
Within Thy house for ever.

Rev. Sir. Henry W. Baker, Bart, 1868.

**586**

C. M.

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Or to defend His cause,  
Maintain the honor of His word,  
The glory of His cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God! I know His Name;  
His Name is all my trust:  
Nor will He put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,  
And He can well secure,  
What I've committed to His hands,  
Till the decisive hour.

COMFORT, TRUST AND HOPE IN SUFFERING.

- 4 Then will He own my worthless name  
Before His Father's face,  
And in the New Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

**587**

C. M.

- 1 O Thou who driest the mourner's tear,  
How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to Thee.
- 2 The friends who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes, are flown;  
And he who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone.
- 3 But Christ can heal the broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
- 4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
And e'en the hope that threw  
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears  
Is dimmed and vanished too.
- 5 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not His wing of love  
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom,  
Our peace-branch from above?
- 6 Then sorrow, touched by Him, grows bright,  
With more than rapture's ray;  
As darkness shows us worlds of light,  
We never saw by day.

Thomas Moore, 1816.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

588

C. M.

- 1 One prayer I have—all prayers in one—  
When I am wholly Thine;  
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,  
And let that will be mine.
- 2 All-wise, Almighty, and All-good,  
In Thee I firmly trust:  
Thy ways, unknown or understood,  
Are merciful and just.
- 3 May I remember that to Thee  
Whate'er I have I owe;  
And back, in gratitude, for me  
May all Thy bounties flow.
- 4 And though Thy wisdom takes away,  
Shall I arraign Thy will?  
No, let me bless Thy Name and say,  
“The Lord is gracious still.”
- 5 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,  
Of nothing long possess'd,  
And all must fail when I go home,  
For this is not my rest.

James Montgomery, 1822.

589

8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 Call Jehovah thy salvation,  
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;  
In His secret habitation  
Dwell, and never be dismayed.
- 2 There no tumult can alarm thee,  
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;  
Guile nor violence can harm thee,  
In eternal safeguard there.

COMFORT, TRUST AND HOPE IN SUFFERING.

- 3 From the sword at noonday wasting,  
From the noisome pestilence,  
In the depth of midnight blasting,  
God shall be thy sure Defence:
- 4 He shall charge His angel legions  
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;  
Though thou walk through hostile regions,  
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.
- 5 Since, with pure and firm affection  
Thou on God hast set Thy love,  
With the wings of His protection  
He will shield thee from above.
- 6 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,  
He will hearken, He will save;  
Here for grief reward thee double,  
Crown with life beyond the grave.

James Montgomery, 1822.

590

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Cast thy burden on the Lord,  
Only lean upon His word;  
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless  
His eternal faithfulness.
- 2 He sustains thee by His hand,  
He enables thee to stand;  
Those whom Jesus once hath loved  
From His grace are never moved.
- 3 Human counsels come to naught;  
That shall stand which God hath wrought;  
His compassion, love, and power  
Are the same for evermore.
- 4 Heaven and earth may pass away,  
God's free grace shall not decay;  
He hath promised to fulfill  
All the pleasure of His will.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 Jesus, Guardian of Thy flock,  
Be Thyself our constant Rock;  
Make us, by Thy powerful hand,  
Strong as Zion's mountains stand.

Anon. in Rowland Hill's Ps. and Hy., 1783.

**591** 7. 6. 7. 6.

- 1 Sometimes a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings;  
It is the Lord, who rises  
With healing in His wings.
- 2 When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.
- 3 In holy contemplation  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new;
- 4 Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
Let the unknown to-morrow  
Bring with it what it may.
- 5 It can bring with it nothing  
But He will bear us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing  
Will clothe His people too:
- 6 Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed;  
And He who feeds the ravens  
Will give His children bread.
- 7 Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
Their wonted fruit shall bear,  
Though all the field shall wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there;

COMFORT, TRUST AND HOPE IN SUFFERING.

8 Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice,  
For, while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper, 1799.

**592**

S. M.

- 1 The Lord my Shepherd is,  
I shall be well supplied:  
Since He is mine and I am His,  
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim;  
And guides me in His own right way,  
For His most holy Name.
- 4 While He affords His aid  
I cannot yield to fear;  
Though I should walk through death's dark  
My Shepherd's with me there. [shade,
- 5 In spite of all my foes  
Thou dost my table spread;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of Thy love  
Shall crown my following days;  
Nor from Thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

**593**

S. M.

- 1 How gentle God's commands,  
How kind His precepts are!  
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust His constant care.
- 2 While Providence supports,  
Let saints securely dwell;  
That hand, which bears all nature up,  
Shall guide His children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind?  
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,  
Down to the present day;  
I'll drop my burden at His feet  
And bear a song away.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755.

**594**

11. 10. 11. 6.

- 1 Still will we trust, though earth seem dark  
and dreary,  
And the heart faint beneath His chastening  
rod,  
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn  
and weary,  
Still will we trust in God.
- 2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,  
And our blind choosing brings us grief and  
pain;  
Through Him alone who hath our way ap-  
pointed,  
We find our peace again.

COMFORT, TRUST AND HOPE IN SUFFERING.

- 3 Choose for us, God, nor let our weak prefer-  
ring  
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast de-  
signed:  
Choose for us, God; Thy wisdom is unerring,  
And we are fools and blind.
- 4 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,  
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the  
loss;  
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,  
Our crown beyond the cross.

William Henry Burleigh, 1868.

595

S. M. D.

- 1 Commit thou all thy griefs  
And ways into His hands,—  
To His sure trust and tender care  
Who earth and heav'n commands;  
Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey:  
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,—  
He shall prepare thy way.
- 2 Thou on the Lord rely,  
So, safe, shalt thou go on;  
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done.  
No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care;  
To Him commend thy cause,—His ear  
Attends the softest prayer.
- 3 Thy everlasting Truth,  
Father, Thy ceaseless Love,  
Sees all Thy children's wants and knows  
What best for each will prove.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- And whatsoe'er Thou will'st,  
Thou dost, O King of kings!  
What Thy unerring wisdom chose,  
Thy Power to being brings.
- 4 Thou everywhere hast sway,  
And all things serve Thy might;  
Thy every act pure blessing is,  
Thy path unsullied light,  
When Thou arisest, Lord,  
What shall Thy work withstand?  
When all Thy children want Thou giv'st,  
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?
- 5 Give to the winds Thy fears;  
Hope, and be undismayed;  
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;  
God shall lift up thy head;  
Through waves and clouds and storms,  
He gently clears thy way;  
Wait thou His time, so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.
- 6 Still heavy is thy heart?  
Still sink thy spirits down?  
Cast off the weight,—let fear depart,  
And every care be gone.  
What though thou rulest not:  
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,  
Proclaim,—God sitteth on the throne,  
An ruleth all things well.
- 7 Leave to His sovereign sway  
To choose and to command:  
So shalt thou, wondering, own His way,  
How wise, how strong His hand!  
Far, far above thy thought  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully He the work hath wrought  
That caused thy needless fear.



COMFORT, TRUST AND HOPE IN SUFFERING.

- 8 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,  
Our hearts are known to Thee:  
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,  
Confirm the feeble knee!  
Let us in life, in death,  
Thy steadfast Truth declare,  
And publish with our latest breath  
Thy Love and guardian care!

Paul Gerhardt, 1656.  
Tr. John Wesley, 1739.

**596**

S. M.

- 1 Here I can firmly rest;  
I dare to boast of this,  
That God the highest and the best,  
My Friend and Father is.
- 2 From dangerous snares He saves:  
Where'er He bids me go  
He checks the storms and calms the waves,  
That naught can work me woe.
- 3 At cost of all I have,  
At cost of life and limb,  
I cling to God, who yet shall save:  
I will not turn from Him.
- 4 The world may fail and flee;  
Thou, God, my Father art!  
Not fire, nor sword, nor plague, from Thee  
My trusting soul shall part.
- 5 No joys that angels know,  
No throne or widespread fame,  
No love or loss, no fear or woe,  
No grief of heart or shame—
- 6 Man cannot aught conceive,  
Of pleasure or of harm,  
That e'er shall tempt my soul to leave  
Her refuge in Thine arm.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

7 My heart for gladness springs,  
It cannot more be sad,  
For very joy it laughs and sings,  
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

8 The Sun that glads mine eyes  
Is Christ the Lord I love:  
I sing for joy of that which lies  
Stored up for us above.

Paul Gerhardt, 1656.

Tr. Catherine Wikworth, 1855.

597

L. M.

1 Thy will be done, I will not fear  
Thy fate provided by Thy love;  
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,  
I know that all is bright above.

2 The stars of heaven are shining on,  
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with  
The hopes of earth indeed are gone, [tears;  
But are not ours the immortal years?

3 Father! forgive the heart that clings,  
Thus trembling, to the things of time;  
And bid my soul, on angel wings,  
Ascend into a purer clime.

4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,  
No sorrows dim celestial love;  
But these afflictions of the dust,  
Like shadows of the night, remove.

5 E'en now, above, there's radiant day,  
While clouds and darkness brood below;  
Then, Father, joyful on my way  
To drink the bitter cup I go.

J. Roscoe, 1830.

COMFORT, TRUST AND HOPE IN SUFFERING.

598

10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

- 1 Light of the world! whose kind and gentle  
care  
Is joy and rest;  
Whose counsels and commands so gracious  
are,  
Wisest and best,—  
Shine on my path, dear Lord, and guard the  
way,  
Lest my poor heart, forgetting, go astray.
- 2 Lord of my life! my soul's most pure desire,  
Is hope and peace;  
Let not the faith Thy loving words inspire  
Falter, or cease;  
But be to me, true Friend, my chief delight.  
And safely guide, that every step be bright.
- 3 My blessèd Lord! what bliss to feel Thee near,  
Faithful and true;  
To trust in Thee, without a doubt or fear,  
Thy will to do;  
And all the while to know that Thou, our  
Friend,  
Art blessing us, and wilt bless to the end.
- 4 And then, O, then! when sorrow's night is  
o'er,  
Life's daylight come,  
And we are safe within heaven's golden door,  
At home! at home!  
How full of glad rejoicing will we raise,  
Saviour, to Thee our everlasting praise.

Henry Bateman, 1875.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

**599**

10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

- 1 Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,  
    Lead Thou me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home;  
    Lead Thou me on:  
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see  
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
    Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
    Lead Thou me on,  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
- 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
    Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
    The night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel-faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost  
    awhile.

Cardinal John H. Newman, 1833.

**600**

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us  
    O'er the world's tempestuous sea;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
    For we have no help but Thee;  
    Yet possessing ev'ry blessing,  
    If our God our Father be.
- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;  
    All our weakness Thou dost know;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
    Thou didst feel its keenest woe;  
    Lone and dreary, faint and weary,  
    Through the desert Thou didst go.

COMFORT, TRUST AND HOPE IN SUFFERING.

- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy;  
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston, 1820.

601

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 When our heads are bowed with woe,  
When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
"Jesus, Son of David" hear!
- 2 Thou our feeble flesh hast worn;  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;  
Thou hast shed the human tear:  
"Jesus, Son of David," hear!
- 3 Thou hast bowed the dying head;  
Thou the blood of life hast shed;  
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:  
"Jesus, Son of David," hear!
- 4 When the heart is sad within,  
With the thought of all its sin;  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
"Jesus, Son of David," hear!
- 5 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known;  
Though the sins were not Thine own,  
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:  
"Jesus, Son of David," hear!
- 6 When our eyes grow dim in death;  
When we heave the parting breath;  
When our solemn doom is near,  
"Jesus, Son of David," hear!

Rev. Henry H. Milman, 1827, alt.

- 1 If God Himself be for me,  
I may a host defy;  
For when I pray, before me  
My foes confounded fly.  
If Christ, the Head, befriend me,  
If God be my support,  
The mischief they intend me  
Shall quickly come to naught.
- 2 I build on this foundation,  
That Jesus and His blood  
Alone are my salvation,  
The true eternal good:  
Without Him, all that pleases  
Is valueless on earth:  
The gifts I owe to Jesus  
Alone my love are worth.
- 3 His Holy Spirit dwelleth  
Within my willing heart,  
Tames it when it rebelleth,  
And soothes the keenest smart.  
He crowns His work with blessing,  
And helpeth me to cry  
"My Father!" without ceasing  
To Him who reigns on high.
- 4 To mine His Spirit speaketh  
Sweet words of soothing power,  
How God to him that seeketh  
For rest, hath rest in store—  
How God Himself prepareth  
My heritage and lot,  
And though my body weareth,  
My heaven shall fail me not.

Paul Gerhardt, 1656.

Tr. Richard Massie, 1856.

COMFORT, TRUST AND HOPE IN SUFFERING.

603

6. 6. 6. 6. D.

- 1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!  
O may Thy will be mine;  
Into Thy hand of love  
I would my all resign.  
Through sorrow, or thro' joy,  
Conduct me as Thine own;  
And help me still to say,  
My Lord, Thy will be done.
- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!  
If needy here and poor,  
Give me Thy people's bread,  
Their portion rich and sure.  
The manna of Thy word  
Let my soul feed upon;  
And if all else should fail,  
My Lord, Thy will be done.
- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!  
Though seen through many a tear,  
Let not my star of hope  
Grow dim or disappear,  
Since Thou on earth hast wept  
And sorrowed oft alone,  
If I must weep with Thee,  
My Lord, Thy will be done.
- 4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!  
All shall be well for me;  
Each changing future scene  
I gladly trust with Thee.  
Straight to my home above  
I travel calmly on,  
And sing, in life or death,  
My Lord, Thy will be done.

Benjamin Schmolck, c. 1704.  
Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1854.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

604

9. 8. 9. 8. 8. 8.

- 1 If thou but suffer God to guide thee,  
And hope in Him thro' all thy ways,  
He'll give thee strength whate'er betide thee,  
And bear thee thro' the evil days:  
Who trusts in God's unchanging love  
Builds on the rock that naught can move.
- 2 What can these anxious cares avail thee—  
These never ceasing moans and sighs?  
What can it help, if thou bewail thee  
O'er each dark moment as it flies?  
Our cross and trials do but press  
The heavier for our bitterness.
- 3 Keep peace at heart, and wait His leisure  
In cheerful hope, and be content  
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure  
And all-deserving love hath sent;  
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known  
To Him who chose us for His own.
- 4 God knows full well the hour when gladness  
Shall be the needful thing for thee.  
When He has tried thy soul with sadness  
And from all guile has found thee free,  
He comes to thee all unaware,  
And makes thee own His loving care.
- 5 All are alike before the Highest;  
'Tis easy to our God, we know,  
To raise thee up though low thou liest,  
To make the rich man poor and low;  
True wonders still by Him are wrought  
Who setteth up and brings to naught.
- 6 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving,  
So do thine own part faithfully,  
And trust His word,—though undeserving,

COMFORT, TRUST AND HOPE IN SUFFERING.

Thou yet shalt find it true for thee;  
God never yet forsook at need  
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

George Neumark, 1641.  
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1855, alt.

**605**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 Who puts his trust in God most just  
Hath built his house securely;  
He who relies on Jesus Christ,  
Heav'n shall be his most surely.  
Then fixed on Thee my trust shall be,  
Whose truth can never alter;  
While mine Thou art, not death's worst smart  
Shall make my courage falter.
- 2 Though fiercest foes my course oppose,  
A dauntless front I'll show them:  
My champion Thou, Lord Christ, art now,  
Who soon shall overthrow them!  
And if but Thee I have in me  
With Thy good gifts and Spirit,  
Nor death nor hell, I know full well,  
Shall hurt me, through Thy merit.
- 3 Thou art my kind consoling Friend,  
And Thou alone canst give me  
Whate'er I plead, in time of need  
For this poor life;—I trust Thee.  
Repentance true, O grant anew,  
And save me from all folly,  
List' to my cry, O Lord most High,  
My life make pure and holy.

Johann Mühlmann, 1573-1613.  
Tr. alt. Rev. C. G. Haas, 1898.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Thanksgiving and Praise.

606

4. 4. 7. 8. 8. 7.

1 Angels holy,  
High and lowly,  
Sing the praises of the Lord!  
Earth and sky, all living nature,  
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

2 Sun and moon bright,  
Night and moonlight,  
Starry temples, azure-floored,  
Clouds and rain, and wild wind's madness,  
Sons of God, that shout for gladness,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

3 Ocean hoary  
Tell His glory,  
Cliffs where trembling seas have roared!  
Pulse of waters blithely beating,  
Wave advancing, wave retreating,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

4 Rock and highland,  
Wood and island,  
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,  
Mighty mountains purple-breasted,  
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

5 Rolling river,  
Praise Him ever,  
From the mountain's deep vein poured,  
Silver fountain clearly gushing,  
Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

## THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

6 Bond and free man,  
Land and sea man,  
Earth with peoples wisely stored,  
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,  
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,  
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

7 Praise Him ever,  
Bounteous Giver;  
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!  
Each glad soul its free course winging,  
Each glad voice its free song singing,  
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

John Stuart Blackie, 1860.

**607**

8. 8. 6.

- 1 To Him who for our sins was slain,  
To Him for all His dying pain,  
Sing we Hallelujah!
- 2 To Him, the Lamb, our sacrifice,  
Who gave His life our ransom-price,  
Sing we Hallelujah!
- 3 To Him who died, that we might die  
To sin, and live with Him on high,  
Sing we Hallelujah!
- 4 To Him who rose, that we might rise  
And reign with Him beyond the skies,  
Sing we Hallelujah!
- 5 To Him who now for us doth plead,  
And helpeth us in all our need,  
Sing we Hallelujah!
- 6 To Him who doth prepare on high  
Our home in immortality,  
Sing we Hallelujah!

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7 To Him be glory evermore;  
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore:  
Sing we Hallelujah!

8 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God most great, our joy and boast,  
Sing we Hallelujah!

Arthur Tozer Russell, 1851.

608

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

1 Saviour, blessèd Saviour,  
Listen while we sing;  
Hearts and voices raising  
Praises to our King:  
All we have we offer,  
All we hope to be,  
Body, soul, and spirit,  
All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,  
Christ, we draw to Thee,  
Deep in adoration  
Bending low the knee:  
Thou for our redemption  
Cam'st on earth to die;  
Thou, that we might follow,  
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater  
Are Thy mercies here;  
True and everlasting  
Are the glories there,  
Where no pain nor sorrow,  
Toil nor care is known,  
Where the angel-legions  
Circle round Thy throne.

## THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

4 Brighter still and brighter  
Glow the western sun,  
Shedding all its gladness  
O'er our work that's done:  
Time will soon be over,  
Toil and sorrow past,  
May we, blessèd Saviour,  
Find a rest at last.

5 Onward, ever onward,  
Journeying o'er the road  
Worn by saints before us,  
Journeying on to God;  
Leaving all behind us,  
May we hasten on,  
Backward never looking  
Till the prize is won.

6 Higher, then, and higher,  
Bear the ransomed soul,  
Earthly toils forgetting,  
Saviour, to its goal;  
Where in joys unthought of  
Saints with angels sing,  
Never weary, raising  
Praises to their King.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1862.

**609**

6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

1 When morning gilds the skies,  
My heart awaking cries  
May Jesus Christ be praised:  
Alike at work and prayer  
To Jesus I repair;  
May Jesus Christ be praised.

2 When sleep her balm denies,  
My silent spirit sighs  
May Jesus Christ be praised:

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When evil thoughts molest,  
With this I shield my breast,  
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 Does sadness fill my mind?  
A solace here I find,  
May Jesus Christ be praised:  
Or fades my earthly bliss?  
My comfort still is this,  
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 In heaven's eternal bliss  
The loveliest strain is this,  
May Jesus Christ be praised:  
The powers of darkness fear,  
When this sweet chant they hear,  
May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 Let earth's wide circle round  
In joyful notes resound,  
May Jesus Christ be praised:  
Let air and sea and sky,  
From depth to height, reply,  
May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 Be this, while life is mine,  
My canticle Divine,  
May Jesus Christ be praised:  
Be this the eternal song,  
Through all the ages on,  
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Anon. (German.)

Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1853, 1858.

**610** *Invitation and Refrain* 9. 8. 9. 8. 8. 8.

1 O that I had a thousand voices!  
A mouth to speak with thousand tongues!  
Then, with a heart His praise rejoices,



## THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

Would I proclaim in grateful songs,  
To all wherever I should be,  
What 'tis the Lord has done for me.

2 O that my voice might high be sounding,  
Far as the widely distant poles;  
My blood be quick with rapture bounding,  
Long as its vital current rolls:  
And every pulse thanksgiving raise,  
And every breath, a hymn of praise!

3 Ye trees!—your growth His seasons nourish,  
Now wave and rustle to His praise!  
Ye flowerets fair!—so soon to perish,  
Your forms with beauty He arrays;  
Let all your bloom now vocal be,  
And join the song of praise with me!

4 And yet should universal nature  
Hear and obey my earnest call,  
Should I have aid from every creature,  
The strength would still be far too small,  
His greater wonders to unfold,  
Which all around me I behold.

5 Dear Father, endless praise I render,  
For soul and body strangely joined:  
I praise Thee, Guardian kind and tender,  
For all the noble joys I find  
So richly spread on every side,  
And freely for my use supplied.

6 Who grants immortal hopes to bless me?  
Who, but Thyself, O God of love?  
Who guards my way lest fears oppress me?  
'Tis Thou, Lord God of hosts above.  
And when my sins Thy wrath provoke,  
Thy patience, Lord, forbears the stroke.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 7 Why not then, with a faith unbounded,  
For ever in His love confide?  
Why not, with earthly griefs surrounded,  
Rejoicing, still in hope abide;  
Until I reach that blissful home  
Where doubts and sorrows never come?
- 8 For all Thy goodness I'll extol Thee,  
While yet my tongue has strength to move;  
First object of my love enroll Thee,  
Until my heart forget to love.  
When feeble lips no voice can raise,  
My dying sighs shall murmur praise.
- 9 Accept, O Lord, I now implore Thee,  
The meager praise I give below:  
In heaven I better will adore Thee,  
When I an angel's strength shall know  
There would I lead the sacred choir,  
And raise their hallelujah higher!

Johann Mentzer, 1658-1734, Tr.

**611**

L. M. D.

- 1 Sing to the Lord a joyful song,  
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise;  
To us His gracious gifts belong,  
To Him our songs of love and praise.  
For He is Lord of heav'n and earth,  
Whom angels serve, and saints adore,  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
To whom be praise for evermore.
- 2 For life and love, for rest and food,  
For daily help and nightly care,  
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,  
And praise His Name, for it is fair.

## THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

For He is Lord of heaven and earth,  
Whom angels serve, and saints adore,  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
To whom be praise for evermore.

3 For strength to those who on Him wait,  
His truth to prove, His will to do,  
Praise ye our God, for He is great;  
Trust in His Name, for it is true.  
For He is Lord of heaven and earth,  
Whom angels serve, and saints adore,  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
To whom be praise for evermore.

4 For life below, with all its bliss,  
And for that life, more pure and high,  
That inner life which over this  
Shall ever shine, and never die,  
Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,  
Whom angels serve, and saints adore,  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
To whom be praise for evermore.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1862.

**612**

S. M.

1 Awake, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb;  
Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's Name.

2 Sing, till we feel our heart  
Ascending with our tongue;  
Sing, till the love of sin depart;  
And grace inspire our song.

3 Sing, on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ, the heavenly King.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

4 Soon shall we hear Him say,  
"Ye blessed children, come!"  
Soon will He call us hence away  
To our eternal home.

5 There shall our raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim,  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Rev. William Hammond, 1745.

**613** S. M.

1 With joy we lift our eyes  
To those bright realms above,  
That glorious temple in the skies,  
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before Thy throne we bow,  
O Thou almighty King;  
Here we present the solemn vow,  
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in Thy house we kneel,  
With trust and holy fear,  
Thy mercy and Thy truth reveal,  
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,  
And tune our lips to sing;  
Nor from Thy presence cast away  
The sacrifice we bring.

Rev. Thomas Jervis, 1795.

**614** C. M.

(Or to Coronation.)

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
    "To be exalted thus:"  
    "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
    "For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
    Honor and power Divine;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
    Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
    And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,  
    And speak Thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,  
    To bless the sacred Name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
    And to adore the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707.

**615**      7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 For the beauty of the earth,  
    For the beauty of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
    Over and around us lies,  
Christ our God, to Thee we raise  
    This our hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 For the wonder of each hour  
    Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
    Sun and moon, and stars of light,  
Christ our God, to Thee we raise,  
    This our hymn of grateful praise.
- 3 For the joy of human love,  
    Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above,

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

For all gentle thoughts and mild:  
Christ our God, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For Thy Church, that evermore  
Lifteth holy hands above,  
Offering up on every shore  
Her pure sacrifice of love:  
Christ our God, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

5 For Thyself, best Gift Divine!  
To our race so freely given,  
For that great, great love of Thine,  
Peace on earth and joy in heaven;  
Christ our God, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

Folliott S. Pierpoint, 1864.

**616**

6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

1 Lord God, we worship Thee!  
In loud and happy chorus,  
We praise Thy love and power,  
Whose goodness reigneth o'er us.  
To heaven our song shall soar,  
For ever shall it be  
Resounding o'er and o'er,  
Lord God, we worship Thee!

2 Lord God, we worship Thee!  
For Thou our land defendest;  
Thou pourest down Thy grace,  
And strife and war Thou endest.  
Since golden peace, O Lord,  
Thou grantest us to see,  
Our land, with one accord!  
Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

- 3 Lord God, we worship Thee!  
Thou didst indeed chastise us,  
Yet still Thy anger spares,  
And still Thy mercy tries us:  
Once more our Father's hand  
Doth bid our sorrows flee,  
And peace rejoice our land:  
Lord God, we worship Thee!
- 4 Lord God, we worship Thee!  
And pray Thee, who hast blest us,  
That we may live in peace,  
And none henceforth molest us:  
O crown us with Thy Love;  
Fulfill our cry to Thee:  
O Father, grant our prayer:  
Lord God, we worship Thee!

Johann Frank, 1653.  
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1862.

617

6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

- 1 Now thank we all our God,  
With heart, and hands, and voices,  
Who wondrous things hath done,  
In whom His world rejoices;  
Who from our mother's arms  
Hath blessed us on our way  
With countless gifts of love,  
And still is ours to-day
- 2 O may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ever joyful hearts  
And blessed peace to cheer us;  
To keep us in His grace,  
And guide us when perplexed,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 All praise and thanks to God,  
The Father, now be given,  
The Son, and Him who reigns  
With them in highest heaven,  
The One Eternal God,  
Whom earth and heaven adore;  
For thus it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

Martin Rinkart, 1586-1649.  
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1858.

618

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' Name;  
Ye, who His salvation prove  
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;  
Banish all your guilty fears;  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancelled by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been  
Willing slaves to death and sin,  
Now from bliss no longer rove,  
Stop and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin opprest,  
Welcome to His sacred rest;  
Nothing brought Him from above,—  
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 When His Spirit leads us home,  
When we to His glory come,  
We shall all the fullness prove  
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

## THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

- 7 Hither then your music bring,  
Strike aloud each cheerful string;  
Mortals join the host above,  
Join to praise redeeming love.

Rev. Martin Madam, 1763.

619

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Glory be to God on high,—  
God, whose glory fills the sky;  
Peace on earth to man forgiven,—  
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.
- 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King!  
Thee we now presume to sing;  
Glad Thine attributes confess,  
Glorious all, and numberless.
- 3 Hail, be all Thy works adored!  
Hail, the everlasting Lord!  
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,—  
God of power, and God of love!—
- 4 Christ our Lord in God we own,—  
Christ the Father's only Son;  
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
Saviour of offending man.
- 5 Jesus! in Thy Name we pray,  
Take, O take our sins away!  
Powerful Advocate with God!  
Justify us by Thy blood.
- 6 Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone,  
Art with Thy great Father one;  
One the Holy Ghost with Thee;—  
One supreme eternal Three.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1750.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

620

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Let us with a gladsome mind  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He by wisdom did create  
Heaven's expanse and all its state;  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 Did the solid earth ordain  
Rise above the watery plain;  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He, with all-commanding might,  
Filled the new-made world with light  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He His chosen race did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness:  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Looked upon our misery:  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 7 All things living He doth feed,  
His full hand supplies their need:  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 8 Let us therefore warble forth  
His high majesty and worth:  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton, 1623.

THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

621

8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 Mighty God, while angels bless Thee,  
May a mortal lisp Thy Name?  
Lord of men, as well as angels,  
Thou art ev'ry creature's theme.
- 2 Lord of every land and nation,  
Ancient of eternal days!  
Sounded through the wide creation  
Be Thy just and lawful praise.
- 3 For the grandeur of Thy nature,  
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;  
For created works of power,  
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
- 4 For Thy Providence, that governs  
Through Thine empire's wide domain,  
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow:  
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.
- 5 But Thy rich, Thy free Redemption,  
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,  
Thought is poor, and poor expression:  
Who can sing that wondrous song!
- 6 From the highest throne of glory  
To the cross of deepest woe!  
All to ransom guilty captives!  
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

Rev. Robert Robinson, 1774.

622

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang,  
Heav'ns with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When He spoke, and it was done.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Songs of praise awoke the morn  
When the Prince of Peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose when He  
Captive led captivity.

- 2 Heaven and earth must pass away;  
Songs of praise shall crown that day:  
God will make new heavens and earth;  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.  
And can man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come?  
No; the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

- 3 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice,  
• Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.  
Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
Then amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery, 1819.

**623**

8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 O render thanks unto the Lord,  
And cease your praises never,  
Whose countless benefits are poured  
On us His children ever.
- 2 His works bear witness to the might  
Which fails His chosen never;  
And hymn His praises in the sight  
Of men and angels ever.
- 3 By day the glorious sun ascends  
Heaven's arch, and tarries never—  
An emblem of the God who lends  
His light and love forever.

THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

4 By night the borrowed moonbeams shed  
A grace which faileth never;  
And tell us of a Church, whose Head  
Enlightens her forever.

5 And so each star however faint,  
Which shines and loiters never,  
Reminds us of some earnest saint  
Whose life is bright forever.

6 So tending heavenward, Lord, may we  
Soon meet Thee to part never,  
And all Thy matchless beauty see,  
And taste Thy love forever.

7 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Whose mercy changeth never,  
From man and from the angel host  
Be praise and glory ever.

Rev. A. Eubule Evans, 1865.

**624**

L. M.

1 Awake, my soul in joyful lays,  
And sing Thy great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me:  
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,  
And saved me from my lost estate,  
His loving-kindness is so great.

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,  
Where earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving-kindness is so strong.

4 Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Jesus to depart;  
And though I oft have Him forgot,  
His loving-kindness changes not.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,  
And life and mortal powers shall fail,  
O may my last expiring breath  
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 6 Then shall I mount, and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day;  
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,  
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Rev. Samuel Medley, 1782.

**625**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee  
For the bliss Thy love bestows;  
For the pardoning grace that saves me,  
And the peace that from it flows;  
Help, O God, my weak endeavor,  
This dull soul to rapture raise;  
Thou must light the flame, or never  
Can my soul be warmed to praise.
- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
Wretch'd wanderer, far astray;  
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
From the paths of death away;  
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
And, the light of hope revealing,  
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express:  
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,  
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless;  
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
Love's pure flame within me raise;  
And, since words can never measure,  
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

Francis S. Key, 1823.



THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

**626**

L. M.

- 1 God of my life, through all its days  
My grateful pow'rs shall sound Thy praise,  
The song shall wake with opening light,  
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,  
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all its powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,  
And I am chained to flesh no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise,  
To join the music of the skies!
- 5 The cheerful tribute will I give,  
Long as a deathless soul can live,  
A work so sweet, a theme so high,  
Demands, and crowns eternity!

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1735.

**627**

L. M.

- 1 My God, my King, Thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days;  
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,  
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear  
Some thankful tribute to Thine eye;  
And every setting sun shall see  
New works of duty, done for Thee.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Let distant times and nations raise  
The long succession of Thy praise;  
And unborn ages make my song  
The joy and labor of their tongue.
- 4 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds?  
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;  
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,—  
Vast and immortal be Thy praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

**628** L. M.

- 1 O render thanks to God above,  
The Fountain of eternal love;  
Whose mercy firm through ages past  
Hath stood, and shall forever last.
- 2 Who can His mighty deeds express,  
Not only vast, but numberless?  
What mortal eloquence can raise  
His tribute of immortal praise?
- 3 Extend to me that favor, Lord!  
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford;  
When Thou return'st to set them free,  
Let Thy salvation visit me.
- 4 O render thanks to God above,  
The Fountain of eternal love;  
Whose mercy firm through ages past  
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, 1698.

**629** 11. 10. 11. 10.

- 1 Praise ye Jehovah! praise the Lord most  
holy,  
Who cheers the contrite, girds with  
strength the weak;

## THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

Praise Him who will with glory crown the  
lowly,

And with salvation beautify the meek.

2 Praise ye the Lord, for all His loving kind-  
ness.

And all the tender mercy He hath shown;  
Praise Him who pardons all our sin and  
blindness,

And calls us sons, and takes us for His  
own.

3 Praise ye Jehovah, Source of every blessing  
Before His gifts earth's richest boons are  
dim;

Resting in Him, His peace and joy possess-  
ing,

All things are ours, for we have all in Him.

4 Praise ye the Father, God the Lord who  
gave us,

With full and perfect love, His only Son;  
Praise ye the Son who died Himself to save  
us;

Praise ye the Spirit, praise the Three in  
One.

M. Cockburn-Campbell, 1842.

**630**

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 8. 7. 7.

1 Sing, my soul, to God who made thee,

Raise to heav'n thy grateful voice,

All His creatures, singing, bid thee

In His goodness now rejoice.

Pure and holy love unbounded

Fills His tender heart and kind;

All who truly serve Him find

Rest by God's strong arm surrounded.

Heav'n and earth may not endure

But God's love is ever sure.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2 E'en the Son He loved so dearly  
Died that we through Him might live,  
Was e'er love like His, who merely  
Lived His life in love to give?  
Holy Spirit, teach and guide me,  
Fill my heart with loving faith;  
Faith can break the power of death,  
Hell itself shall not deride me.  
Heaven and earth may not endure,  
But God's love is ever sure.

3 E'en in sleep His care surrounds me,  
With new strength and youth imbues;  
His unbounded grace confounds me,  
Each new morn His love renews.  
In sore trials and temptations  
He, my Saviour, still is near,  
Bids me, "Child, do thou not fear,  
Thou shalt yet see my salvation."  
Heaven and earth may not endure,  
But God's love is ever sure.

After Paul Gerhardt, 1606-1676.  
O. E. Wieland, 1898.

**631**

10. 8. 10. 8. 8. 8. 8.

1 Praise thou the Lord, O my soul, now praise  
Him,  
His praise continue until death;  
While I the pathways of earth am treading  
God shall be praised with ev'ry breath.  
My soul and body He did give,  
And waits my praise from morn till eve.  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

2 Happy, yea happy are they forever  
Whose help the God of Jacob is,  
Who hath created the earth and heaven,  
The sea and all that therein is.

THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

Our God's the Ruler of the world  
Truth's banner He hath e'er unfurled  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

- 3 If there are any, who are oppressèd  
He worketh justice in the tide;  
Food for the hungry, forlorn, distressèd  
The Lord in season doth provide;  
Those bound in chains He maketh free,  
His loving-kindness they shall see,  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
- 4 Eyes of the blind He doth open clearly,  
Exalteth those, that are bowed down;  
When He doth find such that love Him  
dearly,  
The heavenly Father's love is shown.  
He proves the strangers' safe resort,  
Widows' and orphans' best support,  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
- 5 Praise, O ye people, the Name most glorious  
Of Him, who reigns almighty King:  
All should unite in one holy chorus  
To God the hymn of joy to bring.  
O Zion, with the heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

J. Dan. Herrnschmidt, 1675-1723.

Tr. Rev. C. G. Haas, 1897.

**632** 10. 10. 10. 10.

- 1 Blessing, and honor, and glory, and pow'r,  
Wisdom, and riches, and strength, evermore,  
Give ye to Him who our battle hath won,  
Whose are the kingdom, the crown, and the  
throne.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Dwelleth the light of the glory with Him,  
Light of a glory that cannot grow dim,  
Light in its silence and beauty and calm,  
Light in its gladness and brightness and  
balm.
- 3 Past are the darkness, the storm, and the  
war;  
Come is the radiance that sparkled afar;  
Breaketh the gleam of the day without end;  
Riseth the sun that shall never descend.
- 4 Ever ascendeth the song and the joy,  
Ever descendeth the love from on high,  
Blessing, and honor, and glory, and praise,  
This is the theme of the hymns that we  
raise.
- 5 Life of all life, and true Light of all light,  
Star of the dawning, unchangingly bright,  
Sun of the Salem whose lamp is the Lamb  
Theme of the ever-new, ever-glad psalm!
- 6 Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb,  
Take we the robe and the harp and the  
psalm,  
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was  
slain,  
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1867.

**633**

14. 14. 4. 7. 8.

- 1 Praise thou the Lord, the Almighty, who  
reigneth in Glory!  
O thou my soul, let His praise be thy song  
and story.  
Join with the throng,  
Wake now the harp and the song!  
Loud let His praises be sounding.

THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

2 Praise thou the Lord, who upholdeth all nature in splendor,  
Bears thee on pinions of eagles, thy Help and Defender

Doth thee maintain  
As thine own heart would ordain;  
Soul, hast thou never perceived it?

3 Praise thou the Lord, who hath made thee in wisdom abounding,  
Who doth restore thee, with kindness thy pathway surrounding;

In thy distress  
Hath not the God of all grace  
Spread out His wings to preserve thee?

4 Praise thou the Lord, who hath blessed thine own station and calling  
While from the heavens His showers of mercy are falling;

Think thou thereon,  
What the Almighty hath done,  
How doth His mercy run toward thee!

5 Praise thou the Lord, yea, let all that within me is praise Him,  
All that hath breath, all the faithful shall join to upraise Him.

He is thy Day,  
He shall still shine on thy way;—  
Now with Amen end thy praising.

Joachim Neander, 1640-1680.  
Tr. James Taft Hatfield, 1895.

634

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise:



THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,  
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home:  
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be;  
Let that grace now, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,  
Seal it from Thy courts above.

Rev. Robert Robinson, 1757.

**635**

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

- 1 I'll praise my Maker with my breath,  
And, when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and tho't, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God: He made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train;  
His truth forever stands secure;  
He saves th' opprest, He feeds the poor,  
And none shall find His promise vain.

THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

- 3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind;  
He sends the laboring conscience peace;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,  
And, when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

**636**

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

- 1 Sing praise to God who reigns above,  
The God of all creation,  
The God of pow'r, the God of love,  
The God of our salvation,  
With healing balm my soul He fills,  
And ev'ry faithless murmur stills;  
To God all praise and glory!
- 2 The angel host, O King of kings,  
Thy praise for ever telling,  
In earth and sky all living things,  
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,  
Adore the wisdom which could span,  
And power which formed creation's plan;  
To God all praise and glory!
- 3 I cried to God in my distress,  
His mercy heard me calling;  
My Saviour saw my helplessness,  
And kept my feet from falling;  
For this, Lord, praise and thanks to Thee!  
Praise God Most High, praise God with me!  
To God all praise and glory!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 Thus all my gladsome way along,  
I'll sing aloud Thy praises,  
That men may hear the grateful song  
My voice unwearied raises:  
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart!  
Both soul and body, bear your part!  
To God all praise and glory!

Johann Jacob Schuetz, 1673.  
Tr. Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1864.

**637** *... ..* C. M.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 Jesus—the Name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in a sinner's ears;  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
And sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.
- 4 He speaks; and, listening to His voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful broken hearts rejoice;  
The humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy!
- 6 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim  
And spread through all the earth abroad  
The honors of Thy Name.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740.

## VI. Miscellaneous and Special Occasions.

### Our Country and Government.

**638**

L. M.

- 1 Great God of nations, now to Thee  
Our hymns of gratitude we raise;  
With humble heart, and bending knee,  
We offer Thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy Name we bless almighty God,  
For all the kindness Thou hast shown  
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,—  
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,  
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;  
Here Thou our fathers' steps didst guide  
In safety through their dangerous way.
- 4 We praise Thee that the gospel's light  
Through all our land its radiance sheds;  
Dispels the shades of error's night,  
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.
- 5 Great God, preserve us in Thy fear;  
In danger still our Guardian be;  
O, spread Thy truth's bright precepts here;  
Let all the people worship Thee.

Anon.

**639**

L. M.

- 1 O God, beneath Thy guiding hand,  
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;  
And when they trod the wintry strand,  
With prayer and psalm they worshipped  
Thee.

OUR COUNTRY AND GOVERNMENT.

- 2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the  
prayer—  
Thy blessing came; and still its power  
Shall onward through all ages bear  
The memory of that holy hour.
- 3 What change! through pathless wilds no more  
The fierce and naked savage roams;  
Sweet praise, along the cultured shore,  
Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.
- 4 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God  
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,  
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,  
The God they trusted guards their graves.
- 5 And here Thy Name, O God of love,  
Their children's children shall adore,  
Till these eternal hills remove,  
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Rev. Leonard Bacon, 1838.

640

L. M.

- 1 When Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her father's God before her moved,  
An awful Guide in smoke and flame.
- 2 By day, along th' astonished lands,  
The cloudy pillar glided slow;  
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
Returned the fiery column's glow.
- 3 Thus present still, though now unseen,  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,  
To temper the deceitful ray!

IN PEACE AND PROSPERITY.

- 4 And O, when gathers on our path,  
In shade and storm, the frequent night  
Be Thy long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light.

Sir Walter Scott, 1820.

641

C. M.

- 1 Lord! while for all mankind we pray,  
Of ev'ry clime and coast,  
O hear us for our native land,  
The land we love the most.
- 2 Our Fathers' sepulchres are here,  
And here our kindred dwell;  
Our children, too: how should we love  
Another land so well?
- 3 O guard our shores from every foe,  
With peace our borders bless;  
With prosperous times our cities crown,  
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 4 Unite us in the sacred love  
Of knowledge truth, and Thee;  
And let our hills and valleys chant  
The songs of liberty.
- 5 Here may religion pure and mild,  
Smile on our Sabbath hours;  
And piety and virtue bless  
The home of us and ours.
- 6 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee  
Our country we commend;  
Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,  
Her everlasting Friend.

Rev. John R. Wreford, 1837.

OUR COUNTRY AND GOVERNMENT.

**642**

C. M.

- 1 O Lord, our fathers oft have told,  
In our attentive ears,  
Thy wonders in their days performed,  
And elder times than theirs.
- 2 For, not their courage, not their sword,  
To them salvation gave;  
Nor strength that from unequal force  
Their fainting troops could save:
- 3 But Thy right hand and powerful arm,  
Whose succor they implored;  
Thy presence with the chosen race,  
Who Thy great Name adored.
- 4 As Thee, their God, our fathers owned,  
Thou art our sovereign King:  
O, therefore, as Thou didst to them,  
To us deliverance bring!
- 5 To Thee the triumph we ascribe,  
From whom the conquest came;  
In God we will rejoice all day,  
And ever bless Thy Name.

Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, 1696.

**643**

C. M. D. With Chorus.

- 1 O why shall we our Country love,  
O why for her be strong,  
Except to lift the Right above  
The proud and wrathful Wrong?  
For this, O holy Lord of Hosts,  
Our conquering Captain be,  
And thrill a loyal nation's coasts,  
With sacred victory!



IN PEACE AND PROSPERITY.

CHORUS.

America! America!

'Gainst wrong thy might be hurled!  
For thee we lift our loud Huzza;  
Our country for the world!

2 Our country for the world! we sing,  
But in no worldly way;  
Our country to the Lord we bring,  
And fervent for her pray:  
God make her true; God make her pure;  
God make her wise and good!  
And through her may the Christ make sure  
Man's world-wide Brotherhood!—Cho.

3 O broader than her wide domains  
Be her designs divine;  
And richer than her golden veins  
Her charities benign;  
Firmer than buttress'd mountain-tower  
Her fixed faith in Thee;  
Her triumphs nobler through Thy power  
Than gain on land or sea.—Cho.

4 Great God! our country for the world,  
And all the world for Thee!  
Christ's banners o'er all lands unfurled  
In high exultancy!  
O Day divine, speed on, speed on!  
Speed truth and peace and love;  
Till all below for Him be won,  
Who reigns o'er realms above!—Cho.

Rev. Denis Wortman, 1898.

644

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

1 My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing,

## OUR COUNTRY AND GOVERNMENT.

Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From ev'ry mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble, free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills,  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1832.

**645**

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

1 God bless our native land!  
Firm may she ever stand,  
Through storm and night;  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
Do Thou our country save  
By Thy great might!

IN WAR AND NATIONAL TROUBLE.

- 2 For her our prayer shall rise  
To God above the skies;  
On Him we wait:  
Thou who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To Thee aloud we cry,  
God save the state!

Rev. Charles F. Brooks, 1835.  
Alt. Rev. John S. Dwight, 1841.

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**In War and National Trouble.**

**646**

L. M.

- 1 O God of love, O King of peace,  
Make wars throughout the world to cease;  
The wrath of sinful man restrain,  
Give peace, O God, give peace again!
- 2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,  
The wonders that our fathers told;  
Remember not our sin's dark stain,  
Give peace, O God, give peace again!
- 3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?  
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?  
None ever called on Thee in vain,  
Give peace, O God, give peace again!
- 4 Where saints and angels dwell above,  
All hearts are knit in holy love;  
O blind us in that heavenly chain!  
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, 1861.

GUR COUNTRY AND GOVERNMENT.

647

C. M. D.

1 Great King of nations hear our prayer,  
While at Thy feet we fall,  
And humbly with united cry  
To Thee for mercy call;  
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,  
O turn us not away;  
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,  
And help us when we pray.

2 Our father's sins were manifold,  
And ours no less we own,  
Yet wondrously from age to age  
Thy goodness hath been shown;  
When dangers, like a stormy sea,  
Beset our country round,  
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,  
And help in Thee was found.

3 With one consent we meekly bow  
Beneath Thy chastening hand,  
And, pouring forth confession meet,  
Mourn with our mourning land;  
With pitying eye behold our need,  
As thus we lift our prayer;  
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,  
Then let Thy mercy spare.

Rev. John H. Gurney, 1838.

648

12. 10. 11. 9.

1 God the All-terrible! King, who ordainest  
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings  
Thy sword,  
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou  
reignest;  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

IN WAR AND NATIONAL TROUBLE.

- 2 God the Omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,  
Watching invisible, judging unheard,  
Save us in mercy, O save us from danger;  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 3 God the All-merciful! Earth hath forsaken  
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;  
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 4 God the All-righteous One! Man hath defied  
Thee;  
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word,  
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside  
Thee;  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 5 God the All-wise! By the fire of Thy chast'n-  
ing,  
Earth shall to freedom and truth be re-  
stored;  
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is  
hastening;  
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.
- 6 So shall Thy children, in thankful devotion,  
Laud Him who saved them from peril ab-  
horred;  
Singing in chorus, from ocean to ocean,  
Peace to the nations, and praise to the  
Lord.

Henry F. Chorley, 1842.

Verses 4, 5, Rev. John Ellerton, 1870.

OUR COUNTRY AND GOVERNMENT.

649

6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

- 1 To Thee, our God, we fly  
For mercy and for grace;  
O hear our lowly cry,  
And hide not Thou Thy face.  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
And guard and bless our fatherland.
- 2 Arise, O Lord of hosts;  
Be jealous for Thy Name,  
And drive from out our coasts  
The sins that put to shame.  
O Lord, stretch forth, etc.
- 3 Thy best gifts from on high  
In rich abundance pour,  
That we may magnify  
And praise Thee more and more.  
O Lord, stretch forth, etc.
- 4 The powers ordained by Thee  
With heavenly wisdom bless;  
May they Thy servants be,  
And rule in righteousness.  
O Lord, stretch forth, etc.
- 5 The Church of Thy dear Son  
Inflame with love's pure fire,  
Bind her once more in one,  
And life and truth inspire.  
O Lord, stretch forth, etc.
- 6 Give peace, Lord, in our time;  
O let no foe draw nigh  
Nor lawless deed of crime  
Insult Thy Majesty.  
O Lord, stretch forth, etc.

Bishop William W. How, 1871.

IN WAR AND NATIONAL TROUBLE.

650

L. M.

- 1 When in the hour of utmost need  
We know not where to look for aid;  
When days and nights of anxious tho't  
Nor help nor counsel yet have brought:
- 1 Then this our comfort is alone,  
That we may meet before Thy throne,  
And cry, O faithful God, to Thee  
For rescue from our misery:
- 3 To Thee may raise our hearts and eyes,  
Repenting sore with bitter sighs,  
And seek Thy pardon for our sin,  
And respite from our griefs within.
- 4 For Thou hast promised graciously  
To hear all those who cry to Thee,  
Through Him whose Name alone is great,  
Our Saviour and our Advocate.
- 5 And thus we come, O God, to-day,  
And all our woes before Thee lay;  
For tried, afflicted, lo! we stand,  
Peril and foes on every hand.
- 6 Ah, hide not from our sins Thy face;  
Absolve us through Thy boundless grace;  
Be with us in our anguish still,  
Free us at last from every ill.
- 7 That so with all our hearts may we  
Once more with joy give thanks to Thee,  
And walk obedient to Thy word,  
And now and ever praise the Lord.

Paul Eber, 1560.  
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1858.



OUR COUNTRY AND GOVERNMENT.

651

L. M.

- 1 O Lord of hosts, Almighty King,  
Behold the sacrifice we bring:  
To ev'ry arm Thy strength impart;  
Thy Spirit shed through ev'ry heart.
- 2 Wake in our breasts the living fires,  
The holy faith that warmed our sires:  
Thy hand hath made our nation free;  
To die for her is serving Thee.
- 3 Be Thou a pillared flame to show  
The midnight snare, the silent foe;  
And when the battle thunders loud,  
Still guide us in its moving cloud.
- 4 God of all nations, Sovereign Lord,  
In Thy dread Name we draw the sword,  
We lift the starry flag on high  
That fills with light our stormy sky.
- 5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,  
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,  
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,  
Join our loud anthem,—Praise to Thee.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1861.

652

L. M.

- 1 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;  
Crown Him, ye nations, in your song;  
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;  
His honors shall enrich your verse.
- 2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;  
How terrible is God in arms!  
In Israel are His mercies known,  
Israel is His peculiar throne.

## THE SEASONS.

- 3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest;  
He's your defense, your joy, your rest;  
When terrors rise, and nations faint,  
God is the strength of every saint.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

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### The Seasons.

653

L. M.

- 1 Eternal Source of ev'ry joy,  
Well may Thy praise our lips employ  
While in Thy temple we appear,  
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports and guides the whole,  
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at Thy command,  
Embalms the air and paints the land;  
The summer rays with vigor shine,  
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours  
Through all our coasts redundant stores;  
And winters, softened by Thy care,  
No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise;  
Still be the cheerful homage paid,  
With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 O, may our more harmonious tongue  
In worlds unknown pursue the song;  
And in those brighter courts adore,  
Where days and years revolve no more!

Rev. Philip Doddridge 1755.

THE SEASONS.

**654** L. M.

- 1 Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits;  
Pray'r shall besiege Thy temple gates:  
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,  
And find, through Christ, salvation there.
- 2 How blest Thy saints! how safely led!  
How surely kept! how richly fed!  
Saviour of all in earth and sea,  
How happy they who rest in Thee!
- 3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,  
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;  
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,  
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.
- 4 The year is with Thy goodness crowned;  
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;  
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,  
And nature smiles and owns her King.
- 5 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour;  
The mortal waste within restore;  
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,  
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834.

**655** 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

(Or to St. George's, Windsor.)

- 1 Christ, by heav'nly hosts ador'd,  
Gracious, mighty, sov'reign Lord,  
God of nations, King of kings,  
Head of all created things,  
By the Church with joy confess'd,  
God o'er all forever blest;  
Pleading at Thy throne we stand,  
Save Thy people, bless our land.

## THE SEASONS.

2 On our field of grass and grain  
Send, O Lord, the kindly rain;  
O'er our wide and goodly land  
Crown the labors of each hand.  
Let Thy kind protection be  
O'er our commerce on the sea:  
Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,  
Bless Thy people, bless our land.

3 Let our rulers ever be  
Men that love and honor Thee;  
Let the powers by Thee ordained  
Be in righteousness maintained;  
In the people's hearts increase  
Love of piety and peace;  
Thus united we shall stand  
One wide, free, and happy land.

Rev. Henry Harbaugh, 1860.

**656**

7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

1 When spring unlocks the flowers  
To paint the laughing soil,  
When summer's balmy showers  
Refresh the mower's toil;  
When winter binds in frosty chains  
The fallow and the flood,  
In God the earth rejoiceth still,  
And owns her Maker good.

2 The birds that wake the morning,  
And these that love the shade;  
The winds that sweep the mountain,  
Or lull the drowsy glade;  
The sun that from the amber bower  
Rejoiceth on his way;  
The moon and stars their Maker's Name  
In silent pomp display.

## THE SEASONS.

3 Shall man, the lord of nature,  
Expectant of the sky,  
Shall man, alone unthankful  
His little praise deny?  
No, let the year forsake his course,  
The seasons cease to be,  
Thee, Father, must we always love,—  
Creator, honor Thee!

4 The flowers of spring may wither,  
The hope of summer fade;  
The autumn droop in winter,  
The birds forsake the shade;  
The winds be lulled, the sun and moon  
Forget their old decree;  
But we in nature's latest hour  
O Lord, will cling to Thee!

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

**657**

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

- 1 Great God, the heaven's well ordered frame  
Declares the glories of Thy Name,  
There Thy rich works of wonder shine:  
A thousand starry beauties there,  
A thousand radiant marks appear,  
Of boundless pow'r and skill Divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,  
The dawning and the dying light.  
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;  
With silent eloquence they rise  
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,  
And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run  
Far as the journeys of the sun,  
And every nation knows their voice;

## THE SEASONS.

The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,  
Breaks from the chambers of the east,  
Rolls round and makes the earth rejoice.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

**658**

C. M.

- 1 Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,  
And Thou hast sworn to hear;  
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,  
The fresh and fading year.
- 2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,  
We trusted, Lord, with Thee:  
And now that spring has on us smiled,  
We wait on Thy decree.
- 3 The former and the latter rain,  
The summer sun and air,  
The green ear, and the golden grain,  
All Thine, are ours by prayer.
- 4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,  
The wondrous growth unseen,  
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,  
The love that shines serene.
- 5 So grant the precious things brought forth  
By sun and moon below,  
That Thee in Thy new heavens and earth  
We never may forego.

Rev. John Keble, 1856.

**659**

C. M. D.

- 1 With songs and honors sounding loud,  
Address the Lord on high:  
Over the heav'ns He spreads His cloud,  
And waters veil the sky.

## THE SEASONS.

He sends His show'rs of blessings down,  
To cheer the plains below;  
He makes the grass the mountains crown,  
And corn in valleys grow.

2 His steady counsels change the face  
Of the declining year;  
He bids the sun cut short his race,  
And wintry days appear.  
His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,  
Descend and clothe the ground;  
The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
In icy fetters bound.

3 He sends His word and melts the snow,  
The fields no longer mourn;  
He calls the warmer gales to blow,  
And bids the spring return.  
The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
Obey His mighty word:  
With songs and honors, sounding loud,  
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719, ab.

**660** C. M.

1 I sing th' almighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.  
2 I sing the wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at His command,  
And all the stars obey.  
3 Lord! how Thy wonders are displayed  
Where'er I turn mine eye!  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky!



## THE SEASONS.

- 4 There's not a plant or flower below  
But makes Thy glories known;  
And clouds arise and tempests blow,  
By order from Thy throne.
- 5 Creatures that borrow life from Thee  
Are subject to Thy care;  
There's not a place where we can flee,  
But God is present there.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1715, ab.

661

10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

- 1 Our year of grace is wearing to its close,  
Its autumn storms are lowering from the  
sky:  
Shine on us with Thy light, O God most  
high;  
Abide with us where'er our pathway goes,  
Our Guide in toil, our Guardian in repose.
- 2 All through the months hath beamed Thy  
cheering light,  
From Bethlehem's Day-star waxing ever on;  
Through every cloud Thy blessed Sun hath  
shone:  
Earth may be dark to them that walk by  
sight,  
But for Thy Church the day is always bright.
- 3 Light us in life, that we may see Thy will,  
The track Thy hand hath ordered for our  
way;  
Light us when shadows gather o'er our day;  
Shine on us in that passage lone and chill,  
And then our darkness with Thy glory fill.

## HARVEST.

- 4 Praise be to God from earth's remotest coast,  
From lands and seas, and each created race;  
Praise from the worlds His hand hath  
launched in space;  
Praise from the Church, and from the heav-  
enly Host;  
Praise to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Rev. Henry Alford, 1868.

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## Harvest.

662

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Praise to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days,  
Bounteous Source of ev'ry joy,  
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.
- 2 Flocks that whiten all the plain;  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;  
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,  
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;
- 3 All that spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land;  
All that liberal autumn pours  
From her rich o'erflowing stores;—
- 4 These to Thee, my God, we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow;  
And for these my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 5 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear;  
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot  
Drop her green untimely fruit;

## HARVEST.

6 Should the vine put forth no more,  
Nor the olive yield her store;  
Though the sickening flocks should fall,  
And the herds desert the stall;—

7 Yet to Thee my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise;  
And, when every blessing's flown,  
Love Thee for Thyself alone.

Anna L. Barbauld, 1772.

**663**

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

1 The God of harvest praise;  
In loud thanksgiving raise  
Hand, heart, and voice;  
The valleys smile and sing,  
Forest and mountains ring,  
The plains their tribute bring,  
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless His holy Name,  
And purest thanks proclaim  
Through all the earth;  
To glory in your lot  
Is duty,—but be not  
God's benefits forgot,  
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;  
Hands, hearts, and voices, raise,  
With sweet accord;  
From field to garner throng,  
Bearing your sheaves along,  
And in your harvest song,  
Bless ye the Lord.

James Montgomery, 1853.

## HARVEST.

**664**

8. 8. 8. 8. 4. 4. 8.

- 1 Lord of the harvest, Thee we hail!  
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;  
The varying seasons haste their round;  
With goodness all our years are crown'd;  
Our thanks we pay,  
This holy day;  
O let our hearts in tune be found.
- 2 When spring doth wake the song of mirth,  
When summer warms the fruitful earth,  
When autumn yields its ripened grain,  
Or winter sweeps the naked plain,  
We still do sing  
To Thee our King;  
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.
- 3 But chiefly when Thy liberal hand  
Bestows new plenty o'er the land,  
When sounds of music fill the air,  
As homeward all their treasures bear;  
We too will raise  
Our hymn of praise,  
For we Thy common bounties share.
- 4 Lord of the harvest all is Thine:  
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,  
The seed once hidden in the ground,  
The skill that makes our fruits abound:  
New every year,  
Thy gifts appear;  
New praises from our lips shall sound.

Rev. John H. Gurney, 1850.

**665**

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 Sing to the Lord of harvest,  
Sing songs of love and praise;  
With joyful hearts and voices  
Your hallelujahs raise:

## HARVEST.

By Him the rolling seasons  
In fruitful order move;  
Sing to the Lord of harvest  
A song of happy love.

2 By Him the clouds drop fatness,  
The deserts bloom and spring,  
The hills leap up in gladness,  
The valleys laugh and sing:  
He filleth with His fullness  
All things with large increase,  
He crowns the year with goodness,  
With plenty and with peace.

3 Heap on His sacred altar  
The gifts His goodness gave,  
The golden sheaves of harvest,  
The souls He died to save:  
Your hearts lay down before Him,  
When at His feet ye fall,  
And with your lives adore Him,  
Who gave His life for all.

4 To God the gracious Father,  
Who made us, "very good,"  
To Christ, who, when we wandered,  
Restored us with His blood,  
And to the Holy Spirit,  
Who doth upon us pour  
His blessed dew and sunshine,  
Be praise for evermore.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1866.

**666**

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

1 Come, ye thankful people, come  
Raise the song of harvest-home:  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter storms begin;

## HARVEST.

God, our Maker, doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied:  
Come to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home.

2 All the world is God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown:  
First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear:  
Lord of harvest, grant that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take His harvest home;  
From His field shall in that day  
All offences purge away;  
Give His angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast,  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come  
To Thy final harvest home;  
Gather Thou Thy people in,  
Free for ever purified,  
In Thy presence to abide:  
Come, with all Thine angels, come,  
Raise the glorious harvest home.

Rev. Aenry Alford, 1844.

**667**

L. M.

1 Good Lord, the valleys laugh and sing,  
The plains stand thick with yellow corn;  
The reapers make the echoes ring  
With joyous songs from early morn.

## HARVEST.

- 2 The sun shone forth in splendor bright,  
And tinged the mountain-tops with gold;  
The fields were flooded with his light,  
And trees did all their buds unfold.
- 3 Thou gavest us refreshing showers,  
That shook their treasures o'er the land,  
Till blossom'd all the earth with flowers,  
And hills rejoiced on every hand.
- 4 Thy love has given our harvest-store,  
And scattered blessings far and wide;  
Thy hand has filled our garner-floor,  
And all our harvest wants supplied.
- 5 Lord, in Thy holy Name we raise,  
With thankful heart and grateful tongue  
Our tribute of adoring praise,  
Our due and joyful harvest song.
- 6 For all things magnify Thy love,  
The genial winds, the gentle rain,  
Clouds dropping fatness from above,  
The blade, the ear, the golden grain.
- 7 O Thou, who givest daily bread,  
And givest it in plenteous store,  
Let all our hungering souls be fed  
With bread of life for evermore.

Rev. Charles D. Bell, 1882.

668

L. M. 6 l.

- 1 Lord of the harvest! once again;  
We thank Thee for the ripened grain;  
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer  
Thy servants through another year;  
For all sweet, holy tho'ts supplied  
By seed-time and by harvest-tide.



## HARVEST.

- 2 The bare dead grain in autumn sown,  
Its robe of vernal green puts on;  
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,  
Fresh garnished by the King of kings.  
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee  
Shall new and glorious bodies be.
- 3 Nor vainly of Thy word we ask  
A lesson from the reaper's task;  
So shall Thine angels issue forth;  
The tares be burnt; the just of earth,  
Playthings of sun and storm no more,  
Be gathered to their Father's store
- 4 Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,  
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread;  
But not alone our bodies feed;  
Supply our fainting spirits' need!  
O Bread of Life! from day to day,  
Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay!

Joseph Anstice, 1836.

**669**

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 What our Father does is well;  
Blessèd truth His children tell!  
Though He send, for plenty want,  
Though the harvest-store be scant,  
Yet we rest upon His love,  
Seeking better things above.
- 2 What our Father does is well  
Shall the wilful heart rebel?  
If a blessing He withhold  
In the field, or in the fold,  
Is He not Himself to be  
All our store eternally?

## THE OLD YEAR.

3 What our Father does is well:  
Though He sadden hill and dell,  
Upward yet our praises raise  
For the strength His word supplies;  
He has called us sons of God,  
Can we murmur at His rod?

4 What our Father does is well:  
May the thought within us dwell;  
Though no milk nor honey flow  
In our barren Canaan now,  
God can save us in our need,  
God can bless us, God can feed.

5 Therefore unto Him we raise  
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;  
To the Father and the Son,  
And the Spirit Three in One,  
Honor, might, and glory be  
Now and through eternity.

Benjamin Schmolck, 1720.  
Tr. Henry William Baker, 1861.

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## The Old Year.

**670** 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

1 Across the sky the shades of night  
This winter's eve are fleeting:  
We deck Thine altar, Lord, with light,  
In solemn worship meeting:  
And as the year's last hours go by,  
We lift to Thee our earnest cry,  
Once more Thy love entreating.

2 Before Thee, Lord subdued we bow,  
To Thee our prayers addressing;  
Recounting all Thy mercies now,  
And all our sins confessing;

THE OLD YEAR.

Beseeching Thee, this coming year,  
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,  
And crown us with Thy blessing.

3 And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes  
To dear ones gone before us,  
Safe housed with Thee in Paradise:  
Whose peace descendeth o'er us:  
And beg of Thee, when life is past,  
To re-unite us all, at last,  
And to our lost restore us.

4 We gather up, in this brief hour,  
The memory of Thy mercies:  
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,  
Our grateful song rehearses:  
For Thou hast been our strength and stay,  
In many a dark and dreary day  
Of sorrow and reverses.

5 In many an hour, when fear and dread,  
Like evil spells have bound us,  
And clouds were gathering overhead,  
Thy providence hath found us:  
In many a night when waves ran high,  
Thy gracious presence drawing nigh  
Hath made all calm around us.

6 Thou, O great God, in years to come,  
Whatever fate betide us,  
Right onward through our journey home  
Be Thou at hand to guide us;  
Nor leave us till, at close of life,  
Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,  
Heaven shall unfold and hide us.

Rev. James Hamilton, 1882.

THE OLD YEAR.

671

8. 7. 8. 7. (8. 8. 8. 9.)

- 1 Days and moments quickly flying  
Speed us onward to the dead:  
O how soon shall we be lying  
Each within his narrow bed!
- 2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,  
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;  
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer  
Now to make th' eternal choice!
- 3 Mark we whither we are wending;  
Ponder how we soon must go  
To inherit bliss unending  
Or eternity of woe.

REFRAIN:

Life passeth soon; death draweth near:  
Keep us, good Lord, till Thou appear;  
With Thee to live, with Thee to die,  
With Thee to reign through eternity.

- 4 As a shadow life is fleeting;  
As a vapor so it flies:  
For the bygone years retreating,  
Pardon grant, and make us wise;
- 5 Wise that we our days may number,  
Strive and wrestle with our sin;  
Stay not in our work nor slumber  
Till Thy holy rest we win.
- 6 Soon before the Judge all-glorious  
We with all the dead shall stand;  
Saviour, over death victorious,  
Place us then on Thy right hand.

## THE OLD YEAR

### REFRAIN:

Life passeth soon; death draweth near:  
Keep us, good Lord, till Thou appear;  
With Thee to live, with Thee to die,  
With Thee to reign through eternity.

Rev. Edward Caswall, 1858.

**672**

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 For Thy mercy and Thy grace,  
Faithful through another year,  
Hear our song of thankfulness;  
Father and Redeemer, hear.
- 2 Lo! our sins on Thee we cast,  
Thee, our perfect Sacrifice;  
And, forgetting all the past,  
Press towards our glorious prize.
- 3 Dark the future; let Thy light  
Guide us, bright and morning Star:  
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;  
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.
- 4 In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of strength, be Thou our Stay;  
In the pathless wilderness  
Be our true and living Way.
- 5 Who of us death's awful road  
In the coming year shall tread,  
With Thy rod and staff, O God,  
Comfort Thou his dying head.
- 6 Keep us faithful; keep us pure:  
Keep us evermore Thine own:  
Help, O help us to endure:  
Fit us for the promised crown.

THE OLD YEAR.

- 7 So within Thy palace gate  
We shall praise, on golden strings,  
Thee, the only Potentate,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings.  
Rev. Henry Downton, 1843.

673

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Thou who roll'st the year around,  
Crowned with mercies large and free,  
Rich Thy gifts to us abound,  
Warm our praise shall rise to Thee.
- 2 Kindly to our worship bow,  
While our grateful thanks we tell,  
That, sustained by Thee, we now  
Bid the parting year—farewell!
- 3 All its numbered days are sped,  
All its busy scenes are o'er,  
All its joys for ever fled,  
All its sorrows felt no more.
- 4 Mingled with the eternal past,  
Its remembrance shall decay;  
Yet to be revived at last  
At the solemn judgment-day.
- 5 All our follies, Lord, forgive!  
Cleanse us from each guilty stain;  
Let Thy grace within us live,  
That we spend not years in vain.
- 6 Then, when life's last eve shall come,  
Happy spirits, may we fly  
To our everlasting home,  
To our Father's house on high!

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858.

## The New Year.

**674** 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

- 1 Hours, and days, and months, and years,  
     Come and go, arise and fall,  
     Gains and losses, smiles and tears  
     Freely scattered through them all;  
     O my Saviour, let them be  
     Radiant with Thy life Divine,  
     Spent in better serving Thee,  
     And becoming wholly Thine.
- 2 O'er the threshold of the year,  
     Sprinkled with Thy precious blood,  
     Let me draw to Thee more near,  
     Made by Thee more wise and good;  
     O my Saviour, when this soul  
     Proudly would its way pursue,  
     Let Thy sorrow's soft control  
     Gently chasten and subdue.
- 3 For the blessed years gone by,  
     And the joys which winged their flight,  
     For the blessed hopes on high,  
     Making all the future bright;  
     For the stay and strength Thou art,  
     Ever wast, and still shalt be,  
     O my Saviour, let this heart  
     Ring its joy-bells out to Thee.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1862.

**675** 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8.

- 1 Lord, my portion Thou shalt be,  
     Whom have I in heaven but Thee,  
     Lord my heritage Thou art,  
     Who but Thou should have my heart.  
     O Thou most divinely fair,  
     Whom shall I with Thee compare,  
     Jesus Christ, who changeth never  
     Yesterday, to-day, or ever.



## THE NEW YEAR.

- 2 Thou my hope art, Thou my Guide;  
All my need in Thee supplied,  
Thou my food, and fadeless dress,  
Journeying through the wilderness.  
Thou the Rock whence ever burst  
Waters for me when I thirst,  
Jesus Christ, who changeth never  
Yesterday, to-day, or ever.
- 3 In Thee are my peace and joy,  
For Thee is my best employ,  
From Thee all my strength descends,  
To Thee all my duty tends.  
By Thee I from bondage free,  
Through Thee shall accepted be.  
Jesus Christ, who changeth never  
Yesterday, to-day, or ever.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1862.

**676**

6. 5. 6. 5. 12 1.

- 1 Standing at the portal  
Of the opening year,  
Words of comfort meet us,  
Hushing every fear;  
Spoken through the silence  
By our Father's voice,  
Tender, strong, and faithful,  
Making us rejoice.  
Onward, then, and fear not,  
Children of the day;  
For His words shall never,  
Never pass away.
- 2 "I, the Lord, am with thee,  
Be thou not afraid;  
I will help and strengthen,  
Be thou not dismayed.

THE NEW YEAR.

Yea, I will uphold thee  
With My own right hand;  
Thou art called and chosen  
In My sight to stand."  
Onward, etc.

3 For the year before us,  
O what rich supplies!  
For the poor and needy  
Living streams shall rise;  
For the sad and sinful  
Shall His grace abound;  
For the faint and feeble  
Perfect strength be found.  
Onward, etc.

4 He will never fail us,  
He will not forsake;  
His eternal covenant  
He will never break.  
Resting on His promise,  
What have we to fear?  
God is all-sufficient  
For the coming year.  
Onward, etc.

Frances R. Havergal, 1873.

**677**

C. M.

(Or to Hermann.)

- 1 Break, new-born year, on glad eyes break,  
Melodious voices move;  
On, rolling time; thou canst not make  
The Father cease to love.
- 2 The parted year had wingéd feet;  
The Saviour still doth stay:  
The new year comes; but, Spirit sweet,  
Thou goëst not away.

## THE NEW YEAR.

- 3 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er;  
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams:  
Our sins are swelling evermore.  
But pardoning grace still streams.
- 4 Lord, from this year more service win,  
More glory, more delight:  
O make its hours less sad with sin,  
Its days with Thee more bright.
- 5 Then we may bless its precious things  
If earthly cheer should come,  
Or gladsome mount on angel wings  
If Thou wouldst take us home.
- 6 O golden then the hours must be;  
The year must needs be sweet;  
Yes, Lord, with happy melody  
Thine opening grace we greet.

Thomas H. Gill, 1855.

**678**

C. M.

- 1 Our God, our Help in ages past,  
Our Hope for years to come,  
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal Home;
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne,  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

## THE NEW YEAR.

- 5 Our God, our Help in ages past,  
Our Hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal Home!

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

## 679

L. M.

- 1 Great God, we sing that mighty hand,  
By which supported still we stand;  
The opening year Thy mercy shows;  
Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still we are guarded by our God;  
My His incessant bounty fed,  
By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;  
The future, all to us unknown,  
We to Thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,  
Be Thou our Joy, and Thou our Rest;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,  
And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,  
In better worlds, our souls shall boast.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755.

## 680

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 At Thy feet, our God and Father,  
Who hast bless'd us all our days,  
We with grateful hearts would gather,  
To begin the year with praise:

## THE NEW YEAR.

Praise for light so brightly shining  
On our steps from heav'n above;  
Praise for mercies daily twining  
Round us golden cords of love.

2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender,  
On the cross for sinners shown,  
We would praise Thee, and surrender  
All our hearts to be Thine own:  
With so blest a Friend provided,  
We upon our way would go,  
Sure of being safely guided,  
Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter  
When Thy gracious face we see;  
Every burden will be lighter  
When we know it comes from Thee.  
Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,  
Give us strength to serve and wait,  
Till the glory breaks before us  
Through the City's open gate.

Rev. James D. Burns, 1861.

681

10. 10. 10. 10.

1 House of our God, with hymns of gladness  
ring,  
While all our lips and hearts His praises  
sing;  
The opening year His mercies shall proclaim,  
And all its days shall celebrate His Name.

2 Ye angel choirs on high, whose dwelling-place  
Shines with the glory of His unveiled face,  
Through your immortal life, as love still  
grows,  
Tell of His goodness, which no ending knows.

THE NEW YEAR.

- 3 O Earth, enlightened by His rays Divine,  
Stored by His hand with corn and oil and  
wine,  
Crowned with His goodness, let thy nations  
raise  
From shore to shore the song of ceaseless  
praise.
- 4 O Church, His chosen dwelling and delight,  
Graven on His hands, and precious in His  
sight,  
Sing the deep marvels of that boundless  
grace  
Which sheds on thee the brightness of His  
face.
- 5 Burst into praise, my soul; and evermore  
Through changing life thy changeless God  
adore:  
He is thy Trust, thy Refuge, and thy Fear;  
Strong in His strength, begin the new-born  
year.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755.

682

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

- 1 While with ceaseless course the sun  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here.  
Fixed in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below;  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the wingèd arrow flies  
Speedily the mark to find;  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts and leaves no trace behind;

## THE NEW YEAR.

Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream:  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,  
All below is but a dream.

3 Spared to see another year,  
Let Thy blessing meet us here;  
Come, Thy dying work revive:  
Bid Thy drooping garden thrive:  
Sun of Righteousness, arise!  
Warm our hearts and bless our eyes;  
Let our prayer Thy pity move,  
Make this year a time of love.

4 Thanks for mercies past receive,  
Pardon of our sins renew;  
Teach us henceforth how to live,  
With eternity in view:  
Bless Thy word to old and young,  
Fill us with a Saviour's love;  
When our life's short race is run,  
May we dwell with Thee above.

Rev. John Newton, 1774.

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### Daily Devotion.—Morning.

683

L. M.

- 1 O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace,  
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's face,  
Thou Fountain of eternal light,  
Whose beams disperse the shades of night.
- 2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,  
Send down Thy radiance from above;  
And to our inmost hearts convey  
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
- 3 May He our actions deign to bless,  
And loose the bonds of wickedness;  
From sudden falls our feet defend,  
And guide us safely to the end.



DAILY DEVOTION.

- 4 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,  
Subdue our flesh, our minds control:  
May guile depart, and discord cease,  
And all within be joy and peace.
- 5 O hallowed thus be every day!  
Let meekness be our morning ray,  
And faithful love our noonday light,  
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
- 6 O Christ, with each returning morn,  
Thine image to our hearts is borne:  
O may we ever clearly see  
Our Saviour and our God in Thee!

Ambrose of Milan, 340-397.  
Tr. Rev. John Chandler, 1837.

**684**

7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 3.

- 1 Day-spring of Eternity,  
Brightness of the Father's glory,  
Dawn on us, that we may see  
Clouds and darkness flee before Thee;  
Drive afar, with conquering might,  
All our night.
- 2 Let Thy grace, like morning dew,  
Fall on hearts in Thee confiding;  
Thy sweet comfort, ever new,  
Fill our souls with strength abiding;  
And Thy quickening eyes behold  
Thy dear fold.
- 3 Give the flame of love, to burn  
Till the bands of sin it breaketh,  
Till, at each new day's return  
Purer light my soul awaketh;  
O, ere twilight come, let me  
Rise to Thee.

MORNING.

4 Thou who hast gone up on high,  
Grant that when Thy trumpet soundeth,  
When with glory, in the sky,  
Thee the cloud of saints surroundeth,  
We may stand among Thine own,  
Round Thy throne.

5 Lead us to the golden shore,  
O Thou rising Sun of Morning,  
Lead where tears shall flow no more,  
Where all sighs to songs are turning,  
Where Thy glory sheds alway  
Perfect day.

Christian Knorr von Rosenroth. 1684.  
Tr. Rev. John Henry Hopkins, 1866.

**685** L. M.

- 1 New ev'ry morning is the love  
Our wakening and up-rising prove;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If, on our daily course, our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,  
Will furnish all we ought to ask;  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,  
Fit us for perfect rest above,  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.

Rev. John Keble, 1822.

DAILY DEVOTION.

**686** *And so so soon do* 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Ev'ry morning mercies new  
Fall as fresh as morning dew;  
Ev'ry morning let us pay  
Tribute with the early day;  
For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure;  
Thy compassion doth endure.
- 2 Still the greatness of Thy love  
Daily doth our sins remove;  
Daily, far as east from west,  
Lifts the burden from the breast;  
Gives unbought, to those who pray,  
Strength to stand in evil day.
- 3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,  
That these gifts may never fail;  
And, as we confess the sin  
And the tempter's power within,  
Feed us with the Bread of Life,  
Fit us for our daily strife.
- 4 As the morning light returns,  
As the sun with splendor burns,  
Teach us still to turn to Thee,  
Ever blessèd Trinity,  
With our hands our hearts to raise,  
In unfailing prayer and praise.

Rev. Greville Phillimore, 1863.

**687** *And so so soon do* 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 O blessèd Sun, whose splendor  
Dispels the shades of night;  
O Jesus, my Defender,  
My soul's supreme delight,—  
All day I hear resounding  
A voice with silver tone,  
Which speaks of grace abounding  
Through God's eternal Son.

MORNING.

- 2 A deep and heavenly feeling  
Oft seizes on my breast,  
Ah; here is balm for healing,  
Here only is true rest!  
Though fortune should bereave me  
Of all I love the best,  
If Christ His love still leave me,  
I freely give the rest.
- 3 To win this precious treasure  
And matchless pearl, I would  
Give honor, wealth, and pleasure,  
And every earthly good;  
I gladly would surrender  
The dearest thing which might  
Obscure my Sun's bright splendor,  
And rob me of His light.
- 4 I know no life divided,  
O Lord of life! from Thee;  
In Thee is life provided  
For all mankind and me.  
I know no death, O Jesus  
Because I live in Thee:  
Thy death it is which frees us  
Thy death eternally.
- 5 I fear no tribulation,  
Since, whatsoe'er it be,  
It makes no separation  
Between my Lord and me.  
If Thou, my God and teacher,  
Vouchsafe to be my own,  
Though poor, I shall be richer  
Than monarch on his throne.
- 6 If, while on earth I wander,  
My heart is light and blest,  
Ah! what shall I be yonder  
In perfect peace and rest?

DAILY DEVOTION.

O blessed thought in dying!  
We go to meet the Lord,  
Where there shall be no sighing,  
A kingdom our reward.

7 Lord, with this truth impress me,  
And write it on my heart,  
To comfort, cheer and bless me,  
That Thou my Saviour art;  
Without Thy love to guide me,  
I should be wholly lost;  
The floods would quickly hide me,  
On life's wide ocean tossed.

Carl Philip Spitta, 1835, tr.

**688** 11. 10. 11. 10.

1 Now, when the dusky shades of night, re-  
treating  
Before the sun's red banner, swiftly flee;  
Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleet-  
ing,  
O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to Thee:

2 To Thee, whose word, the fount of light un-  
sealing,  
When hill and dale in thickest darkness  
lay,  
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth steal-  
ing,  
And bade the even and morn complete the  
day.

3 Look from the tower of heaven, and send to  
cheer us  
Thy light and truth, to guide us onward  
still;  
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,  
And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.

MORNING.

- 4 In vain to labor, unless Thou be with him,  
Man goeth forth through all the weary  
day;  
In vain his strife, in vain his toil unceasing,  
Unless Thy staff bring comfort on his way.
- 5 Thou, who hast made the north and south,  
watch, o'er us;  
Thou, in whose Name the lonely ones re-  
joice,  
Still let Thy cloudy pillar glide before us,  
Still let us listen for Thy warning voice.
- 6 So, when that morn of endless light is wak-  
ing,  
And shades of evil from its spendors flee,  
Safe may we rise, the earth's dark breast for-  
saking,  
Through all the long bright day to dwell  
with Thee.
- Anon, Hedge and Huntington's Hymns etc. 1853.

689

L. M.

- 1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time misspent redeem;  
Each present day thy last esteem;  
Improve thy talent with due care;  
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 By influence of the light Divine  
Let thy own light to others shine;  
Reflect all heavens propitious rays  
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

DAILY DEVOTION.

- 4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long, unwearied, sing  
High praises to th' eternal King.
- 5 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept:  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless light partake.
- 6 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 7 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1693.

**690** L. M.

- 1 Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,  
My daily labor to pursue,  
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,  
In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned  
O let me cheerfully fulfill;  
In all my works Thy presence find,  
And prove Thy good and perfect will.
- 3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,  
And hide my simple heart above;  
Above the thorns of choking care,  
The gilded baits of wordly love.
- 4 Thee may I set at my right hand,  
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,  
And labor on at Thy command,  
And offer all my works to Thee.



MORNING.

- 5 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray;  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to Thy glorious day:
- 6 For Thee delightfully employ  
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.
- Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749.

691

L. M.

(Or to Otterbourne.)

- 1 Lord of all being! throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star;  
Centre and soul of ev'ry sphere;  
Yet to each loving heart how near!
- 2 Sun of our life Thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
Star of our hope, Thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;  
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;  
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;  
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,  
Before Thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no lustre of our own.
- 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,  
Till all Thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1848.

DAILY DEVOTION.

**692** L. M.

- 1 God of the morning, at whose voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east  
The circuit of his race begins;  
And, without weariness or rest,  
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 O, like the sun, may I fulfill  
The appointed duties of the day;  
With ready mind and active will  
March on and keep my heavenly way!
- 4 But I shall rove, and lose the race,  
If God, my Sun, should disappear,  
And leave me in this world's wide maze,  
To follow every wandering star.
- 5 Give me Thy counsel for my guide,  
And then receive me to Thy bliss:  
All my desires and hopes beside  
Are faint and cold compared with this.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

**693** 8. 4. 7. 8. 4. 7.

- 1 Come, my soul, thou must be waking;  
Now is breaking  
O'er the earth another day:  
Come to Him who made this splendor;  
See thou render  
All thy feeble pow'rs can pay.
- 2 Pray that He may prosper ever  
Each endeavor,  
When thine aim is good and true;  
But that He may ever thwart thee,  
And convert thee,  
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

MORNING.

- 3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;  
He unfoldeth  
Every fault that lurks within;  
Every stain of shame glossed over  
Can discover,  
And discern each deed of sin.
- 4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,  
Free from sorrow,  
Pass away in slumber sweet;  
And, released from death's dark sadness,  
Rise in gladness,  
That far brighter Sun to greet.
- 5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,  
Light refuse not,  
But His Spirits voice obey;  
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding  
Light enfolding  
All things in unclouded day.

F. R. L. von Canitz. publ. 1700.

Tr. Rev. Henry J. Buckoll, 1841, alt.

**694** *with solemn music* 7. 7. 7. 7.  
(Or to Posen.)

- 1 As the sun doth daily rise,  
Bright'ning all the morning skies;  
So to Thee with one accord  
Lift we up our hearts, O Lord.
- 2 Day by day provide us food,  
For from Thee come all things good:  
Strength unto our souls afford  
From Thy living Bread, O Lord!
- 3 Be our Guard in sin and strife;  
Be the Leader of our life;  
Lest like sheep we stray abroad,  
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord!

DAILY DEVOTION.

- 4 Quickened by the Spirit's grace  
All Thy holy will to trace,  
While we daily search Thy word,  
Wisdom true impart, O Lord!
- 5 When the sun withdraws his light,  
When we seek our beds at night,  
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,  
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord!

King Alfred of England, 849-901.  
Tr. Earl Horatio Nelson, 1864.

**695**

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 God, who madest earth and heaven,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who the day and night hast given  
Sun and moon and starry host,  
Thou whose mighty hand sustains  
Earth and all that she contains.
- 2 Praise to Thee my soul shall render,  
Who this night hast guarded me;  
My omnipotent Defender,  
Who from ill doth set me free;  
Free from danger, anguish, woe,  
Free from the infernal foe.
- 3 Let the night of my transgression  
With night's darkness pass away:  
Jesus, into Thy possession  
I resign myself to-day.  
In Thy wounds I find relief  
From my greatest sin and grief.
- 4 Grant that I may rise this morning,  
From the lethargy of sin;  
So my soul, through Thy adorning,  
Shall be glorious within;  
And I, at the judgment day,  
Shall not be a cast-away.

MORNING.

5 Let my life and conversation  
Be directed by Thy word;  
Lord, Thy constant preservation  
To Thy erring child afford.  
Nowhere but alone in Thee,  
From all harm can I be free.

6 Wholly to Thy blest protection  
I commit my heart and mind  
Mighty God! to Thy direction  
Wholly may I be resigned.  
Lord, my Shield, my Light Divine,  
O accept, and own me Thine!

7 Lord, to me Thine angel sending,  
Keep me from the subtle foe;  
From his craft and might defending,  
Never let Thy wanderer go,  
Till my final rest be come,  
And Thine angel bear me home.

Henry Albert, 1644.

Tr. John Christian Jacobi, 1722.

And Arthur Tozer Russell, 1848.

696

11. 11. 11. 5.

1 Behold, the shade of night is now receding,  
Kindling with splendors fair the dew is glow-  
ing,  
With fervent hearts, O let us all implore  
Him—  
Ruler Almighty.

2 That He, our God, will look on us in pity,  
Send strength for weakness, grant us His  
salvation,  
And with a Father's pure affection give us  
Glory eternal.

DAILY DEVOTION.

- 3 This grace, O grant us, Godhead Everblessèd,  
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in union,  
Whose praises be through earth's most distant regions  
Ever resounding!

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858, tr.

Evening.

**697** 11. 11. 11. 5.

- 1 'Mid evening shadows let us all be watching,  
Ever in spalsms our deep devotion waking,  
And with one voice hymns to the Lord, the  
Sweetly be singing. [Saviour,
- 2 That to the holy King our songs ascending,  
We worthily, with all His saints, may enter,  
The heavenly temple, joyfully partaking  
Life everlasting.
- 3 This grace, O grant us, Godhead Everblessèd,  
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in union,  
Whose praises be through earth's most distant regions  
Ever resounding! [tant regions

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858, tr.

**698** 11. 11. 11. 5.

- 1 Night's shadows falling men to rest are calling;  
Rest we possessing heavenly peace and blessing:  
This we implore Thee, falling down before  
Thee,  
Great King of Glory!
- 2 O Saviour, hear us! Son of God, be near us!  
Thine angels send us; let Thy love attend us:  
He nothing feareth, whom Thy presence  
cheereth,  
Light his path cleareth.

EVENING.

- 3 Be near, relieving all who now are grieving;  
Thy visitation be our consolation:  
O hear the sighing of the faint and dying;  
Lord hear our crying!
- 4 Thou ever livest; endless life Thou givest!  
Thou watch art keeping o'er Thy faithful  
sleeping;  
In Thy clear shining they are now reclining,  
All care resigning.
- 5 O Lord of Glory, praise we and adore Thee—  
Thee for us given, our true Rest from heaven!  
Rest, peace, and blessing, we are now pos-  
sessing,  
Thy Name confessing.

Rev. Arthur T. Russell, 1851.

699

S. M.

- 1 The day, O Lord, is spent;  
Abide with us, and rest;  
Our hearts' desires are fully bent  
On making Thee our guest.
- 2 We have not reached that land,  
That happy land, as yet,  
Where holy angels around Thee stand,  
Whose sun can never set.
- 3 Our sun is sinking now,  
Our day is almost o'er;  
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou  
Shine on us evermore!
- 4 The grace of Christ our Lord,  
The Father's boundless love,  
The Spirit's blest communion, too,  
Be with us from above.

Rev. John M. Neale, 1846.



DAILY DEVOTION.

**700** *And when even the earth is dark,* S. M.

1 The swift declining day,  
How fast its moments fly!  
While evening's broad and gloomy shade  
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,  
And use the hours of light;  
And know, its Maker can command  
At once eternal night.

3 Give glory to the Lord,  
Who rules the whirling sphere;  
Submissive at His footstool bow,  
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new luster break  
Through death's impending gloom,  
And lead you to unchanging light.  
In your celestial home.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1750.

**701** *When the great, merciful God* C. M.

1 Hail, tranquil hour of closing day!  
Begone, disturbing care;  
And look, my soul, from earth away  
To Him who heareth prayer.

2 How sweet the tear of penitence  
Before His throne of grace!  
While to the contrite spirit's sense  
He shows His smiling face.

3 How sweet, through long-remembered years,  
His mercies to recall,  
And pressed with wants and grief and fears,  
To trust His love for all!

EVENING.

- 4 How sweet to look in thoughtful hope  
Beyond this fading sky,  
And hear Him call His children up  
To His fair home on high!
- 5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven  
To dawn beyond the west;  
So let my soul in life's last even  
Retire to glorious rest.

Rev. Leonard Bacon, 1870.

**702**

10. 10. 10. 10.

- 1 The day is done! Night's welcome rest is  
sweet,  
Unbind thy sandals from thy pilgrim feet,  
With healing on their wings the shadows fall,  
Sleep thou in peace, for God is over all.
- 2 Behold the stars, that keep their watch on  
high,  
Along their path of light, they faithful fly;  
What earthly power can love Divine forestall,  
Keep thou in peace, for God is over all.
- 3 And if for thee, earth's daily toils are done,  
Shouldst thou not see again her rising sun,  
Where thy soul's flight no ill can thee befall,  
Sleep thou in peace, for God is over all.

Rev. Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1897.

**703**

7. 7. 7. 5.

- 1 When the day of toil is done,  
When the race of life is run,  
Father, grant Thy wearied one  
Rest for evermore.
- 2 When the strife of sin is stilled,  
When the foe within is killed,  
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,—  
"Peace for evermore."

DAILY DEVOTION.

- 3 When the darkness melts away  
At the breaking of the day,  
Bid us hail the cheering ray,—  
Light for evermore.
- 4 When the heart by sorrow tried  
Feels at length its throbs subside,  
Bring us, where all tears are dried,  
Joy for evermore.
- 5 When for vanished days we yearn,  
Days that never can return,  
Teach us in Thy love to learn  
Love for evermore.
- 6 When the breath of life is flown,  
When the grave must claim its own,  
Lord of life, be ours Thy crown,—  
Life for evermore.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1865.

**704**

7. 7. 7. 5.

- 1 Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep,  
Who Thy Father's flock dost keep,  
Safe we wake and safe we sleep,  
Guarded still by Thee.
- 2 In Thy promise firm we stand,  
None can pluck us from Thy hand,  
Speak—we hear—at Thy command,  
We will follow Thee.
- 3 By Thy blood our souls were bought,  
By Thy life salvation wrought,  
By Thy light our feet are taught,  
Lord, to follow Thee.
- 4 Father, draw us to Thy Son;  
We with joy will follow on,  
Till the work of grace is done,  
And from sin set free—

EVENING.

- 5 We in robes of glory dressed,  
Join the assembly of the blest,  
Gathered to eternal rest,  
In the fold with Thee.

Rev. Henry Cook, 1868.

705

L. M. 61.

- 1 When, streaming from the eastern skies,  
The morning light salutes mine eyes,  
O Sun of righteousness Divine,  
On me with beams of mercy shine,  
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,  
And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 As every day, Thy mercy spares,  
Will bring its trials and its cares,  
O Saviour, till my life shall end,  
Be Thou my Counselor and Friend;  
Teach me Thy precepts all Divine,  
And be Thy great example mine.
- 3 When each day's scenes and labors close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy richly blest,  
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;  
And as each morning's sun shall rise,  
O lead me onward to the skies!
- 4 And at my life's last setting sun,  
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,  
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,  
To cheer and bless my dying bed;  
Then from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

William Shrubsole, 1813.

DAILY DEVOTION.

**706**

S. M.

- 1 The day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear;  
O may we all remember well  
The night of death draws near!
- 2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest;  
So death will soon disrobe us all  
Of what we here possessed.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise,  
And view the unwearied sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
O may we in Thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of Thy love!

Rev. John Leland, 1792.

**707**

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 This night, O Lord, we bless Thee  
For Thy protecting care,  
And, ere we rest, address Thee  
In lowly, fervent prayer:  
From evil and temptation  
Defend us thro' the night,  
And round our habitation  
Be Thou a wall of light.
- 2 On Thee our whole reliance  
From day to day we cast,  
To Thee, with firm affiance,  
Would cleave from first to last;

## EVENING.

To Thee, through Jesus' merit,  
For needful grace we come,  
And trust that Thy good Spirit  
Will guide us safely home.

- 3 What may be on the morrow  
Our foresight cannot see;  
But be it joy or sorrow,  
We know it comes from Thee.  
And nothing can take from us,  
Where'er our steps may move,  
The staff of Thy sure promise,  
The shield of Thy true love.

Rev. James D. Burns, 1856.

**708**

7. 7. 7. 5.

- 1 Thou who didst on Calvary bleed,  
Thou who dost for sinners plead,  
Help me in my time of need;  
Jesus, hear my cry.
- 2 In my darkness and my grief,  
With my heart of unbelief,  
I, who am of sinners chief,  
Lift to Thee mine eye.
- 3 Foes without and fears within,  
With no plea Thy grace to win,  
But that Thou canst save from sin,  
To Thy cross I fly.
- 4 Others, long in fetters bound,  
There deliverance sought and found,  
Hear the voice of mercy sound;  
Surely so may I.
- 5 There on Thee I cast my care;  
There to Thee I raise my prayer;  
Jesus, save me from despair,—  
Save me, or I die.

DAILY DEVOTION.

- 6 When the storms of trial lower,  
When I feel temptation's power,  
In the last and darkest hour,  
Jesus, be Thou nigh.

Rev. James D. Burns, 1856.

709

6. 4. 6. 6.

- 1 The sun is sinking fast,  
The day-light dies;  
Let love awake and bring  
Her evening sacrifice.
- 2 As Christ upon the Cross  
His head inclined,  
And to His Father's hands  
His parting soul resigned,
- 3 So now herself my soul  
Would wholly give  
Into His sacred charge,  
In whom all spirits live;
- 4 So now beneath His eye  
Would calmly rest,  
Without a wish or thought  
Abiding in the breast,
- 5 Save that His will be done,  
Whate'er betide—  
Dead to herself, and dead  
In Him to all beside.
- 6 Thus would I live: yet now  
Not I, but He,  
In all His power and love,  
Henceforth alive in me.
- 7 One sacred Trinity,  
One Lord Divine,  
May I be ever His,  
And He for ever mine.

18th Century.

Tr. Rev. Edward Caswell, 1858.



EVENING.

710

10. 10. 10. 10.

- 1 Abide with me, fast falls the even-tide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy  
wings;  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:  
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!
- 4 I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with  
me.
- 5 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy  
victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 6 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the  
skies:  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee:  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1847.

DAILY DEVOTION.

**711**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing  
Ere repose our spirits seal.  
Sin and want we come confessing;  
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.  
Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from Thee,  
Thou art He who, never weary,  
Watchest where Thy people be.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrow past must fly,  
Angel guards from Thee surround us;  
We are safe if Thou art nigh.  
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
And our couch become our tomb,  
May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.
- 3 Father, to Thy holy keeping  
Humbly we ourselves resign;  
Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,  
Make our slumbers pure as Thine;  
Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,  
Chase the darkness of our night,  
Till the perfect day before us  
Breaks in everlasting light.

James Edmeston, 1820.

V. 3 added by E. H. Bickersteth, 1876.

**712**

L. M.  
(Or to Quebec.)

- 1 All praise to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

EVENING.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
To die, that this vile body may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;  
Sleep that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 O when shall I, in endless day  
For ever chase dark sleep away,  
And hymns with the supernal choir  
Incessant sing, and never tire!

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1693, alt.

713

L. M.

(Or to Rockingham.)

- 1 My God, how endless is Thy love!  
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new,  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to Thy command,  
To Thee I consecrate my days;  
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

DAILY DEVOTION.

714

7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8.

1 The day is past and over;  
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!  
I pray Thee now that sinless  
The hours of dark may be.  
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight  
And save me through the coming night!

2 The joys of day are over;  
I lift my heart to Thee,  
And ask Thee, that offenceless  
The hours of dark may be.  
O Jesus, make their darkness light,  
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over;  
I raise the hymn to Thee,  
And ask that free from peril  
The hours of fear may be.  
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,  
And guard me through the coming night!

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour;  
Or sleep in death shall I,  
And he, my wakeful tempter,  
Triumphantly shall cry  
"He could not make their darkness light,  
Nor guard them through the hours of night."

5 Be Thou my soul's preserver,  
O God, for Thou dost know  
How many are the perils  
Through which I have to go.  
Lover of men, O hear my call,  
And guard and save me from them all!

Anatolius, 800.

Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1853.

EVENING.

715

8. 8. 8. 4.

- 1 The radiant morn hath pass'd away  
And spent too soon her golden store;  
The shadows of departing day  
Creep on once more.
- 2 Our life is but an autumn day,  
Its glorious noon how quickly past!  
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living way,  
Safe home at last,
- 3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace  
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;  
Help us to look to that bright place  
Beyond the sky.
- 4 Where light and life and joy and peace  
In undivided empire reign,  
And thronging angels never cease  
Their deathless strain;
- 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,  
And evening shadows never fall,  
Where Thou, eternal Light of light,  
Art Lord of all.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1864.

716

L. M.

- 1 Thus far the Lord has led me on;  
Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;  
And ev'ry evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of His grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I perhaps am near my home;  
But He forgives my follies past,  
And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;  
Peace is the pillow for my head,  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.

## DAILY DEVOTION.

4 Faith in His Name forbids my fear;  
O may Thy presence ne'er depart;  
And, in the morning, make me hear  
The love and kindness of Thy heart.

5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;  
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Rev. Issac Watts, 1709.

### 717

C. M. D.

1 The shadows of the evening hours  
Fall from the darkening sky;  
Upon the fragrance of the flow'rs  
The dews of evening lie:  
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n,  
We kneel at close of day;  
Look on Thy children from on high,  
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,  
O do not Thou despise,  
But let the incense of our prayers  
Before Thy mercy rise.  
The brightness of the coming night  
Upon the darkness rolls;  
With hopes of future glory chase  
The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;  
So fade within our heart  
The hopes in earthly love and joy  
That one by one depart.  
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,  
Within the heavens shine;  
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,  
And trust in things Divine.



EVENING.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,  
Upon our souls descend;  
From midnight fears and perils, Thou  
Our trembling hearts defend:  
Give us a respite from our toil,  
Calm and subdue our woes:  
Through the long day we labor, Lord,  
O give us now repose.

Adelaide Anne Proctor, 1862, alt.

**718**

7. 6. 7. 6.

- 1 The hours of day are over,  
The evening calls us home  
Once more to Thee, O Father,  
With thankful hearts we come.
- 2 For all Thy countless blessings  
We praise Thy holy Name,  
And own Thy love unchanging,  
Through days and years the same.
- 3 For this O Lord, we bless Thee,  
For this, we thank Thee most,  
The cleansing of the sinful,  
The saving of the lost;
- 4 The Teacher ever present,  
The Friend for ever nigh,  
The home prepared by Jesus  
For us above the sky.
- 5 Lord, gather all Thy children  
To meet Thee there at last,  
When earthly tasks are ended,  
And earthly days are past;
- 6 With all our dear ones round us  
In that eternal home,  
Where death no more shall part us,  
And night shall never come!

Rev. John Ellerton, 1871.



DAILY DEVOTION.

**719** 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 Softly now the light of day  
Fades upon my sight away;  
Free from care, from labor free  
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Nought escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon for me the light of day  
Shall for ever pass away;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known  
All of man's infirmity;  
Then, from Thine eternal throne,  
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Bishop George W. Doane, 1824.

**720** 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

1 Trim the lamp, the light is fading,  
Slowly steals the night away  
From the blast its flicker shading,  
Round it watch, and near it pray:  
O my blessèd Saviour, yearning,  
As my spirit doth for Thee,  
May my lamp be bright and burning  
When Thou comest unto me.

2 Feed with oil the languid taper,  
Faintly by the night-wind fanned;  
Hide it from the rising vapour  
In the hollow of Thy hand.  
O, my blessed Saviour, yearning  
As my spirit doth for Thee,  
May my lamp be trimmed and burning  
When Thou comest unto me.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1862.

EVENING.

**721**

9. 8. 9. 8.

- 1 Before the day draws near its ending  
And evening steals o'er earth and sky,  
Once more to Thee our hymns ascending  
Shall speak Thy praises, Lord most High.
- 2 Thy Name is blessed by countless numbers  
In vaster worlds, unseen, unknown,  
Whose duteous service never slumbers,  
In perfect love, and faultless tone.
- 3 Yet Thou wilt not despise the weakest  
Who here in spirit bend their knee:  
Thy Christ hath said: "Thou Father seekest  
For such as these to worship Thee."
- 4 And through the swell of chanting voices  
The blended notes of age and youth,  
Thine ear discerns, Thy love rejoices,  
When hearts rise up to Thee in truth.
- 5 O Light all clear! O Truth all holy!  
O boundless Mercy pardoning all!  
Before Thy feet, abashed and lowly,  
With one last prayer Thy children fall:—
- 6 When we no more on earth adore Thee,  
And others worship here in turn,  
O may we sing that song before Thee  
Which none but Thy redeemed can learn!  
Anon.

**722**

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

- 1 In the hush of even,  
Lord on Thee we call;  
Let Thy benediction  
On our spirits fall;

DAILY DEVOTION.

Here we humbly bless Thee  
For Thy day of rest;  
For both mind and body,  
By Thy grace refreshed.

2 Here the voice of Jesus  
Whispers, "Peace, be still;"  
Here the Holy Spirit  
Broods, our souls to fill;  
Here the sad, the careworn,  
Here the sin-distressed,  
Find a place of refuge  
On Thy loving breast.

3 Speak Thy word of mercy,  
As we close this day,  
Bid us go in gladness  
On the heav'nward way;  
Keep us through the silence  
Of the starry night,  
Fit us for the labors  
Of the morning light.

4 Then when time is over  
All our conflicts past,  
We shall safe in Jesus,  
Dwell with Thee at last.  
Honor, praise, and glory  
To the Three in One,  
From the whole creation,  
While the ages run.

Robert Ross, 1890.

**723**

L. M.

1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near;  
O may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

EVENING.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee, I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Rev. John Keble, 1820.

724

11. 11. 11. 5.

(Or to Integer Vitae.)

- 1 Now God be with us, for the night is closing;  
The light and darkness are of His disposing;  
And 'neath His shadow here to rest we yield  
For He will shield us. [us,
- 2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;  
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er  
us;  
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,  
Thine angels send us.

DAILY DEVOTION.

- 3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'er-  
takes us;  
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morn-  
ing wakes us;  
All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing  
Thy praise pursuing.
- 4 As Thy belovèd, soothe the sick and weeping,  
And bid the prisoner lose his griefs in sleep-  
ing;  
Widows and orphans, we to Thee commend  
them,  
Do Thou befriend them.
- 5 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,  
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast  
made us;  
But Thy dear presence will not leave them  
lonely,  
Who seek Thee only.
- 6 Father, Thy Name be praised, Thy kingdom  
given,  
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;  
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver  
Us now and ever.

Rev. Petrus Herbert, 1566.

Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1863.

**725**

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Through the day love has spared us,  
Now we lay us down to rest;  
Through the silent watches guard us,  
Let no foe our peace molest:  
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be,  
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

EVENING.

- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers  
Dwelling in the midst of foes;  
Us and ours preserve from dangers;  
In Thine arms may we repose;  
And, when life's short day is past,  
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1806.

**726** L. M.

- 1 Great God, to Thee my evening song  
With humble gratitude I raise;  
O let Thy mercy tune my tongue,  
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,  
And every onward rolling hour,  
Are monuments of wondrous grace,  
And witness to Thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,  
Too oft regardless of Thy love,  
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,  
And from the path of duty rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood  
Of Christ my Lord; His Name alone  
I plead for pardon, gracious God,  
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.
- 5 With hope in Him mine eyelids close;  
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;  
Safe in Thy care may I repose,  
And wake with praises to Thy Name.

Anne Steele, 1760.

**727** 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

- 1 The day is gently sinking to a close,  
Fainter and yet more faint the sun-light  
glows:



DAILY DEVOTION.

O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou  
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now:  
Where Thou art present darkness cannot be;  
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;  
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:  
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,  
Be Thou our Light in death's dark eventide;  
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,  
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- 3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear  
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,  
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms  
assail,  
And earthly hopes and human succors fail;  
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,  
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."
- 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,  
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away:  
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,  
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,  
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide  
In that blest day which has no eventide.

. Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1863.

**728**

6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 6.

- 1 I will not let Thee go,  
Thou Guest Divine,  
Until Thy Name I know,  
By word or sign.  
Art Thou the Man who died,  
Between thieves crucified?  
Until Thy Name I know,  
I will not let Thee go.



EVENING.

2 What though the day should break,  
The shadows flee,  
Thy leave Thou shalt not take,  
I'll cleave to Thee:  
Thy touch my powers may numb,  
Till, halting, I succumb,  
But till Thy Name I know,  
I will not let Thee go.

3 What marks are these I see,  
Upon Thy brow!  
O Man of Calvary,  
I read Thee now:  
I read Thy lineage well:  
Make Jacob, Israë!l!  
My suit till Thou bestow,  
I will not let Thee go.

4 The cross Thou did'st endure,  
The cup, the shame;  
Ah, yes, I'm doubly sure,  
Thou art the same:  
The Rock, once riven for me,  
The Rod, that smote death's sea,  
Thy blessing floods me so,  
O Lord! I let Thee go!

Rev. Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1895.

729

8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 8. 4.

1 God, that madest earth and Heaven,  
Darkness and light;  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night:  
May Thine angel-guards defend us,  
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This live-long night.

DAILY DEVOTION.

- 2 And when morn again shall call us  
To run life's way,  
May we still, whate'er befall us,  
Thy will obey:  
From the power of evil hide us,  
In the narrow pathway guide us,  
Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us,  
The live-long day.
- 3 Guide us waking, guard us sleeping,  
And when we die,  
May we in Thy mighty keeping  
All peaceful lie:  
When the last dread call shall wake us,  
Do not Thou our God forsake us,  
But to reign in glory take us  
With Thee on high.
- 4 Holy Father, throned in heaven,  
All Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, freely given,  
Blest Three in One!  
Grant Thy grace, we now implore Thee  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
And in worthier strains adore Thee,  
While ages run.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.  
Ab. Richard Whateley, 1850.

**730** C. M.

- 1 He giveth His beloved sleep  
To soothe the weary brain;  
He binds each sense in slumber deep,  
And charms away our pain.
- 2 How many wake to watch and weep!  
Sad eyes they cannot close;  
Billows of sorrow o'er them sweep,  
In vain they woo repose.

EVENING.

- 3 But we lie down in perfect peace,  
All well 'twixt us and God;  
Guarded by love that cannot cease,  
Love high and deep and broad.
- 4 So through the shadows of the night  
Within His arms we rest;  
And when returns the morning light  
We wake upon His breast.
- 5 Lord, in the last long deathly sleep,  
When friends shall close our eyes  
Do Thou Thy children safely keep.  
Until the Day-spring rise.
- 6 And when th' eternal morn shall break,  
And dreary shadows flee,  
May we from that calm slumber wake,  
To find ourselves with Thee.

Rev. Charles D. Bell, 1882.

731

8. 8. 8. 8.

- 1 Lord of life the Guard and Giver  
Blessèd be Thy Name forever.  
Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,  
Safe are those Thou kindly keepest.
- 2 Through night's curtains round us closing,  
Seen of Thee is our reposing.  
Trustful then, though all unworthy,  
Weary we lie down before Thee.
- 3 Let Thine angels without number,  
Watch around our beds of slumber;  
Guard from spirits of perdition,  
Guilty thought and evil vision.
- 4 Grant to those in pain that languish  
Sleep to lull the sense of anguish;  
Give to those in sorrow waking  
Sleep to soothe the heart's sore aching.

## HOME AND PERSONAL USE.

5 Thou that ever wakeful livest,  
Sleep to Thy belovèd givest;  
Nightly from our cares release us,  
Till we fall asleep in Jesus.

James Hogg, 1815.

### Home and Personal Use.

**732**

11. 10. 11. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

- 1 O blessèd house, that cheerfully receiveth  
Thy visits, Jesus Christ, the soul's true  
Friend,  
That far beyond all other guests believeth,  
It must to Thee its warmest cheer extend:  
Where ev'ry heart to Thee doth fondly turn,  
Where ev'ry eye for Thee with pleasure  
speaks,  
Where all to know Thy will most truly yearn,  
And ev'ry one, to do it promptly seeks!
- 2 O blessèd house, where man and wife united  
In Thy true love, hath both one heart and  
mind,  
Where both to Thy salvation are invited,  
And in Thy doctrine both contentment  
find,  
Where both, to Thee, in truth, for ever  
cleave,  
In joy, in grief, make Thee their only stay,  
And faithfully in Thee hope and believe  
Both in the good and in the evil day.
- 3 O blessèd house, where little children, tender,  
Are laid upon Thy heart, with hands of  
prayer,  
Thou Friend of children, who wilt freely  
render  
To them more than a mother's loving care,

HOME AND PERSONAL USE.

Where round Thy feet they gather, to Thee  
cling,

And hear Thy loving voice most willingly,  
And in their songs, Thy hearty praises ring,  
Rejoicing thus, O blessèd Lord, in Thee.

4 O blessèd house, where faithful servants,  
knowing

That all their works are done within Thy  
sight,

In all their works with holy zeal are glowing  
To do alone what Thou esteemest right;

As Thy true servants, who are Thy delight,  
In meekness willing, by that love con-  
strained

Which shows, in all its works, the least, the  
bright

How in small things great faith may be  
maintained.

5 O blessèd house, the joys of which Thou  
sharest,

And never art forgot in scenes of joy;

O blessèd house, for whose sad wounds Thou  
carest,

Where all the sick Thy healing power em-  
ploy;

Until, at last, when day's work fully ends,

All, finally, in joyful rapture, fly

To that blest House, where angels Thee at-  
tend,

Unto the blessèd Father's House on high!

Carl Philip Spitta, 1833.

Tr. Chas. W. Schaeffer, 1890, alt.

HOME AND PERSONAL USE.

**733** *Trinity Hymn* L. M.

- 1 Lord, who hast made the marriage-state,  
When Thou didst man at first create;  
Thou, who Thy body's Saviour art,  
To all of us Thy grace impart.
- 2 The husbands sanctify and bless,  
Thy mind upon their hearts impress,  
Teach them Thy Spirit to obey  
In all they do, we humbly pray.
- 3 Unto the wives that grace dispense,  
To cleave to Thee with confidence;  
Grant they may love Thee fervently,  
And walk in true humility.
- 4 Wisdom and faithfulness afford,  
To train our children, gracious Lord,  
That in Thy knowledge they may grow,  
Themselves and Thee, their Saviour, know.
- 5 Lord Jesus, may each married pair  
In all their walk Thy praise declare;  
O may their rule in all things be,  
The union of Thy Church with Thee.

Anon.

**734** *Trinity Hymn* 11. 10. 11. 10.

- 1 Father, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling,  
Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling  
love;  
For we are weak, and need some deep re-  
vealing  
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from  
above.

HOME AND PERSONAL USE.

2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt  
and sorrow,  
And Thou hast made each step an onward  
one;  
And we will ever trust each unknown mor-  
row;

Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 Now, Father, now in Thy dear presence  
kneeling,

Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love;  
Now make us strong; we need Thy deep re-  
vealing

Of trust, and strength, and calmness from  
above.

Rev. Samuel Johnson, 1807.

**735**

11. 10. 11. 10.

1 O Strength and Stay upholding all creation,  
Who ever dost Thyself unmoved abide,  
Yet day by day the light in due gradation  
From hour to hour through all its changes  
guide:—

2 Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,  
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,  
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending  
With dawning glories of the eternal day.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1865.

**736**

L. M.

1 With tearful eyes I look around;  
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;  
Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound,  
A heav'nly whisper, "Come to Me!"

2 It tells me of a place of rest;  
It tells me where my soul may flee:  
O, to the weary, faint, opprest,  
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me."



HOME AND PERSONAL USE.

- 3 When nature shudders, loath to part  
From all I love, enjoy, and see;  
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,  
A sweet voice utters, "Come to Me."
- 4 Come, for all else must fail and die;  
Earth is no resting-place for thee;  
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,  
I am thy portion, "Come to Me."
- 5 O, voice of mercy! voice of love!  
In conflict, grief, and agony,  
Support me, cheer me from above!  
And gently whisper, "Come to Me."

Charlotte Elliott, 1841.

**737**

10. 10. 8. 8.

- 1 Sweet evening-star, whose dewy blessings  
fall  
Grateful and fresh upon the hearts of all;  
Sweet evening-star, due watch I'll keep,  
With thee to smile, with thee to weep.  
With thee, with thee, with thee.
- 2 Dear light of home, dearer than evening-star  
In thine own orbit lovelier by far;  
Dear light of home, what joys more sweet  
Than from fond hearts around us meet  
In thee, in thee, in thee.
- 3 Giver of all, both evening-star and home  
And mercies countless through Thy blessings  
come;  
Giver of all, make them to raise,  
Each heart into a life of praise  
To Thee, to Thee, to Thee.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1862.

HOME AND PERSONAL USE.

**738** 10. 10. 10. 10.

- 1 Come in, O come! the door stands open now;  
I know Thy voice; Lord Jesus, it was Thou,  
The sun has set long since, the storms begin;  
'Tis time for Thee, my Saviour, O come in.
- 2 Come even now! But think not here to find  
A lodging, Lord, and converse to Thy mind;  
The lamp burns low; the heart is chill and  
pale,  
Wet through the broken casement pours the  
gale.
- 3 Alas! ill-ordered shows the dreary room;  
The household staff lies heaped amidst the  
gloom  
The table empty stands, the couch undrest:  
Ah! what a welcome for th' eternal Guest!
- 4 Yet welcome, welcome now; this doleful  
scene  
Is e'en itself my cause to hail Thee in;  
This dark confusion e'en at once demands  
Thine own bright presence, Lord, and order-  
ing hands.
- 5 I seek no more to alter things, to mend,  
Before the coming of so great a Friend;  
All were at best unseemly; and 'twere ill  
Beyond all else to keep Thee waiting still.
- 6 Then as Thou art, all holiness and bliss,  
Come in and see my chamber as it is;  
I bid Thee welcome boldly, in the name  
Of Thy great glory, and my want and shame.

HOME AND PERSONAL USE.

7 Come, not to find, but make, this troubled  
heart

A dwelling worthy of Thee as Thou art;  
To chase the gloom, the terror, and the sin,  
Come, all Thyself, yea come, Lord Jesus, in!

Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, 1874

**739**

8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 Tarry with me, O my Saviour,  
For the day is passing by;  
See, the shades of evening gather,  
And the night is drawing nigh.
- 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,  
Paler now the glowing west,  
Swift the night of death advances;  
Shall it be the night of rest?
- 3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;  
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;  
Give me faith for clearer vision,  
Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.
- 4 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,  
Calming all these wild alarms;  
Let me, underneath my weakness,  
Feel the everlasting arms.
- 5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,  
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;  
Tarry with me through the darkness;  
While I sleep, still watch by me.
- 6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour,  
Lay my head upon Thy breast  
Till the morning; then awake me—  
Morning of eternal rest.

Caroline L. Smith, 1853.

FOR THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

**740** 8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 Vainly, through night's weary hours,  
Keep we watch, lest foes alarm;  
Vain our bulwarks and our towers,  
But for God's protecting arm.
- 2 Vain were all our toil and labor,  
Did not God that labor bless;  
Vain, without His grace and favor,  
Every talent we possess.
- 3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,  
That on human strength relies;  
But to him shall help be given,  
Who in humble faith applies.
- 4 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;  
He will grant us peace and rest;  
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,  
Who thro' Christ his prayer addressed.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

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For the Sick and Afflicted.

**741** 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Thou to whom the sick and dying  
Ever came, nor came in vain,  
Still with healing words replying  
To the wearied cry of pain;  
Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,  
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.
- 2 Ev'ry care, and ev'ry sorrow,  
Be it great, or be it small,  
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,  
When, where'er, it may befall,  
Lay we humbly at Thy feet,  
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

FOR THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

- 3 Still the weary, sick, and dying  
    Need a brother's, sister's care;  
On Thy higher help relying  
    May we now their burden share,  
    Bringing all our offerings meet,  
    Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.
- 4 May each child of Thine be willing,  
    Willing both in hand and heart,  
All the law of love fulfilling,  
    Comfort ever to impart;  
    Ever bringing offerings meet,  
    Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.
- 5 Then shall sickness, sin, and sadness,  
    To Thy healing power yield,  
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,  
    Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,  
    One in Thee together meet,  
    Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1866.

**742**

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 Lord Jesus, by Thy Passion,  
    To Thee I make my prayer;  
Thou, who in mercy smitest,  
    Have mercy, Lord, and spare,  
O wash me in the fountain  
    That floweth from Thy side!  
O clothe me in the raiment  
    Thy blood hath purified!
- 2 O hearken to my knocking,  
    And open wide the door,  
That I may enter freely  
    And never leave Thee more!

FOR THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

- O bring me, loving Jesus,  
To that most blessed place,  
Where angels and archangels  
Look ever on Thy face;
- 3 Where gladsome hallelujahs  
Unceasingly resound;  
Where martyrs, now triumphant,  
Walk, robed in white, and crowned!  
O make my Spirit worthy  
To join that ransomed throng!  
O teach my lips to utter  
That everlasting song!
- 4 O give that last, best blessing,  
That even saints can know,  
To follow in Thy footsteps  
Wherever Thou dost go!  
Not wisdom, might, or glory,  
I ask to win above;  
I ask for Thee, Thee only,  
O Thou eternal Love!

Rev. R. F. Littledale, 1864.

**743**

8. 5. 8. 3.

- 1 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,  
Shed on Calvary,  
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,  
Shed for me!
- 2 Though my sins are red like crimson,  
Deep in scarlet glow,  
Jesus' precious blood shall wash me  
White as snow.
- 3 Precious blood that hath redeemed us!  
All the price is paid!  
Perfect pardon now is offered,  
Peace is made.

FOR THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

4 Precious blood! by this we conquer  
In the fiercest fight,  
Sin and Satan overcoming  
By its might.

Frances R. Havergal, 1860.

**744**

11. 10. 11. 10. 10. 10.

1 Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and  
sorrow

Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for  
rest;

Cares of to-day, and burdens of to-morrow,  
Blessings implored, and sins to be con-  
fest;

We come before Thee at Thy gracious word,  
And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest,  
Lord.

2 Thou knowest all the past; how long and  
blindly

On the dark mountains the lost wand'rer  
strayed;

How the Good Shepherd followed, and how  
kindly

He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid;  
And healed the bleeding wounds, and sooth-  
ed the pain,

And brought back life, and hope, and  
strength again.

3 Thou knowest all the present; each tempta-  
tion,

Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;  
All to each one assigned, of tribulation,

Or to belovèd ones, than self more dear;  
All pensive mem'ries, as we journey on,  
Longings for vanished smiles and voices  
gone.



FOR THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

4 Thou knewest all the future; gleams of glad-  
ness

By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;  
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sad-  
ness,

And the dark river to be crossed at last.  
Oh, what could hope and confidence afford  
To tread that path, but this? Thou knowest,  
Lord.

5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-know-  
ing;

As Man, our mortal weakness, Thou hast  
proved;

On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,  
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast  
loved;

And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,  
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,  
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;  
On everlasting strength our weakness stay-  
ing,

Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness com-  
plete:

Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy  
throne,

And follow on to know as we are known.

Jane Borthwick, 1859.

**745** 6. 6. 6. 6.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be!

Lead me by Thine own hand;  
Choose out the path for me.

FOR THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

- 2 Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best;  
Winding or straight, it leads  
Right onward to Thy rest.
- 3 I dare not choose my lot;  
I would not, if I might;  
Choose Thou for me, my God,  
So shall I walk aright.
- 4 The kingdom that I seek  
Is Thine; so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine,  
Else I must surely stray.
- 5 Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.
- 6 Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health;  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.
- 7 Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small;  
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,  
My Wisdom, and my All.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857.

**746**

10. 10. 10. 10. With Refrain.

- 1 Leave it with God, yes, make full surrender,  
He is thy Father, watchful and tender,  
Help He will bring, to-day or to-morrow;  
Leave it with God, to Him tell thy sorrow;

REFRAIN:

Leave it with God.  
Leave it with God,  
Leave it with God, to tell Him thy sorrow.

FOR THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

- 2 Leave it with God, who feedeth the sparrow,  
Chooseth for thee, the path that is narrow;  
Heareth the prayer, muttered, unspoken;  
Healeth with balm the heart that is broken,  
Leave it with God, etc.
- 3 Leave it with God, for He is still near thee  
Tell Him thy grief, He's waiting to hear thee,  
Taker of gifts, as well as the Giver;  
Leave it with God, sure He will deliver.  
Leave it with God, etc.
- 4 Leave it with God: thy losses, thou'lt gain  
them;  
Things that perplex thee, He will explain  
them,  
He is a Father, watchful and tender;  
He is a Father; make full surrender.  
Leave it with God, etc.

Rev. Jeremiah E. Rankin. 1894.

747

C. M.

- 1 When languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look by faith abroad,  
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend  
The whispers of His love;  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above;
- 3 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end;  
Sweet on His covenant of grace,  
For all things to depend;

TRAVELLERS BY LAND OR SEA.

- 4 Sweet in the confidence of faith,  
To trust His firm decrees;  
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,  
And know no will but His.
- 5 If such the sweetness of the streams,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from Thee?

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

Travellers by Land or Sea.

748

C. M.

- 1 O Lord, be with us when we sail  
Upon the lonely deep  
Our Guard, when on the silent deck  
The mighty watch we keep.
- 2 We need not fear, though all around,  
'Mid rising winds, we hear  
The multitude of waters surge;  
For Thou, O God, art near.
- 3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,  
The ocean and the land,  
All, all are Thine, and held within  
The hollow of Thy hand.
- 4 As when on blue Gennesareth  
Rose high the angry wave,  
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,  
One word of Thine could save;
- 5 So when the fiercer storms arise  
From man's unbridled will,  
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts  
To whisper, "Peace, be still."

TRAVELLERS BY LAND OR SEA.

- \* 6 If duty calls, from threatened strife,  
To guard our native shore,  
And shot and shell are answering  
The booming cannon's roar;
- \* 7 Be Thou the Mainguard of our host  
Till war and dangers cease,  
Defend the right, put up the sword,  
And through the world make peace.
- 8 Across this troubled tide of life  
Thyself our Pilot be,  
Until we reach that better land,  
The land that knows no sea.

E. A. Dayman, 1865.

\* To be used in time of war.

**749**

8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 8.

- 1 The Lord be with me every-where,  
And shield me with paternal care  
By His almighty arm;  
No trav'ler needs to faint or fear,  
If he believes the Lord is near,  
Who can protect him from all harm.

- 2 By sea and land, by night and day,  
O Lord, in safety me convey,  
Though winds and thunders roar;  
Bring me when every peril's past,  
Safe to the destined place at last,  
There to extol Thy help and power.

Rev. William Hammond, 1754.

**750**

8. 7. 8. 4.

- 1 Star of peace, to wand'ers dreary,  
Bright the beams that smile on me,  
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,  
Far, far at sea.

TRAVELLERS BY LAND OR SEA.

- 2 Star of hope! gleam on the billow,  
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee,  
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,  
Far, far at sea.
- 3 Star of faith! when winds are mocking  
All his toil, he flies to Thee;  
Save him, on the billows rocking,  
Far, far at sea.
- 4 Star Divine! O safely guide him,  
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;  
Sore temptations long have tried him,  
Far, far at sea.

Jane C. Simpson, 1830.

751

L. M. 61.

- 1 Eternal Father! strong to save,  
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,  
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep;  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.
- 2 O Saviour, whose almighty word  
The winds and waves submissive heard,  
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,  
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.
- 3 O Sacred Spirit, who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
Who badd'st its angry tumult cease,  
And gavest light and life and peace:  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

## MATRIMONY.

4 O Trinity of love and power,  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;  
And ever let there rise to Thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting, 1860.

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### Matrimony.

**752**

11. 10. 11. 10.

- 1 O perfect Love, all human tho't transcending,  
Lowly we kneel in pray'r before Thy throne,  
That their's may be the love that knows no  
ending,  
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.
- 2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance  
Of tender charity and stead-fast faith,  
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,  
With child-like trust that fears nor pain  
nor death.
- 3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly  
sorrow;  
Grant them the peace which calms all  
earthly strife,  
And to life's day the glorious unknown mor-  
row  
That dawns upon eternal love and life.  
Amen.

Dorothy F. Bloomfield, 1883.

**753**

7. 6. 7. 6.

- 1 The voice that breathed o'er Eden,  
That earliest wedding-day,  
The primal marriage blessing,  
It hath not passed away.



## MATRIMONY.

- 2 Stil in the pure espousal  
Of Christian man and maid,  
The holy Three are with us,  
The threefold grace is said.
- 3 Be present, heav'nly Father,  
To give away the bride,  
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam  
Out of his own pierced side:
- 4 Be present, Son of Mary,  
To join their loving hands,  
As Thou didst bind two natures  
In Thine eternal bands!
- 5 Be present, holiest Spirit,  
To bless them as they kneel,  
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,  
The heav'nly Spouse dost seal!
- 6 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,  
Let no ill power find place,  
When onward to Thy presence,  
Their hallowed path they trace.
- 7 To cast their crowns before Thee  
In perfect sacrifice  
Till to the home of gladness  
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

Rev. John Keble, 1857.

**754**

10. 10. 10. 10.

- 1 Come to the wedding, Jesus, Friend Divine;  
As Brother come and ratifying Priest  
Thou who didst turn the water into wine,  
O come and bless and consecrate the feast.
- 2 For they who in Thy presence this day stand  
Are loved by Thee, Thy friends and serv-  
ants dear;  
As each to other gives the plighted hand,  
Let them Thy voice of benediction hear.

## MATRIMONY.

- 3 Each loving each the more by loving Thee,  
Let more than earthly joys to them be  
given;  
Their peaceful home a happy temple be,  
And all their nuptial bliss be bright with  
heaven.

Rev. Christopher Newman Hall, 1870.

**755**

9. 8. 9. 8. 8. 8.

- 1 Raise high the notes of exultation  
To God's bright throne with voices clear,  
The mighty Lord of all creation  
Lends to our songs a Father's ear.  
Eternal Lord of heav'n above,  
Look down and bless their plighted love.
- 2 O'er each event of life presiding,  
May God rich gifts on each bestow;  
With heavenly light your footsteps guiding,  
As through the world's dark wild ye go.  
Eternal Lord, etc.
- 3 By God's own word each action measure,  
Let Christ your great Exemplar be;  
Still fix your hearts on heav'nly treasure,  
We hasten towards eternity.  
Eternal Lord, etc.
- 4 With cheerful faith in God confide ye,  
The pilgrim's staff with courage take;  
And, till the silent grave divide ye,  
God and each other ne'er forsake.  
Eternal Lord, etc.
- 5 May peace and love, your lives adorning,  
Attend you all your course along;  
Your christian walk, each night and morning,  
More steadfast make with prayer and song.  
Eternal Lord, etc.

## CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

- 6 Together now your voices raising,  
Vow truth to God, hand joined in hand,  
Till on His glories ever gazing,  
Ye must in heaven's own happy land.  
Eternal Lord, etc.

Johann Gottfried Schoner, 1790.  
Tr. Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1841.

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### Children's Services.

**756**

S. M.

- 1 We come, Lord, to Thy feet  
On this Thy holy day;  
O come to us, while here we meet  
To learn, and praise, and pray.

- 2 Our many sins forgive,  
The Holy Spirit send;  
And teach us to begin to live  
The life that knows no end.

- 3 Lord, fill our hearts with love,  
Our teachers' labors own;  
That we and they may meet above,  
To sing before Thy throne.

Anon.

**757**

C. M.

- 1 The morning bright with rosy light  
Has waked me from my sleep;  
Father, I own Thy love alone  
Thy little one doth keep.

- 2 All through the day I humbly pray,  
Be Thou my Guard and Guide;  
My sins forgive, and let me live,  
Lord Jesus, near Thy side.

## CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

- 3 O make Thy rest within my breast,  
Great Spirit of all grace;  
Make me like Thee, then shall I be  
Prepared to see Thy face.

Thomas Osmond Summers, 1846.

**758**

C. M.

- 1 O Lord, our hearts would give Thee praise  
Ere now our school we end,  
For this Thy day the best of days,  
Jesus, the children's Friend.

- 2 Lord, graft Thy word in every heart  
Our souls from sin defend,  
That we from Thee may ne'er depart  
Jesus, the children's Friend.

- 3 Lord, bless our homes, and give us grace  
Thy Sabbaths so to spend,  
That we in heaven may find a place,  
With Thee, the children's Friend.

Anon.

**759**

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Lord of hosts, how bright, how fair,  
E'en on earth Thy temples are;  
Here Thy waiting children see  
Much of heav'n, and much of Thee.

- 2 From Thy gracious presence flows  
Bliss that softens all our woes;  
While Thy Spirit's holy fire  
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

- 3 Here we supplicate Thy throne;  
Here, Thy pardoning grace is known;  
Here, we learn Thy righteous ways,  
Taste Thy love, and sing Thy praise.

## CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

- 4 Thus with prayer, and hymns of joy,  
We the happy hours employ;  
Love, and long to love Thee more,  
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

Daniel Turner, 1787, a.

### 760

C. M.

- 1 Come, Christian children, come and raise,  
Your voice with one accord;  
Come, sing in joyful songs of praise  
The glories of your Lord.
- 2 Sing of the wonders of His love,  
And loudest praises give  
To Him who left His throne above,  
And died that you might live.
- 3 Sing of the wonders of His truth,  
And read in every page  
The promise made to earliest youth,  
Fulfilled to latest age.
- 4 Sing of the wonders of His power,  
Who with His own right arm  
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,  
And shields from every harm.
- 5 Sing of the wonders of His grace;  
Who made and keeps you His,  
And guides you to the heavenly place  
At His right hand in bliss.

Dorothy A. Thrupp, 1830.

### 761

C. M.

- 1 Blest day of God, most calm and bright,  
The first and best of days;  
The toiler's rest, the saint's delight,  
A day of joy and praise.

## CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

2 My Saviour's face did make thee shine,  
His rising did thee raise;  
This made thee heavenly and Divine  
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits do a blessing prove  
To all the sheaves behind;  
And they, that do a Sabbath love,  
A happy week shall find.

4 My Lord on thee His Name did fix,  
Which makes thee rich and gay;  
Amid His golden candlesticks  
My Saviour walks this day.

5 This day must I 'fore God appear,  
For, Lord, this day is Thine:  
O let me spend it in Thy fear,  
The day shall then be mine.

Rev. John Mason, 1683, alt.

**762**

NEW HYMN BOOK, 1861

C. M.

1 God is in heaven. Can He hear  
A little prayer like mine?  
Yes, that He can; I need not fear;  
He'll listen unto mine.

2 God is in heaven. Can He see  
When I am doing wrong?  
Yes, that He can; He looks at me  
All day and all night long.

3 God is in heaven. Can He know  
If I should tell a lie?  
Yes, though I said it very low,  
He'd hear it in the sky.

4 God is in heaven. Does He care  
Or is He good to me?  
Yes; all I have to eat or wear,  
'Tis God that gives it me.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

5 God is in heaven. May I pray  
To go there when I die?  
Yes; love Him, seek Him, and one day  
He'll call me to the sky.

Ann Gilbert, 1809.

**763**

6. 5. 6. 5. 12 l.

1 Jesus, King of glory,  
Throned above the sky,  
Jesus, tender Saviour,  
Hear Thy children cry.  
Pardon our transgressions,  
Cleanse us from our sin;  
By Thy Spirit help us  
Heavenly life to win.

REFRAIN.

Jesus, King of glory,  
Throned above the sky,  
Jesus, tender Saviour,  
Hear Thy children cry.

2 On this day of gladness,  
Bending low the knee  
In Thine earthly temple,  
Lord, we worship Thee;  
Celebrate Thy goodness,  
Mercy, grace, and truth,  
All Thy loving guidance  
Of our heedless youth.—Ref.

3 For the little children,  
Who have come to Thee;  
For the glad, bright spirits  
Who Thy glory see;  
For the loved ones resting  
In Thy dear embrace;  
For the pure and holy  
We behold Thy face.—Ref.



## CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

- 4 For Thy faithful servants  
Who have entered in;  
For Thy fearless soldiers  
Who have conquered sin;  
For the countless legions  
Who have followed Thee,  
Heedless of the danger,  
On to victory;—Ref.
- 5 When the shadows lengthen,  
Show us, Lord, Thy way;  
Through the darkness lead us  
To the heavenly day.  
When our course is finished,  
Ended all the strife,  
Grant us with the faithful,  
Palms and crowns of life.—Ref.

Rev. Edward Harland, 1863.

**764**

6. 6. 6. 6. 4. 4. 4. 4.

- 1 Above the clear blue sky,  
In Heaven's bright abode,  
The angel-host on high  
Sing praises to their God.  
Hallelujah,  
They love to sing  
To God their King;  
Hallelujah.
- 2 But God from infant tongues  
On earth receiveth praise,  
We then our cheerful songs,  
In sweet accord will raise.  
Hallelujah,  
We too will sing  
To God our King;  
Hallelujah.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

3 O blessèd Lord, Thy truth  
To us Thy babes impart,  
And teach us in our youth  
To know Thee as Thou art.  
Hallelujah,  
Then shall we sing  
To God our King;  
Hallelujah.

4 O may Thy holy word  
Spread all the world around:  
And all with one accord  
Uplift the joyful sound,  
Hallelujah,  
All then shall sing  
To God our King;  
Hallelujah.

John Chandler, 1841.

**765**

L. M.

- 1 Yes, God is good: in earth and sky,  
From ocean depths and spreading wood,  
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,  
God made us all, and God is good.
- 2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,  
And downward pours his golden flood,  
Night's sparkling hosts all seem to say  
In accents clear that God is good.
- 3 The merry birds prolong the strain,  
Their song with wary spring renewed;  
And balmy air, and falling rain,  
Each softly whispers, God is good.
- 4 I hear it in the rushing breeze;  
The hills that have for ages stood,  
The echoing sky and roaring seas,  
All swell the chorus, God is good.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

5 Yes, God is good, all nature says,  
By God's own hand with speech endured;  
And man, in louder notes of praise,  
Should sing for joy that God is good.

6 For all Thy gift we bless Thee, Lord,  
But chiefly for our heavenly food,  
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quick'ning word,  
These prompt our song that God is good.

Rev. John H. Gurney, 1838.

**766**

WILLIAM H. GURNEY, C. M.

1 Thy word is like a garden, Lord,  
With flowers bright and fair;  
And ev'ry one who seeks may pluck  
A lovely nose-gay there.

2 Thy word is like a deep, deep mine;  
And jewels rich and rare  
Are hidden in its mighty depths  
For every searcher there.

3 Thy word is like a starry host;  
A thousand rays of light  
Are seen, to guide the traveller,  
And make his pathway bright.

4 Thy word is like a glorious choir,  
And loud its anthems ring;  
Though many tongues and parts unite  
It is one song they sing.

5 Thy word is like an armory,  
Where soldiers may repair,  
And find for life's long battle-day  
All needful weapons there.

6 O may I love Thy precious word,  
May I explore the mine,  
May I its fragrant flowers glean,  
May light upon me shine!

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

7 O may I find my armor there,  
Thy word my trusty sword!  
I'll learn to fight with every foe  
The battle of the Lord.

Edwin Hodder, 1868.

**767** 8. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6.

1 There's a Friend for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A Friend who never changes,  
Whose love will never die;  
Our earthly friends may fail us,  
And change with changing years,  
This Friend is always worthy  
Of that dear Name He bears.

2 There's a rest for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Who love the blessed Saviour,  
And to the Father cry;  
A rest from ev'ry turmoil,  
From sin and sorrows free,  
Where ev'ry little pilgrim  
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A home of peace and joy;  
No home on earth is like it,  
Nor can with it compare;  
For ev'ry one is happy,  
Nor could be happier there.

4 There's a song for little children  
Above the bright blue sky  
A song that will not weary,  
Though sung continually;

## CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

A song which even angels  
Can never, never sing;  
They know not Christ as Saviour,  
But worship Him as King.

- 5 There's a crown for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And all who look for Jesus  
Shall wear it by and by;  
All, all above is treasured,  
And found in Christ alone:  
Lord, grant Thy little children  
To know Thee as their own.

Albert Midlane, 1360.

**768**

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 Tell me the old, old story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love.  
Tell me the story simply,  
As to a little child,  
For I am weak and weary  
And helpless and defiled.

- 2 Tell me the story slowly,  
That I may take it in—  
That wonderful Redemption,  
God's remedy for sin!  
Tell me the story often,  
For I forget so soon!  
The "early dew" of morning  
Has passed away at noon!

- 3 Tell me the story softly,  
With earnest tones and grave;  
Remember! I'm the sinner  
Whom Jesus came to save.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

Tell me that story always,  
If you would really be,  
In any time of trouble,  
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story,  
When you have cause to fear  
That this world's empty glory  
Is costing me too dear.  
Yes, and when that world's glory  
Is drawing on my soul,  
Tell me the old, old story:  
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Catherine Hankey, 1866.

**769**

7. 6. 7. 6. D. With Refrain.

1 I love to tell the story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love.  
I love to tell the story,  
Because I know 'tis true;  
It satisfies my longings  
As nothing else would do.

REFRAIN.

I love to tell the story,  
'Twill be my theme in glory,  
To tell the old, old story  
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story;  
More wonderful it seems  
Than all the golden fancies  
Of all our golden dreams.  
I love to tell the story,

## CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

It did so much for me;  
And that is just the reason  
I tell it now to thee.  
I love to tell, etc.

3 I love to tell the story;  
'Tis pleasant to repeat  
What seems, each time I tell it,  
More wonderfully sweet.  
I love to tell the story,  
For some have never heard  
The message of salvation  
From God's own holy word.  
I love to tell, etc.

4 I love to tell the story;  
For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it, like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the new, new song,  
'Twill be the old, old story  
That I have loved so long.  
I love to tell, etc.

Catherine Hankey, 1870; refrain added.

**770**

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Once in royal David's city  
Stood a lowly cattle-shed,  
Where a mother laid her Baby  
In a manger for His bed:  
Mary was that mother mild,  
Jesus Christ her little Child.
- 2 He came down to earth from heaven,  
Who is God and Lord of all,  
And His shelter was a stable



## CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

And His cradle was a stall:  
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,  
He would honor and obey,  
Love, and watch the lowly maiden  
In whose gentle arms He lay:  
Christian children all must be  
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood pattern;  
Day by day like us He grew;  
He was little, weak, and helpless,  
Tears and smiles like us He knew:  
And He feeleth for our sadness,  
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
Through His own redeeming love;  
For that Child so dear and gentle  
is our Lord in heaven above:  
And He leads His children on  
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see Him, but in heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high:  
When like stars His children crowned,  
All in white shall wait around.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848.

**771**

6. 6. 7. 7. 7. 7

1 Holy night! peaceful night!  
Through the darkness beams a light  
There, where they sweet vigils keep  
O'er the Babe in silent sleep,  
Resting in heavenly peace.

## CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

- 2 Silent night! holiest night!  
Darkness flies, and all is light!  
Shepherds hear the angels sing:  
"Hallelujah! hail the King!  
Jesus, the Saviour is here!"
- 3 Holiest night! peaceful night!  
Child of heaven, O how bright  
Thou didst smile when Thou wast born:  
Blessèd was that happy morn.  
Full of heavenly joy.
- 4 Silent night! holiest night!  
Guiding Star, O lend Thy light!  
See the eastern wise men bring  
Gifts and homage to our King!  
Jesus, the Saviour is here!
- 5 Silent night! holiest night!  
Wondrous Star, O lend Thy light!  
With the angels let us sing  
Hallelujah to our King!  
Jesus, our Saviour is here!

Joseph Mohr, 1792-1848, tr.

**772**

6. 5. 6. 5.

- 1 Jesus, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most high,  
Pitying loving Saviour,  
Hear Thy children's cry.
- 2 Pardon our offences,  
Loose our captive chains,  
Break down every idol  
Which our soul detains.
- 3 Give us holy freedom,  
Fill our hearts with love;  
Draw us, Holy Jesus,  
To the realms above.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

4 Lead us on our journey,  
Be Thyself the Way  
Through terrestrial darkness  
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,  
Son of God Most High,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear Thy children's cry.

Rev. George R. Prynne, 1856.

**773**

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

1 We sing a loving Jesus,  
Who left His throne above,  
And came on earth to ransom  
The children of His love;  
It is an oft-told story,  
And yet we love to tell  
How Christ, the King of glory,  
Once deigned with man to dwell.

2 We sing the holy Jesus;  
No taint of sin defiled  
The Babe of David's city,  
The pure and stainless Child;  
O teach us, blessèd Saviour,  
Thy heavenly grace to seek;  
And let our whole behaviour,  
Like Thine, be mild and meek.

3 We sing a lowly Jesus;  
No kingly crown He had;  
His heart was bowed with anguish,  
His face was marred and sad;  
In deep humiliation  
He came, His work to do:  
O Lord of our salvation,  
Let us be humble too.

## CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

4 We sing a mighty Jesus,  
Whose voice could raise the dead;  
The sightless eyes He opened,  
The famished souls He fed:  
Thou camest to deliver  
Mankind from sin and shame!  
Redeemer and Life-giver,  
We praise Thy holy Name.

5 We sing a coming Jesus;  
The time is drawing near  
When Christ with all His angels  
In glory shall appear:  
Lord, save us, we entreat Thee,  
In this Thy day of grace,  
That we may gladly meet Thee,  
And see Thee face to face.

Sarah Doudney, 1871.

**774**

C. M. D.

- 1 When Jesus left His Father's throne,  
He chose an humble birth;  
Like us, unhonored and unknown;  
He came to dwell on earth  
Like Him may we be found below,  
In wisdom's path of peace;  
Like Him in grace and knowledge grow,  
As years and strength increase.
- 2 Sweet were His words and kind His look,  
When mothers round Him pressed;  
Their infants in His arms He took,  
And on His bosom blessed.  
Safe from the world's alluring harms,  
Beneath His watchful eye,  
Thus in the circle of His arms  
May we forever lie.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

- 3 When Jesus into Salem rode,  
The children sang around;  
For joy they plucked the palms, and strowed  
Their garments on the ground.  
Hosanna our glad voices raise,  
Hosanna to our King!  
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,  
The stones themselves would sing.

James Montgomery 1816.

**775**

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

- 1 Shepherd of tender youth,  
Guiding in love and truth,  
Through devious ways;  
Christ, our triumphant King,  
We come Thy Name to sing,  
And here our children bring,  
To shout Thy praise.
- 2 Thou art our holy Lord,  
The all-subduing Word,  
Healer of strife;  
Thou didst Thyself abase,  
That from sin's deep disgrace  
Thou mightest save our race,  
And give us life.
- 3 Ever be Thou our Guide,  
Our Shepherd and our pride,  
Our staff and song;  
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,  
By Thy perennial word,  
Lead us where Thou hast trod,  
Make our faith strong.
- 4 So now, and till we die,  
Sound we Thy praises high,  
And joyful sing:

## CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

Let all the holy throng,  
Who to Thy Church belong,  
Unite and swell the song  
To Christ our King!

Clemens Alexandrinus, before 217.  
Tr. by Henry M. Dexter, 1846.

**776**

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 All glory, praise, and honor  
To Thee, Redeemer King!  
To whom the lips of children  
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

### CHORUS.

All glory, praise, and honor  
To Thee, Redeemer King!  
To whom the lips of children  
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

- 2 Thou art the King of Israel,  
Thou David's royal Son,  
Who in the Lord's Name comest,  
The King and blessèd one.—Cho.
- 3 The company of angels  
Are praising Thee on high;  
And mortal men, and all things  
Created make reply.—Cho.
- 4 The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before Thee went;  
Our praise and prayer and anthems  
Before Thee we present,—Cho.
- 5 To Thee before Thy passion  
They sang their hymns of praise;  
To Thee amidst Thy glory  
Our melody we raise.—Cho.

## CHILDREN'S SERVICES

- 6 Thou didst accept their praises;  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King!—Cho.

Theodulph, Bishop of Orleans, 821.  
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1856.

**777**

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Jesus loves me, this I know,  
For the bible tells me so;  
Little ones to Him belong;  
They are weak, but He is strong.
- 2 Jesus loves me, He who died  
Glory's gate to open wide,  
He will wash away my sin;  
Let His little one come in.
- 3 Jesus loves me, loves me still,  
Though I'm very weak and ill;  
From His shining throne on high  
He will watch me where I lie.
- 4 Jesus loves me; He will stay  
Close beside me all the way,  
And, when suff'ring days are past,  
Take me to His home at last.

Anna Warner, 1859.

**778**

C. M.

- 1 There is a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.
- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,  
What pains He had to bear,  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffered there.



CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin;  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming blood,  
And try His works to do.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848.

**779**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

1 Saw you never, in the twilight,  
When the sun had left the skies  
Up in heaven the clear stars shining  
Through the gloom, like silver eyes?  
So of old the wise men, watching,  
Saw a little stranger star,  
And they knew the King was given,  
And they followed it from far.

2 Heard you never of the story  
How they crossed the desert wild,  
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,  
Till they found the holy Child?  
How they opened all their treasure,  
Kneeling to that infant King;  
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,  
Gave the myrrh in offering?

3 Know ye not that lowly baby  
Was the bright and morning star?  
He who came to light the Gentiles,  
And the darkened isles afar?

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

And, we too, may seek His cradle;  
There our heart's best treasure bring;  
Love, and faith, and true devotion,  
For our Saviour, God, and King.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1853.

**780**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing  
On Thy children gathered here;  
May they all, Thy Name confessing,  
Be to Thee forever dear;  
May they be like Joseph, loving,  
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;  
And their faith, like David, proving,  
Steadfast unto death endure.
- 2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness  
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,  
Guide their steps and help their weakness,  
Bless and make them like to Thee.  
Bear Thy lambs when they are weary  
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;  
Through life's desert, dry and dreary  
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.
- 3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,  
Holy Spirit from above;  
Guide them, lead them, go before them,  
Give them peace, and joy, and love:  
Temples of Thy glorious Godhead,  
May they with Thy presence shine,  
And immortal bliss inherit,  
And for evermore be Thine.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1863.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

781

C. M.

- 1 Hosanna be the children's song,  
To Christ, the children's King;  
His praise, to whom our souls belong  
Let all the children sing.
- 2 From little ones to Jesus brought,  
Hosanna now be heard;  
Let little infants now be taught  
To lisp that lovely word.
- 3 Hosanna sound from hill to hill  
And spread from plain to plain,  
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,  
Woods echo to the strain.
- 4 Hosanna on the wings of light,  
O'er earth and ocean fly,  
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,  
And heaven to earth, reply.
- 5 Hosanna, then, our song shall be:  
Hosanna to our King:  
This is the childrens' Jubilee;  
Let all the children sing.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

782

C. M.

- 1 Let children hear the mighty deeds,  
Which God performed of old;  
Which in our younger years we saw,  
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make His glories known,  
His works of power and grace;  
And we'll convey His wonders down,  
Through every rising race.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
And they again to theirs;  
That generations yet unborn  
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone  
Their hope securely stands,  
That they may ne'er forget His works,  
But practice His commands.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

**783**

C. M.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How fair the lily grows!  
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,  
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod  
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found  
Within Thy Father's shrine,  
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,  
Were all alike Divine:
- 6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,  
We seek Thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age and death,  
To keep us still Thine own.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1812.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

**784**

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast,  
There by His love o'ershaded  
Sweetly my soul shall rest.  
Hark, 'tis the voice of angels,  
Borne in a song to me,  
Over the fields of glory,  
Over the jasper sea.

CHORUS.

- Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast,  
There by His love o'er-shaded  
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
- 2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe from corroding care,  
Safe from the world's temptations,  
Sin cannot harm me there.  
Free from the blight of sorrow,  
Free from my doubts and fears;  
Only a few more trials,  
Only a few more tears.—Cho.
- 3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,  
Jesus has died for me;  
Firm on the Rock of Ages  
Ever my trust shall be.  
Here let me wait with patience,  
Wait till the night is o'er;  
Wait till I see the morning  
Break on the golden shore.—Cho.

Fanny Crosby Van Alstyne, 1868.

**785**

C. M.

- 1 Dear Jesus, ever at my side,  
How loving Thou must be,  
To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard  
A little child like me.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

- 2 The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice  
I am too deaf to hear,  
Thy beautiful and shining face  
I see not, though so near.
- 3 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,  
With pressure light and mild,  
To check me as my mother did,  
When I was but a child.
- 4 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,  
Rebuking sin for me;  
And, when my heart loves God, I know  
The sweetness is from Thee.
- 5 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,  
Morning and night, to prayer,  
Something there is within my heart  
Which tells me, Thou art there.
- 6 Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest, too;  
Thy prayer is all for me:  
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,  
But watchest patiently.

Rev. Frederick Faber, 1849, ab. and alt.

**786**

C. M.

- 1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led:
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before Thy throne of grace:  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

- 4 O spread Thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wandering cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore;  
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,  
Our Portion evermore.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1737.

**787**

7. 6. 8. 6.

- 1 I want to be like Jesus,  
So lowly and so meek;  
For no one marked an angry word  
That ever heard Him speak.
- 2 I want to be like Jesus,  
So frequently in prayer;  
Alone upon the mountain top,  
He met His Father there.
- 3 I want to be like Jesus;  
I never, never find  
That He, though persecuted, was  
To any one unkind.
- 4 I want to be like Jesus,  
Engaged in doing good;  
So that of me it may be said,  
"She hath done what she could."
- 5 I want to be like Jesus,  
Who sweetly said to all,  
"Let little children come to Me:"  
I would obey the call.
- 6 But O, I'm not like Jesus,  
As any one may see;  
O gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,  
And make me like to Thee.

William Meynell Whittemore, 1842.



CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

**788** 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 When His salvation bringing,  
To Zion Jesus came,  
The children all stood singing  
"Hosanna to His Name."  
Nor did their zeal offend Him,  
But as He rode along,  
He let them still attend Him,  
And smiled to hear their song.
- 2 And since the Lord retaineth  
His love for children still,  
Though now as King He reigneth  
On Zion's heavenly hill,  
We'll flock around His banner  
Who sits upon His throne,  
And cry aloud, "Hosanna  
To David's royal Son!"
- 3 For should we fail proclaiming  
Our great Redeemer's praise,  
The stones, our silence shaming,  
Would their Hosannas raise.  
But shall we only render  
The tribute of our words?  
No; while our hearts are tender,  
They too shall be the Lord's.

Rev. John King, 1830.

**789** 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- 1 The wise may bring their learning,  
The rich may bring their wealth,  
And some may bring their greatness,  
And some bring strength and health,  
We too would bring our treasures  
To offer to the King;  
We have no wealth or learning,  
What shall we children bring?

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,  
We'll give Him thankful praise,  
And young hearts meekly striving  
To walk in holy ways.  
And these shall be the treasures  
We offer to the King,  
And these are gifts that even  
The poorest child may bring.

3 We'll bring the little duties  
We have to do each day;  
We'll try our best to please Him  
At home, at school, at play.  
And better are these treasures  
To offer to our King  
Than richest gifts without them;  
Yet these a child may bring.

Anon.

790

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

(Or to Lausanne.)

1 Come, praise your Lord and Saviour  
In strains of holy mirth!  
Give thanks to Him, O children,  
Who lived a child on earth!  
He loved the little children,  
And call'd them to His side,  
His loving arms embraced them,  
And for their sake He died.

2 O Jesus, we would praise Thee  
With songs of holy joy;  
For Thou on earth didst sojourn  
A pure and spotless boy.  
Make us like Thee, obedient  
Like Thee from sin-stains free,  
Like Thee in God's own temple,  
In lowly home like Thee.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

3 O Jesus, we would praise Thee,  
The lowly maiden's son;  
In Thee all gentlest graces  
Are gathered into one.  
O give that best adornment  
That Christian child can wear,  
The meek and quiet spirit  
Which shone in Thee so fair!

4 O Lord, with voices lifted  
We sing our songs of praise;  
Be Thou the light and pattern  
Of all our childhood's days;  
And lead us ever onward,  
That while we stay below,  
We may, like Thee, O Jesus,  
In grace and wisdom grow.

Bishop William W. How, 1872.

**791**

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Saviour, now the day is ending,  
And the shades of evening fall  
Let Thy Holy Dove descending,  
Bring Thy mercy to us all;  
Set Thy seal on every heart,  
Jesus, bless us ere we part.
- 2 Comfort those in pain or sorrow,  
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;  
Let us all arise to-morrow,  
Strengthened by Thy grace Divine;  
Set Thy seal on every heart,  
Jesus, bless us ere we part!
- 3 Pardon Thou each deed unholy;  
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;  
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,

## CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

By Thy great example taught:  
Set Thy seal on every heart,  
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

Sarah Doudney, 1870.

792

6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

- 1 Hushed was the evening hymn,  
The temple courts were dark;  
The lamp was burning dim  
Before the sacred ark;  
When suddenly a voice Divine  
Rang through the silence of the shrine.
- 2 The old man, meek and mild,  
The priest of Israel, slept;  
His watch the temple-child,  
The little Levite, kept;  
And what from Eli's sense was sealed  
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.
- 3 O give me Samuel's ear,  
The open ear, O Lord,  
Alive and quick to hear  
Each whisper of Thy word,  
Like him to answer at Thy call,  
And to obey Thee first of all.
- 4 O give me Samuel's heart,  
A lowly heart, that waits  
Where in Thy house Thou art,  
Or watches at Thy gates;  
By day and night, a heart that still  
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.
- 5 O give me Samuel's mind  
A sweet un murmuring faith,  
Obedient and resigned

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

To Thee in life and death,  
That I may read with childlike eyes  
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

Rev. James D. Burns, 1857.

793

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

- 1 Now the day is over,  
Night is drawing nigh,  
Shadows of the evening  
Steal across the sky.
- 2 Now the darkness gathers,  
Stars begin to peep;  
Birds, and beasts and flowers  
Soon will be asleep.
- 3 Jesus, give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose;  
With Thy tenderest blessing  
May mine eyelids close.
- 4 Grant to little children  
Visions bright of Thee;  
Guard the sailors, tossing  
On the deep blue sea.
- 5 Comfort every sufferer  
Watching late in pain;  
Those who plan some evil  
From their sin restrain.
- 6 Through the long night-watches  
May Thine angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Watching round my bed.
- 7 When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise  
Pure, and fresh, and sinless  
In Thy holy eyes.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

- 8 Glory to the Father,  
Glory to the Son,  
And to Thee, blest Spirit,  
Whilst all ages run.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865.

**794**

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Gracious Father, hear our prayer,  
Leave us not, lest we despair;  
Let Thine arm our safe-guard be,  
Hear the prayer we raise to Thee:  
God of Power, and God of Might,  
Shield Thy servants in the fight!
- 2 Soldiers of the Cross, we stand,  
Trusting in Thy powerful hand;  
Rock of Strength, to Thee we fly!  
Save us in adversity!  
God of Power, etc.
- 3 Lasting are Thy mercies, Lord;  
Truth eternal is Thy word;  
Thou shalt reign on Zion's throne  
There Thy glory shall be known.  
God of Power, etc.
- 4 Songs of triumph we will sing  
To the universal King;  
Sound His mighty praise abroad;  
Glory be to Israel's God!  
God of Power, etc.

Anon.

**795**

7. 7. 7. 7.

- 1 Lord, this day Thy children meet  
In Thy courts with willing feet;  
Unto Thee this day they raise  
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

- 2 Not alone the day of rest  
With Thy worship shall be blest:  
In our pleasure and our glee,  
Lord, we would remember Thee.
- 3 Help us unto Thee to pray,  
Hallowing our happy day;  
From Thy presence thus to win  
Hearts all pure, and free from sin.
- 4 All our pleasures here below,  
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow;  
But if earth has joys like this,  
What shall be our heavenly bliss?
- 5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine  
With all lowly grace, like Thine:  
Then through all eternity  
We shall live in heaven with Thee.

Bishop William W. How, 1854.

796

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

- 1 As a bird in meadows fair  
Or in lonely forest sings,  
Till it fills the summer air  
And the greenwood sweetly sings,  
So my heart to Thee would raise,  
O my God, its song of praise,  
That the gloom of night is o'er,  
And I see the sun once more.
- 2 If Thou, Sun of Love, arise,  
All my heart with joy is stirred,  
And to greet Thee upward flies  
Gladsome like the little bird.  
Shine Thou in me clear and bright  
Till I learn to praise Thee right;  
Guide me in the narrow way,  
Let me ne'er in darkness stray.



CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

- 3 Bless to-day whate'er I do,  
Bless whate'er I have and love;  
From the paths of virtue true  
Let me never, never rove;  
By Thy Spirit strengthen me  
In the faith that leads to Thee  
Then an heir of life on high  
Fearless I may live and die.

Anon, 1580, a.

797

6. 6. 6. 6.

- 1 If washed in Jesus' blood.  
Then bear His likeness too,  
And, as you onward press  
Ask, "What would Jesus do?"
- 2 With willing heart and hand  
Your daily task pursue;  
Work, for the day wears on;  
Ask, "What would Jesus do?"
- 3 Be gentle e'en when wronged,  
Revenge and pride subdue;  
When to forgive seems hard,  
Ask, "What would Jesus do?"
- 4 Be brave to do the right,  
And scorn to be untrue;  
When fear would whisper, "yield,"  
Ask, "What would Jesus do?"
- 5 Give, with a full, free hand—  
God freely gives to you;  
And check each selfish thought  
With, "What would Jesus do?"
- 6 Then let the golden thread  
Woven your life-work through,  
Reflecting heaven's own light  
Be, "What would Jesus do?"

M. C. W., 1870.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

**798**

7. 6. 8. 8. 6.

1 O what can little hands do  
    To please the King of heaven?  
The little hands some work may try  
To help the poor in misery—  
    Such grace to mine be given.

2 O what can little lips do  
    To please the King of heaven?  
The little lips can praise and pray,  
And gentle words of kindness say—  
    Such grace to mine be given.

3 O what can little eyes do  
    To please the King of heaven?  
The little eyes can upward look,  
Can learn to read God's holy book:  
    Such grace to mine be given.

4 O what can little hearts do  
    To please the King of heaven?  
The hearts, if God His Spirit send,  
Can love and trust our Saviour Friend  
    Such grace to mine be given.

Farin, 1865.

**799**

11. 11. With Refrain.

1 If I come to Jesus, He will make me glad;  
    He will give me pleasure when my heart is  
    sad.

REFRAIN.

    If I come to Jesus, happy I shall be;  
    He is gently calling little ones like me.

2 If I come to Jesus, He will hear my prayer;  
    For He loves me dearly, and my sins did bear.

Ref.

## CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

3 If I come to Jesus, He will take my hand;  
He will kindly lead me, to a better land.—  
Ref.

4 There with happy children ,robed in snowy  
white,  
I shall see my Saviour in that world so  
bright.—Ref.

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1868.

800

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

*Choir.*

1 To David's Son Hosanna!  
We children joyful sing  
Hosanna unto Jesus,  
The children's Friend and King.

*Congregation.*

2 To David's Son, Hosanna!  
Your elders make reply;  
Hosanna, glad Hosanna!  
For us He came to die.

*Choir.*

3 Hosanna sing to Jesus!  
He was Himself a child;  
He shared our childish sorrows,  
So patient, holy, mild.

*Congregation.*

4 Hosanna sing to Jesus!  
He shared our manhood's grief;  
He knows our cares and conflicts;  
Our Brother gives relief.

*Choir.*

5 Hosanna sing to Jesus!  
The children still He takes  
Up in His arms and blesses;  
He loves and ne'er forsakes.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

*Congregation.*

- 6 Hosanna sing to Jesus!  
The youthful and the old,  
And those who long have wandered,  
He welcomes to the fold.

*Choir.*

- 7 Hosanna, loud Hosanna,  
To Christ the Children's King!  
We'll honor and obey Him,  
And youthful tribute bring.

*Congregation.*

- 8 Hosanna, loud Hosanna!  
Men, women, swell the strain;  
O'er all our thoughts and actions,  
Lord Jesus, ever reign.

*Choir.*

- 9 Hosanna, glad Hosanna!  
Our youthful voices raise;  
Hosanna, Jesus, Saviour,  
Accept our feeble praise.

*Congregation.*

- 10 Hosanna, glad Hosanna!  
Our older voices blend  
Hosanna with the children;  
We'll praise Thee without end.

*Choir and Congregation.*

- 11 Praise Him, ye men and maidens;  
Ye fathers, mothers raise  
Hosanna unto Jesus,  
And swell the children's praise.
- 12 Both now and through the ages,  
In earth and highest heaven,  
Hosanna, glad Hosanna,  
By all to Thee be given.

Rev. Christopher Newman Hall, 1876.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

**801**

5. 6. 6. 5. 9.

1 The fields are all white,  
And the reapers are fair;  
We children are willing,  
But what can we do  
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

2 Our hands are so small,  
And our words are so weak  
We cannot teach others;  
How then shall we seek  
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

3 We'll work by our prayers,  
By the nickles we bring,  
By small self-denials;  
The least little thing  
May work for our Lord in His harvest.

4 Until, by-and-by,  
As the years pass at length,  
We, too, may be reapers,  
And go forth in strength  
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

Anon.

**802**

L. M.

1 Lord, how delightful 'tis to see  
A whole assembly worship Thee!  
At once they sing, at once they pray;  
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;  
'Tis like a little heaven below,  
No pleasures can the world display  
To tempt me to forget this day.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

- 3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,  
The texts and doctrines of Thy word!  
That I may break Thy laws no more,  
But love Thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things Divine  
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;  
That, finding pardon through His blood,  
I may lie down and wake with God.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1715.

**803**

7. 6. 7. 6. D. With Refrain.

- 1 We plough the fields, and scatter  
The good seed on the land,  
But it is fed and watered  
By God's almighty hand;  
He sends the snow in winter,  
The warmth to swell the grain,  
The breezes and the sunshine,  
And soft refreshing rain.

REFRAIN.

- All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heav'n above;  
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord  
For all His love.
- 2 He only is the Maker  
Of all things near and far;  
He paints the wayside flower,  
He lights the evening star;  
The winds and waves obey Him,  
By Him the birds are fed;  
Much more to us, His children,  
He gives our daily bread.  
All good gifts, etc.

## CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

- 3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,  
The seed-time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food:  
No gifts have we to offer,  
For all Thy love imparts,  
But that which Thou desirest,  
Our humble, thankful hearts.  
All good gifts, etc.

Matthias Claudius, 1782.

Tr. Jane M. Campbell, 1861.

**804**

6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

- 1 Brightly gleams our banner,  
Pointing to the sky,  
Waving on Christ's soldiers  
To their home on high.  
Marching through the desert,  
Gladly thus we pray,  
Still with hearts united  
Singing on our way.

### REFRAIN.

Brightly gleams our banner,  
Pointing to the sky,  
Waving on Christ's soldiers  
To their home on high.

- 2 Jesus, Lord and Master,  
At Thy sacred feet,  
Here with hearts rejoicing  
See Thy children meet:  
Often have we left Thee,  
Often gone astray;  
Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
In the narrow way.—Ref.



CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

3 All our days direct us  
In the way we go,  
Lead us on victorious  
Over every foe:  
Bid Thine angels shield us  
When the storm-clouds lower,  
Pardon, Lord, and save us  
In the last dread hour.—Ref.

4 Then with saints and angels  
May we join above,  
Offering prayers and praises  
At Thy throne of love;  
When the toil is over,  
Then come rest and peace,  
Jesus in His beauty,  
Songs that never cease.—Ref.

Rev. Thomas Joseph Potter, 1860.

**805**

C. M. With Refrain.

1 Around the throne of God in heav'n  
Thousands of children stand;  
Children whose sins are all forgiv'n,  
A holy, holy band.

REFRAIN.

Singing, "Glory, glory, glory,  
Glory be to God on high."

2 In flowing robes of spotless white  
See every one arrayed;  
Dwelling in everlasting light,  
And joys that never fade.—Ref.

3 What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;  
How came those children there?—Ref.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

- 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood  
To wash away their sin;  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean.—Ref.
- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved His Name;  
So now they see His blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb.—Ref.
- 6 And is the fountain flowing yet?  
Blest Saviour, lead us there;  
That we those happy ones may meet  
And in their praises share.—Ref.

Anne H. Shepherd, 1835.

**806**

7. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. 7.

- 1 Here we suffer grief and pain,  
Here we meet to part again;  
In heav'n we part no more.  
O that will be joyful,  
Joyful, joyful, joyful,  
O that will be joyful,  
When we meet to part no more.
- 2 All who love the Lord below,  
When they die to heaven will go,  
And join with saints above.  
O that will be joyful, etc.
- 3 Little children will be there;  
Who have sought the Lord by prayer  
From every Sunday School.  
O that will be joyful, etc.
- 4 Teachers, too, shall meet above,  
And our pastors, whom we love,  
Shall meet to part no more.  
O that will be joyful, etc.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

5 O how happy we shall be,  
For our Saviour we shall see  
Exalted on His throne.  
O that will be joyful, etc.

6 There we all shall sing with joy,  
And eternity employ  
In praising Christ, the Lord.  
O that will be joyful, etc.

Thomas Bilby, 1831.

**807**

6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 7. 6. 4.

1 There is a happy land,  
Far, far away,  
Where saints in glory stand,  
Bright, bright as day;  
O how they sweetly sing,  
Worthy is our Saviour King!  
Loud let His praises ring,  
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,  
Come, come away;  
Why will ye doubting stand?  
Why still delay?  
O we shall happy be,  
When from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall live with Thee,  
Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright, in that happy land,  
Beams every eye;  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die  
On then to glory run!  
Be a crown and kingdom won;  
And bright above the sun,  
Reign, reign for aye.

Andrew Young, 1843.

## Teachers.

808

Irregular.

We march, we march to victory,  
With the cross of the Lord before us,  
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,  
And His holy arm spread o'er us,  
His holy arm spread o'er us.

1 We come in the might of the Lord of light,  
With armor bright to meet Him;  
And we put to flight the armies of night  
That the sons of the day greet Him,  
The sons of the day may greet Him.  
We march, we march to victory, etc.

2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,  
Our helmet His salvation;  
Our banner the cross of Calvary,  
Our watchword the Incarnation,  
Our watchword the Incarnation.  
We march, we march to victory, etc.

3 And the choir of angels with song awaits  
Our march to the golden Zion;  
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,  
And burst the bars of iron,  
And burst the bars of iron.  
We march, we march to victory, etc.

4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,  
With the banner of Christ before us,  
With His eye of love looking down from above,  
And His holy arm spread o'er us,  
And His holy arm spread o'er us.  
We march, we march to victory, etc.

Rev. Gerard Moultrie, 1799-1874.

TEACHERS.

809

6. 6. 6. 6. D.

- 1 Shine Thou upon us, Lord,  
True Light of men, to-day;  
And through the written word  
Thy very self display;  
That so from hearts which burn  
With gazing on Thy face,  
The little ones may learn  
The wonders of Thy grace.
- 2 Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,  
Thy Spirit's living flame,  
That so with one accord  
Our lips may tell Thy Name;  
Give Thou the hearing ear,  
Fix Thou the wand'ring thought,  
That those we teach may hear  
The great things Thou hast wrought.
- 3 Speak Thou for us, O Lord,  
In all we say of Thee;  
According to Thy word  
Let all our teaching be;  
That so Thy lambs may know  
Their own true Shepherd's voice,  
Where'er He leads them go,  
And in His love rejoice.
- 4 Live Thou within us, Lord;  
Thy mind and will be ours;  
Be Thou beloved, adored,  
And served, with all our powers;  
That so our lives may teach  
Thy children what Thou art,  
And plead, by more than speech,  
For Thee with ev'ry heart.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1881.

## Farewell Service.

**810**

9. 8. 8. 9. With Refrain.

- 1 God be with you till we meet again,  
By His counsels guide, uphold you,  
With His sheep securely fold you,  
God be with you till we meet again.

### REFRAIN.

Till we meet, till we meet  
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;  
Till we meet, till we meet,  
God be with you till we meet again.

- 2 God be with you till we meet again,  
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,  
Daily manna still divide you,  
God be with you till we meet again.  
Till we meet, etc.

- 3 God be with you till we meet again,  
When life's perils thick confound you,  
Put His arms unfailing round you,  
God be with you till we meet again.  
Till we meet, etc.

- 4 God be with you till we meet again,  
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,  
Smite death's threatening wave before you,  
God be with you till we meet again.  
Till we meet, etc.

Rev. Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1828.

## Orphans.

811

L. M. 61.

(Or to Melita.)

- 1 O Thou, who madest land and sea,  
And guidest all, in all their ways,  
Who hearest those who bring to Thee  
Their sacrifice of pray'r and praise;  
O hear Thy children as they bring  
Themselves a lowly offering!
- 2 Great God, who with a Father's love  
Dost watch o'er all created things,  
And gath'rest all, below, above,  
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings;  
Protect, we pray Thee, now, and bless  
Thy children who are fatherless.
- 3 Thou hearest still the eagle's cry,  
And notest e'en a sparrow's fall,  
Thy list'ning ear doth heed on high,  
And hearken to the raven's call;  
Then, heav'nly Father, hear and bless  
Thy children who are fatherless.
- 4 Come, heav'nly Father, come to-day,  
For we Thy children come to Thee,  
And Thou wilt never say us, nay,  
If come we in humility;  
New-born in Thee, O Father, bless  
Thy children who are fatherless.
- 5 Cast forth upon the barren strand  
Of this lone world, to Thee we fly;  
In faith and hope, we fain would stand  
Beneath Thy shelt'ring arm for aye.  
Stretch forth Thy hand, and pitying bless  
Thy children who are fatherless.



## OFFERINGS.

- 6 And may we all with joyful mind,  
Our hearts as living off'rings bring,  
The first-fruits of our life, to find  
A Father in our heav'nly King;  
And earn in life and death to bless  
Thee, "Father of the fatherless."

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1881.

## Offerings.

812

7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8. 8. 8.

### PART I.

- 1 Holy off'rings, rich and rare,  
Offerings of praise and prayer,  
Purer life and purpose high,  
Clasped hands, uplifted eye,  
Lowly acts of adoration  
To the God of our salvation—  
On His altar laid we leave them;  
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

### PART II.

- 2 Promises in sorrow made,  
Left, alas! too long unpaid;  
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,  
Never into action wrought—  
Long withheld, we now restore them:  
On Thy holy altar pour them:  
There in trembling faith to leave them,  
Christ, present them! God, receive them!
- 3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,  
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,  
Dreams of what we yet might be  
Could we cling more close to Thee,  
Which, despite of faults and failings,  
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—  
On Thine altar laid we leave them:  
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

## OFFERINGS.

### PART III.

- 4 Pleasant food and garb of pride,  
Put for conscience' sake aside;  
Lawful luxury foregone,  
To relieve some little one  
Loved of Christ, by Him befriended,  
And for His dear love attended—  
On Thine altar laid we leave them:  
Christ, present them! God, receive them!
- 5 Loveless life and joyless mood,  
Chill of cold ingratitude,  
When the world doth Christ betray  
Following too far away,  
Sins which in the daily trial  
Lead too often to denial,  
Help, O help us to outlive them:  
Christ, atone for! God, forgive them!

### PART IV.

- 6 Brighter joys and tenderer tears,  
Fonder faith, more faithful fears,  
Lowlier penitence for sin,  
More of Christ our souls within;  
Love which, when its life was newer,  
Burnt within us deeper, truer—  
Lost too long, while we deplore them,  
Jesus, plead for! God, restore them!
- 7 Beamings of the gentle face,  
Overflowing gifts of grace,  
More of that deep consciousness  
Of a changeless will to bless,  
Which bestows the best assurance  
Of Eternal Love's endurance—  
Lost too often, we deplore them;  
Jesus, plead for! God, restore them!

OFFERINGS.

PART V.

8 Homage of each humble heart  
Ere we from Thy house depart;  
Worship fervent, deep and high,  
Adoration, ecstasy;  
All that childlike love can render  
Of devotion true and tender—  
On Thine altar laid we leave them:  
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

9 To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, Three in One,  
Though our mortal weakness raise  
Off'rings of imperfect praise,  
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,  
Crying, holy! holy! holy!  
On Thine altar laid we leave them:  
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1867.

813

S. M.

1 Thy bounties, gracious Lord,  
With gratitude we own;  
We bless Thy providential grace  
Which showers its blessings down.

2 With joy the people bring  
Their offerings round Thy throne;  
With thankful souls behold we pay  
A tribute of Thine own.

3 Let a Redeemer's blood  
Diffuse its virtues wide;  
Hallow and cleanse our every gift  
And all our follies hide.

4 O may this sacrifice  
To Thee, the Lord, ascend,  
An odor of a sweet perfume,  
Presented by His hand.

Miss Elizabeth Scott, died 1776.

## Laying a Corner Stone.

814

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 In the Name which earth and heaven  
Ever worship, praise and fear,  
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,  
Shall a house be builded here;  
Here with pray'r its deep foundations,  
In the faith of Christ, we lay,  
Trusting by His help to crown it  
With the top-stone in its day.
- 2 Here as in their due succession  
Stone on stone the workmen place,  
Thus, we pray, unseen but surely,  
Jesus, build us up in grace;  
Till, within these walls completed,  
We complete in Thee are found;  
And to Thee, the one Foundation,  
Strong and living stones, are bound.
- 3 Fair shall be Thine earthly temple:  
Here the careless passer-by  
Shall bethink him, in its beauty,  
Of the holier House on high;  
Weary hearts and troubled spirits  
Here shall find a still retreat;  
Sinful souls shall bring their burden  
Here to the Absolver's feet.
- 4 Yet with truer, nobler beauty,  
Lord, we pray, this house adorn,  
Where Thy Bride, Thy Church redeem'd,  
Robes her for her marriage morn;  
Clothed in garments of salvation,  
Rich with gems of heavenly grace,  
Spouse of Christ, arrayed and waiting  
Till she may behold His face.

LAYING A CORNER STONE.

- 5 Here in due and solemn order  
May her ceaseless pray'r arise;  
Here may strains of holy gladness  
Lift her heart above the skies;  
Here the word of life be spoken;  
Here the child of God be sealed;  
Here the Bread of Heav'n be broken,  
"Till He come," Himself revealed.
- 6 Praise to Thee, O Master-BUILDER,  
Maker of the earth and skies;  
Praise to Thee, in whom Thy temple  
Fitly framed together lies;  
Praise to Thee, eternal Spirit,  
Binding all that lives in one:  
Till our earthly praise be ended,  
And th' eternal song begun!

Rev. John Ellerton, 1871.

**815**

L. M.

- 1 O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills  
The bounds of the eternal hills,  
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,  
To dwell in temples made by hands;
- 2 Grant that all we, who here to-day  
Rejoicing this foundation lay,  
May be in very deed Thine own,  
Built on the precious Corner-stone.
- 3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,  
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;  
The beauty of the oak and pine,  
The gold and silver, make them Thine.
- 4 To Thee they all belong; to Thee  
The treasures of the earth and sea;  
And, when we bring them to Thy throne,  
We but present Thee with Thine own.

## DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

- 5 The heads that guide endue with skill,  
The hands that work preserve from ill,  
That we, who these foundations lay,  
May raise the top-stone in its day.
- 6 But now and ever, Lord, protect  
The temple of Thine own elect;  
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,  
O ever-blessèd Trinity!

Rev. John M. Neale, 1844.

## Dedication of a Church.

**816**

C. M.

- 1 O Thou, whose own vast temple stands,  
Built over earth and sea,  
Accept the walls that human hands  
Have raised to worship Thee.
- 2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,  
Within these walls t'abide,  
The peace that dwelleth without end  
Serenely by Thy side.
- 3 May erring minds, that worship here,  
Be taught the better way;  
And they who mourn, and they who fear,  
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,  
And pure devotion rise,  
While, round these hallowed walls, the storm  
Of earth-born passion dies.

William Cullen Bryant, 1820.

**817**

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 Christ is made the sure Foundation,  
Christ the Head and Corner-stone;  
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,

## RESTORATION OF A CHURCH.

Binding all the Church in one;  
Holy Zion's help forever,  
And her confidence alone.

- 2 All that dedicated City,  
Dearly loved of God on high,  
In exultant jubilation  
Pours perpetual melody;  
God the One in Three adorning  
In glad hymns eternally;
- 3 To this temple, where we call Thee,  
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:  
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,  
Hear Thy people as they pray;  
And Thy fullest benediction  
Shed within its walls away.
- 4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants  
What they ask of Thee to gain,  
What they gain from Thee forever  
With the blessed to retain  
And hereafter in Thy glory  
Evermore with Thee to reign.

Anon. Latin, 7th Century.

Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851, alt.

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## Restoration of a Church.

**818**

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 Lift the strain of high thanksgiving!  
Tread with songs the hallowed way!  
Praise our fathers' God for mercies  
New to us their songs to-day:  
Here they built for Him a dwelling,  
Served Him here for ages past,  
Fixed it for His sure possessions,  
Holy ground, while time shall last.



## RESTORATION OF A CHURCH.

- 2 When the years had wrought their changes  
He, our own unchanging God,  
Thought of this His habitation,  
Looked on His decayed abode;  
Heard our pray'r's, and helped our counsels  
Blessed the silver and the gold,  
Till once more His house is standing  
Firm and stately as of old.
- 3 Ent'ring then Thy gates with praises,  
Lord, be ours Thine Israel's prayer:  
"Rise into Thy place of resting,  
Show Thy promised presence there!"  
Let the gracious word be spoken  
Here, as once on Zion's height,  
"This shall be My rest forever,  
This My dwelling of delight."
- 4 Fill this latter house with glory  
Greater than the former knew;  
Clothed with righteousness its priesthood,  
Guide us all to rev'rence true;  
Let Thy Holy One's anointing  
Here its sev'nfold blessing shed;  
Spread for us the heav'nly banquet,  
Satisfy Thy poor with bread.
- 5 Praise to Thee, almighty Father,  
Praise to Thee, eternal Son,  
Praise to Thee, all-quick'ning Spirit,  
Ever blessèd Three in One:  
Threefold Pow'r and Grace and Wisdom,  
Molding out of sinful clay,  
Living stones for that true temple  
Which shall never know decay.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1869.

## Dedication of Church Bells.

819

8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 Raised between the earth and heaven,  
Now our bells are set on high;  
In the Name of Him who giveth,  
Skill, and strength, and industry.
- 2 For His praise we meekly lay them  
As a gift beneath His throne;  
All their sweet and noblest music  
Shall resound for Him alone.
- 3 Faithful men afar shall listen,  
'Mid their daily toil or rest,  
While the melody shall bid them  
Love the Church where all are blest.
- 4 Earth's rejoicings, bright and holy,  
Shall be signed with joyful peal;  
And the music from the steeple  
Shall our faith and love reveal.
- 5 They who languish, sick and lonely,  
Shall be mingled, as they sigh,  
Of the Church's one communion,  
God's true home and family.
- 6 When the spirits of the faithful  
Pass away to light and peace;  
Solemn tones shall then forewarn us,  
Soon our life and work must cease.
- 7 May these loud and well-tuned voices,  
Pealing forth in grand accord,  
List our hearts through joy and sorrow  
To Thy throne, most gracious Lord.

Rev. W. B. Smith, 1882

## Dedication of an Organ.

820

8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. 7.

- 1 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,  
Our thankful hearts inviting  
To sing our great Creator's praise,  
Both rich and poor uniting!  
Ye heav'ns and earth, rejoice!  
And ev'ry heart and voice  
Your joyous strains upraise,  
In notes of endless praise,  
Before His throne forever.
- 2 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,  
Our thankful hearts inviting  
To sing the praise of Christ our King  
Both rich and poor uniting!  
Who left His throne on high,  
And lowly came to die,  
That we from earth might rise  
To realms beyond the skies,  
And live with Him forever.
- 3 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,  
Our thankful hearts inviting  
To sing the Holy Spirit's praise,  
Both rich and poor uniting!  
Who bids us flee from sin,  
And makes us pure within,  
Till, warmed with heavenly love,  
We yearn to sing above  
Glad songs of praise for ever!
- 4 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,  
Our thankful hearts inviting  
To high upraise our songs of praise,  
Both rich and poor uniting!

## DEDICATION OF A BURIAL GROUND.

To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, Three in One,  
Till soaring higher and higher,  
We join the heavenly choir  
Before His throne for ever!

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1823.

### Dedication of a Burial Ground.

821

L. M. 6 l.

(Or to Melita.)

- 1 O Thou, in whom Thy saints repose,  
When life's brief conflict finds its close;  
Behold us met before Thy face  
To hallow this their resting place:  
Safe are the souls whom Thou dost keep,  
And safely here their dust shall sleep.
- 2 Thou knowest, Lord,—for Thou hast wept  
Beside the tomb where Lazarus slept,—  
What tears must flow, what hearts must  
    bleed,  
When here we sow the precious seed:  
Thou still rememb'rest, on Thy throne,  
Thy garden grave and seal'd stone.
- 3 Bid then Thy hosts encamp around  
This chosen spot of holy ground:  
Here let calm hope with memory dwell,  
And faith of heavenly comfort tell:  
No thought of ill, no footstep rude  
Profane the sacred solitude.
- 4 Here when Thy mourners shall repair  
In lonely grief and trembling prayer,  
Lift Thou sad hearts and streaming eyes  
To those fair glades of Paradise,  
Where safe within the guarded gate  
Thy ransomed souls in patience wait.

## PILGRIMAGE.

- 5 And when the valley, thick with corn,  
Shall laugh to see Thy harvest-morn,  
Here may the angel-reapers find  
Full many a sheaf for Thee to bind,  
And in Thy golden garner store,  
Our fruit of tears for evermore.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1870.

## VII. Pilgrimage and the Life Everlasting.

### Pilgrimage.

**822**

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;  
Bread of heaven! Bread of heaven!  
Feed me now and evermore.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing waters flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through;  
Strong Deliverer! Strong Deliverer!  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield!
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Bear me through the swelling current,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
Songs of praises! Songs of praises!  
I will ever give to Thee.

Rev. William Williams, 1773.

PILGRIMAGE.

823

7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

(Or to Ratisbon.)

- 1 Heav'nward still our pathway tends,  
Here on earth we are but strangers,  
Till our road in Canaan ends,  
Safely past this wild of dangers:  
Here we but as pilgrims rove,  
For our home is there above.
- 2 Heav'nward still, my soul, ascend!  
Thou art one of heaven's creations  
Earth can ne'er give aim or end  
Fit to fill thy aspirations;  
And a heav'n-enlightened mind  
Ever, turns, its Source to find.
- 3 Heav'nward still! God calls to me,  
In His word so loudly speaking;  
Glimpses in that word I see  
Of the home I'm ever seeking;  
While my heart that call attends,  
Still to heav'n my path ascends.
- 4 Heav'nward still, when life shall close,  
Death to my true home shall guide me:  
Then, triumphant o'er my woes,  
Lasting bliss shall God provide me.  
Christ Himself the way has led;  
Joyful in His steps I tread.
- 5 Still then heav'nward! heav'nward still!  
This shall be my watchword ever;  
Heav'n's delights my heart shall fill,  
Chasing joys that filled it never.  
Heav'nward still my tho'ts shall run,  
Till the gate of heav'n is won.

Benjamin Schmolek. 1731.  
Tr. Frances E. Cox, 1841.

PILGRIMAGE.

824

C. M.

- 1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss  
That sov'reign hand denies,  
Accepted at Thy throne of grace  
Let this petition rise:
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And let me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My path of life attend,  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And bless its happy end!

Anne Steele, 1760.

825

8. 8. 9. 8. 8. 9. 8. 8.

- 1 My life is but a pilgrimage;  
A trav'ler to my fatherland,  
I seek the City with foundation,  
Whose Builder, Maker, is my God;  
And gaining there my blest abode,  
Would ever sing His great salvation.  
My life is here a pilgrimage,  
I'm trav'ling to my fatherland.
- 2 The hours of life's uncertain day  
Haste on without a moment's stay,  
And, when once gone, are gone for ever;  
They bear me to eternity;  
Lord Jesus, give me eyes to see!  
Whate'er I need to know discover!  
Nor let earth's vain delusions hide  
Thee from my sight, my only Guide!



### PILGRIMAGE.

- 3 No journey is without its cares;  
Life's journey too the spirits wears;  
It is not all a path of roses,  
The road is narrow, foes are strong,  
And oft entice me to the wrong;  
The tangled thorn my way opposes;  
O'er trackless wilds I'm forced to go,  
And, groping, toil my passage through.
- 4 At times to me the Sun is bright,  
That Sun that sheds its gracious light,  
Alone to bless the pure in spirit:  
Then comes the roaring, raging storm,  
So loud, terrific its alarm,  
So dark, I cannot help but fear it:  
But when I think of joys above,  
My terror yields its place to love
- 5 Thou, Jesus, once a pilgrim too,  
Wilt prove Thyself a Helper true,  
Of all my anxious cries, a Hearer,  
Thy warning word in mind I'll keep,  
And, by Thy guidance, every step  
Shall bring me to salvation nearer.  
My life and strength are waning fast,  
Lord, with Thy consolations haste!
- 6 That I may grow in holiness,  
With stronger faith my spirit bless,  
And thus of stumbling make me heedful.  
I daily fall—help me to rise,  
And, by each fall, yet more to prize  
Thy helping hand, so often needful:  
While in this darkened soul of mine,  
Thy beams of mercy brighter shine.

## PILGRIMAGE.

7 My lot is here with strangers thrown,  
And by the world I'm little known;  
But there friends wait with joy to meet me:  
And there, with those I love the most,  
I'll join in song the angel-host,  
Whose glories with their welcome greet me.  
My Saviour come! no more delay!  
And thither bear my soul away!

Friedrich Adolph Lampe, 1683-1729.

**826**

7. 6. 7. 6.

- 1 A pilgrim and a stranger,  
I journey here below;  
Far distant in my country,  
The home to which I go.
- 2 Here I must toil and travail  
Oft weary and opprest,  
But there my God shall lead me  
For everlasting rest.
- 3 There still my thoughts are dwelling,  
'Tis there I long to be;  
Come, Lord, and call Thy servant  
To blessedness with Thee!
- 4 Come, bid my toil be ended,  
Let all my wanderings cease;  
Call from the wayside lodging  
To the sweet home of peace!
- 5 There I shall dwell forever,  
No more a stranger guest,  
With all Thy blood-bought children,  
In everlasting rest:
- 6 The pilgrim's toils forgotten,  
The pilgrim's conflicts o'er,  
All earthly griefs behind us,  
Eternal joys before.

Paul Gerhardt, 1666, tr.

PILGRIMAGE.

827

C. M. D.

1 The roseate hues of early dawn,  
The brightness of the day,  
The crimson of the sunset sky,  
How fast they fade away:  
O for the pearly gates of heav'n!  
O for the golden floor!  
O for the Sun of Righteousness  
That setteth never more!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,  
How fast they tire and faint;  
How many a spot defiles the robe  
That wraps an earthly saint:  
O for a heart that never sins,  
O for a soul washed white,  
O for a voice to praise our King,  
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
And grace to lead us higher;  
But there are perfectness and peace,  
Beyond our best desire:  
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,  
O by Thy life laid down,  
O that we fall not from Thy grace,  
Nor cast away our crown!

Cecil F. Alexander, 1853.

828

C. M. D.

1 O mother dear, Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end?  
The joys when shall I see?  
O happy harbor of God's saints!  
O sweet and pleasant soil!  
In thee no sorrow may be found,  
No grief, no care, no toil!

## PILGRIMAGE.

- 2 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,  
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;  
But every soul shines as the sun,  
For God Himself gives light.  
Thy walls are made of precious stone,  
Thy bulwarks diamonds square,  
Thy gates are of right orient pearl—  
Exceeding rich and rare.
- 3 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks  
Continually are green,  
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
As nowhere else are seen.  
Quite through the streets, with silver sound,  
The flood of life doth flow;  
Upon whose banks on every side  
The wood of life doth grow.
- 4 There trees forevermore bear fruit,  
And evermore do spring;  
There evermore the angels sit,  
And evermore do sing.  
O mother dear, Jerusalem,  
Would God I were in thee!  
Would God my cares were at an end,  
Thy joys that I might see!

16th or 17th Century.

**829**

6. 5. 6. 5. 12 l.

### PART I.

- 1 Forward! be our watch-word,  
Steps and voices joined;  
Seek the things before us,  
Not a look behind.  
Burns the fiery pillar  
At our army's head;  
Who shall dream of shrinking,  
By our Captain led?

## PILGRIMAGE.

Forward through the desert,  
Through the toil and fight!  
Jordan flows before us;  
Zion beams with light.

2 Forward, when in childhood  
Buds the infant mind;  
All through youth and manhood,  
Not a thought behind:  
Speed through realms of nature,  
Climb the steps of grace;  
Faint not, till in glory  
Gleams our Father's face.  
Forward, all the life-time,  
Climb from height to height,  
Till the head be hoary,  
Till the eve be light.

3 Forward, flock of Jesus,  
Salt of all the earth;  
Till each yearning purpose  
Spring to glorious birth:  
Sick, they ask for healing,  
Blind, they grope for day;  
Pour upon the nations  
Wisdom's loving ray.  
Forward, out of error,  
Leave behind the night;  
Forward, through the darkness  
Forward, into light.

4 Glories upon glories  
Hath our God prepared,  
By the souls that love Him  
One day to be shared:  
Eye hath not beheld them,  
Ear hath never heard;  
Nor of these hath uttered  
Thought or speech a word.

## PILGRIMAGE.

Forward, marching eastward  
Where the heaven is bright,  
Till the veil be lifted,  
Till our faith be sight.

Rev. Henry Alford, 1871.

830

6. 5. 6. 5. 12 1.

### PART II.

- 1 Far o'er yon horizon  
Rise the city towers,  
Where our God abideth;  
That fair home is ours:  
Flash the streets with jasper,  
Shine the gates with gold:  
Flows the gladdening river  
Shedding joys untold:  
Thither, onward thither,  
In Jehovah's might:  
Pilgrims to your country,  
Forward into light!
- 2 Into God's high temple  
Onward as we press,  
Beauty spreads around us,  
Born of holiness;  
Arch, and vault, and carving,  
Lights of varied tone;  
Softened words and holy,  
Prayer and praise alone:  
Every thought upraising  
To our city bright,  
Where the tribes assemble  
Round the throne of light!
- 3 Naught that city needeth  
Of these aisles of stone:  
Where the Godhead dwelleth  
Temple there is none:

PILGRIMAGE.

All the saints that ever  
In these courts have stood,  
Are but babes, and feeding  
On the children's food.  
On through sign and token,  
Stars amidst the night;  
Forward through the darkness,  
Forward into light!

- 4 To the Father's glory  
Loudest anthems raise:  
To the Son and Spirit  
Echo songs of praise:  
To the Lord Jehovah,  
Blessèd Three in One  
Be by men and angels  
Endless honor done.  
Weak are earthly praises,  
Dull the songs of night:  
Forward into triumph,  
Forward into light.

Rev. Henry Alford, 1871.

**831**

8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 He that goeth forth with weeping,  
Bearing precious seed in love,  
Never tiring, never sleeping,  
Findeth mercy from above.
- 2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,  
Bright the rays celestial shine;  
Precious fruit will thus be given,  
Through an influence all Divine.
- 3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,  
Let no fears thy soul annoy;  
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,  
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.



PILGRIMAGE.

- 4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!  
See the rising grain appear;  
Look again! the fields are whitening,  
For the harvest time is near.

Thomas Hastings, 1858.

**832** 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 5.

- 1 The sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaks,  
The summer morn I've sighed for,  
The fair, sweet morn awakes.  
Dark, dark hath been the midnight;  
But dayspring is at hand,  
And glory,—glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel's land.
- 2 O Christ, He is the fountain,  
The deep, sweet well of love;  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above;  
There to an ocean fulness  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory,—glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel's land.
- 3 With mercy and with judgment  
My web of time He wove,  
And aye the dews of sorrow  
Were lusted by His love;  
I'll bless the hand that guided,  
I'll bless the heart that planned,  
When throned where glory dwelleth,  
In Emmanuel's land.
- 4 The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear Bridegroom's face;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on my King of grace;

## PILGRIMAGE.

Not at the crown He giveth,  
But on His piercèd hand:  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Emmanuel's land.

Anne R. Cousin, 1857.

**833** 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 Holy Father, Thou hast taught me  
I should live to Thee alone;  
Year by year, Thy hand hath brought me  
On through dangers oft unknown.  
When I wandered, Thou hast found me;  
When I doubted, sent me light,  
Still Thine arm has been around me,  
All my paths were in Thy sight.
- 2 In the world will foes assail me,  
Craftier, stronger far than I;  
And the strife may never fail me.  
Well, I know, before I die.  
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing  
Thou canst give the power I need:  
Through the prayer of faith receiving  
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.
- 3 I would trust in Thy protecting,  
Wholly rest upon Thine arm,  
Follow wholly Thy directing,  
Thou, mine only Guard from harm!  
Keep me from mine own undoing,  
Help me turn to Thee when tried,  
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,  
Keep me ever at Thy side!

Rev. John M. Neale, 1850.

**834** 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

- 1 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us  
Through this lonely vale of tears;  
Through the changes Thou'st decreed us,  
Till our last great change appears:

PILGRIMAGE.

When temptation's darts assail us,  
When in devious paths we stray,  
Let Thy goodness never fail us;  
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

- 2 In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,  
Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
Suffer not our souls to fear:  
And, when mortal life is ended,  
Bid us on Thy bosom rest;  
Till, by angel-bands attended,  
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings, 1832.

**835**

S. M. D.

- 1 A few more years shall roll,  
A few more seasons come,  
And we shall be with those that rest  
Asleep within the tomb:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that great day;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.
- 2 A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that calm day;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.
- 3 A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more:

### PILGRIMAGE.

Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that blest day;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

4 A few more Sabbaths here  
Shall cheer us on our way,  
And we shall reach the endless rest,  
The eternal Sabbath-day:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that sweet day;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while,  
And He shall come again  
Who died that we might live, who lives  
That we with Him may reign:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that glad day;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1844.

**836**

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

1 The world is very evil;  
The times are waxing late:  
Be sober and keep vigil;  
The Judge is at the gate;  
The Judge who comes in mercy,  
The Judge who comes in might,  
To terminate the evil,  
To diadem the right.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,  
Let right to wrong succeed;  
Let penitential sorrow  
To heavenly gladness lead;

## PILGRIMAGE.

To light that hath no evening,  
That knows no moon nor sun,  
The light so new and golden,  
The light that is but one.

- 3 Far, far, as we have wandered,  
And deep as is our fall,  
His mercies never fail us,  
Who freely pardons all;  
Who bids His grace abounding  
Love's mightiness display,  
And David's royal fountain  
Purge every sin away.

- 4 O home of fadeless splendor,  
Of flowers that bear no thorn,  
Where they shall dwell as children  
Who here as exiles mourn:  
'Midst power that knows no limit,  
Where wisdom has no bound,  
Where rests a peace untroubled,  
Peace holy and profound!

- 5 There grief is turned to pleasure:  
Such pleasure as below  
No human voice can utter,  
No human heart can know;  
Strive, man, to win that glory;  
Toil, man, to gain that light;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight.

Bernard of Cluny. c. 1145.

Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1858.

**837**

10. 10. 10. 10.

(Or to Langran.)

- 1 I journey through a desert drear and wild,  
Yet is my heart by such sweet tho'ts beguiled  
Of Him on whom I lean, my Strength, my Stay,  
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

### PILGRIMAGE.

- 2 Thoughts of His love—the root of every grace  
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-  
place,  
The sunshine of my soul, than day more  
bright,  
And my calm pillow of repose by night.
- 3 Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears  
The tale of love unfolded in those years  
Of sinless suffering and of patient grace,  
I love again, and yet again, to trace.
- 4 Thoughts of His glory—on the cross I gaze,  
And there behold its sad yet healing rays:  
Beacon of hope, which, lifted up on high,  
Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimmed  
eye.
- 5 Thoughts of His coming; for that joyful day  
Impatient hope I watch and wait and pray;  
The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows  
flee  
O what a sunrise will that advent be!
- 6 Thus while I journey on, my Lord to meet,  
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet  
Of Him on whom I lean, my Strength and  
Stay,  
I can forget the sorrows on the way!

Mary Jane Walker, (Deck) 1842.

**838**

11. 10. 11. 10.

- 1 O for the peace which floweth as a river,  
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!  
O for the faith to grasp heav'n's bright for-  
ever,  
Amid the shadows of earth's little while!
- 2 A little while for patient vigil-keeping,  
To face the stern, to wrestle with the  
strong;

## PILGRIMAGE.

A little while, to sow the seed with weeping,  
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest  
song.

3 A little while, to wear the weeds of sadness,  
To pace with weary step through miry  
ways;  
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of glad-  
ness,  
Then clasp the girdle round the robe of  
praise.

4 A little while, the earthen pitcher taking  
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains  
fed;  
Then the cool lips its thirst for ever slaking  
Beside the fullness of the Fountain-head.

5 A little while, to keep the oil from failing;  
A little while, faith's flickering lamp to  
trim;  
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps  
hailing,  
To greet His advent with the bridal hymn.

6 And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver,  
The future glory and the present smile,  
With the bright promise of the glad forever,  
Will light the shadows of the little while.

Jane Crewdson, 1864.

**839** 11. 11. 11. 11.

1 I would not live alway! I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the  
way;  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for  
its cheer.



PILGRIMAGE.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin;  
Temptation without, and corruption within:  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with  
fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent  
tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the  
tomb:  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its  
gloom;  
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise  
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his  
God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the  
bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to  
greet;  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly  
roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the  
soul?

Rev. William A. Mühlenberg, c. 1824.

840

6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

PILGRIMAGE.

2 Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

3 ~~There let the way appear~~  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou send'st to me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my songs shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah F. Adams, 1841.

# PILGRIMAGE.

**841**

8. 9. 8. 9. 8. 10.

- 1 Lamb without spot, to Thee we kneel,  
Before Thy throne of grace low bending;  
Man art Thou, and for man canst feel,  
In mercy to our cry attending,  
O visit us, grant us Thy peace!  
Dear Saviour, grant us Thy eternal peace!
- 2 When sorrow bends the spirit down,  
From earthly hope and solace turning,  
Though the hard world upon us frown,  
In pity o'er Thy children yearning,  
O visit us, etc.
- 3 When conscience wrings the anguished heart,  
Vainly in grief and fear lamenting,  
What hand but Thine can heal the smart?  
In Thy long-suffering love relenting,  
O visit us, etc.
- 4 When those whom most we cherish here,  
At death's cold touch and call are shrink-  
ing;  
Let Faith, with vision bright and clear,  
View in Thine arms her loved ones sinking,  
O visit us, etc.
- 5 And when our last dread hour draws nigh,  
And life's bright day-beams fast are paling,  
Then, Lord, receive the parting sigh—  
When life and eye and heart are failing,  
O visit us, etc.

“F. M. H.”

**842**

6. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

- 1 Change is our portion here;  
Soon fades the summer sky;  
The land-scape droops in autumn sere,

## PILGRIMAGE.

And spring-flow'rs bloom to die:  
But faithful is Jehovah's word,  
"I will be with thee," saith the Lord.

2 Change is our portion here  
Along the heav'nly road;  
In faith and hope, and holy fear,  
In love towards our God;  
How often we distrust the word,  
"I will be with thee," saith the Lord.

3 Change is our portion here  
Yet midst our changing lot,  
Midst with'ring flow'rs and tempests drear  
There is that changes not:  
Unchangeable Jehovah's word,  
"I will be with thee," saith the Lord.

4 Changeless, the way of peace;  
Changeless, Emmanuel's Name;  
Changeless, the covenant of grace,  
Eternally the same.  
"I change not," is a Father's word;  
And "I am with thee," saith the Lord.

James H. Evans, 1838.

## 843

C. M.

1 Beneath our feet and o'er our head  
Is equal warning giv'n;  
Beneath us lie the countless dead,  
Above us is the heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,  
And lurks in every flower;  
Each season has its own disease,  
Its peril every hour.

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light  
Of youth's soft cheek decay;  
And fate descend in sudden night  
On manhood's middle day.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

- 4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age  
Halt feebly to the tomb;  
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,  
And dreams of days to come?
- 5 Then, mortal, turn! thy danger know  
Where'er thy foot can tread,  
The earth rings hollow from below  
And warns thee of her dead!
- 6 Turn Christian, turn! thy soul apply  
To truths divinely given:  
The dead, who underneath thee lie,  
Shall live for hell or heaven!

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1820.

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## The Christian's Death.

844

S. M. D.

- 1 Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,  
Enter thy Master's joy!  
The voice at midnight came,  
He started up to hear;  
A mortal arrow pierced his fame;  
He fell, but felt no fear.
- 2 At midnight came the cry,  
"To meet thy God prepare!"  
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye;  
Then, strong in faith and prayer,  
His spirit with a bound  
Left its encumbering clay:  
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground  
A darkened ruin lay.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

- 3 The pains of death are past,  
Labor and sorrow cease,  
And life's long warfare closed at last,  
His soul is found in peace.  
Soldier of Christ, well done!  
Praise be thy new employ,  
And, while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery, 1832.

**845**

7. 6. 7. 7. 6.

- 1 No, no, it is not dying  
To go unto our God,  
This gloomy earth forsaking,  
Our journey homeward taking  
Along the starry road.
- 2 No, no, it is not dying  
Heaven's citizen to be;  
A crown immortal wearing,  
And rest unbroken sharing,  
From care and conflict free.
- 3 No, no, it is not dying  
To hear this gracious word,  
"Receive a Father's blessing,  
For evermore possessing  
The favor of Thy Lord."
- 4 No, no, it is not dying  
The Shepherd's voice to know;  
His sheep He ever leadeth,  
His peaceful flock He feedeth,  
Where living pastures grow.
- 5 No, no, it is not dying  
To wear a lordly crown;  
Among God's people dwelling,  
The glorious triumph swelling  
Of Him whose sway we own.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

6 No, no, this is not dying,  
Thou Saviour of mankind!  
There, streams of love are flowing,  
No hindrance ever knowing;  
Here, drops alone we find.

Rev. Henri A. César Malan, 1830.

Tr. Rev. Robinson P. Dunn, 1850.

846

S. M.

- 1 It is not death to die,  
To leave this weary road,  
And midst the brotherhood on high  
To be at home with God.
- 2 It is not death to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake, in glorious repose  
To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to bear  
The wrench that sets us free  
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air  
Of boundless liberty.
- 4 It is not death to fling,  
Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise, on strong exulting wing,  
To live among the just.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!  
Thy chosen cannot die;  
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with Thee on high.

Rev. Henri A. César Malan, 1832.

Tr. Rev. George W. Bethune, 1847.



THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

**847**

9. 4. 9. 9. 4. 6. 6.

- 1 Beyond the smiling and the weeping ||  
     I shall be | soon; ||  
 Beyond the waking and the sleeping, ||  
 Beyond the sowing and the reaping, ||  
     I shall be | soon. ||

REFRAIN.

Love, rest and home! Sweet home!  
 Lord, tarry not, but come.

- 2 Beyond the blooming and the fading, ||  
     I shall be | soon; ||  
 Beyond the shining and the shading, ||  
 Beyond the hoping and the dreading, ||  
     I shall be | soon. ||—Ref.
- 3 Beyond the rising and the setting, ||  
     I shall be | soon; ||  
 Beyond the calming and the fretting, ||  
 Beyond remembering and forgetting, ||  
     I shall be | soon. ||—Ref.
- 4 Beyond the parting and the meeting, ||  
     I shall be | soon; ||  
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting, ||  
 Beyond the pulse's fever beating, ||  
     I shall be | soon. ||—Ref.
- 5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever, ||  
     I shall be | soon; ||  
 Beyond the rock-waste and the river, ||  
 Beyond the ever and the never, ||  
     I shall be | soon. ||—Ref.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1870.

**848**

C. M

- 1 Lord, it belongs not to my care  
     Whether I die or live;  
 To love and serve Thee is my share,  
     And this Thy grace must give.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

- 2 If life be long, I will be glad  
That I may long obey;  
If short, yet why should I be sad  
To end my toilsome day.
- 3 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet  
Thy blessed face to see:  
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will Thy glory be?
- 4 Then shall I end my sad complaints,  
And weary, sinful days,  
And join with the triumphant saints  
That sing Jehovah's praise.
- 5 My knowledge of that life is small,  
The eye of faith is dim;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him.

Rev. Richard Baxter, 1681, alt. °

**849** C. M.

- 1 When musing sorrow weeps the past,  
And mourns the present pain  
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,  
And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise  
And dread a Father's will;  
'Tis not that meek submission flies,  
And would not suffer still:
- 3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys  
The path that leads to light,  
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,  
And lose herself in sight.
- 4 O let me wing my hallowed flight  
From earth-born woe and care,  
And soar above these clouds of night,  
My Saviour's bliss to share!

Baptist W. Noel, 1852.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

850

C. M.

- 1 O for an over-coming faith,  
To cheer my dying hours;  
To triumph o'er the monster, death,  
And all His frightful powers!
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,  
My quivering lips should sing,  
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?  
And where, O death, thy sting?"
- 3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;  
Death has no sting beside:  
The law gives sin its damning power,  
But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory  
Immortal thanks be paid;  
Who makes us conquerors while we die,  
Through Christ, our living Head.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

851

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

- 1 When now the solemn hour is nigh  
That from this world shall call me,  
On what, O Lord, can I rely,  
While terrors would appal be?  
My soul and body, to the last,  
I'll on Thine arm of mercy cast,—  
'Tis safe to trust Thy mercy!
- 2 My sins may seem in number more,  
While conscience shall recount them,  
Than sands upon the ocean-shore,—  
Thy grace can still surmount them.  
I'll think, dear Saviour, of the death  
Sustained by Thee;—and thus by faith  
From sinking shall uphold me.

## BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

- 3 I am a branch of Thee, the Vine;  
My strength from Thee I borrow;  
Round Thee my tendrils hopes shall twine  
In death's drear night of sorrow:  
And when 'tis over, Thou wilt give  
An endless life with Thee to live  
In bliss Thy sorrows purchased.
- 4 My Lord—o'er death triumphant—rose,  
From earth to God ascended;  
His victory yields my heart repose,  
The fear of death is ended:  
For where He is, I too shall come,  
And find with Him a joyful home:  
Why should I fear to follow?
- 5 With outstretched arms I'll welcome Christ  
That He from earth may take me:  
In hope my body soon shall rest,  
Till from the grave He wake me;  
But Christ Himself will go before,—  
Of heaven for me throw wide the door,  
And bless my soul in glory.

Nicolas Hermann, 1480-1561, tr.

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## Burial of the Dead.

852

L. M.

- 1 Unveil Thy bosom, faithful tomb;  
Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
And give these sacred relics room  
To slumber in the silent dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
While angels watch the soft repose.

## BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son  
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed:  
Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn;  
Attend, O earth, His sovereign word  
Restore thy trust; a glorious form  
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1734.

**853**

L. M.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessèd sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet;  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death hath lost his venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
That manifest the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me  
May such a blissful refuge be;  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay, 1832.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

854

11. 10. 11. 10.

- 1 Call it not death: it is but life beginning—  
Life from the burden of the flesh set free;  
Life, 'mid the blessedness of no more sinning;  
Life in full fellowship, dear Lord, with  
Thee!
- 2 Call it not death, where life is all-pervading:  
For when has ceased this frail and fleet-  
ing breath,,  
And "all things" are made "new," and are  
unfading—  
In heaven above—"there shall be no more  
death."
- 3 Call it not death: it brings a radiant morrow,  
A morrow free from trouble, loss, or care;  
For those who sleep in Christ there's "no  
more sorrow"  
But cloudless joy, and pleasures true and  
rare!
- 4 Call it not death: for saints who pass its  
portal  
Shall be "with Christ," where there is "no  
more pain;"  
The ransomed victor, robed in life immortal,  
Can never suffer nor be sick again.
- 5 Call it not death: it is but the unveiling,  
In regions "where there shall be no more  
night"—  
The passing into love and joy unfailing—  
The full "inheritance of saints in light."
- 6 Call it not death: how blest is their condition,  
How far beyond all restlessness or doubt,  
Who serve the Lord in jubilant fruition,—  
Who "see His face," and "shall go no more  
out."

Rev. William A. Bathurst, 1889.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

855

6. 6. 6. 6.

- 1 Hush! blessèd are the dead  
In Jesus' arms who rest,  
And lean their weary head  
For ever on His breast.
- 2 O beatific sight!  
No darkling veil between  
They see the Light of light,  
Whom here they loved unseen.
- 3 For them the wild is past,  
With all its toil and care;  
Its with'ring midnight blast,  
Its fiery noonday glare.
- 4 Then the Good Shepherd leads  
Where storms are never rife,  
In tranquil dewy meads,  
Beside the Fount of Life.
- 5 Ours only are the tears  
Who weep around their tomb,  
The light of bygone years  
And shad'wing years to come.
- 6 Their voice, their touch, their smile,  
Those love-springs flowing o'er,  
Earth for its little while  
Shall never know them more.
- 7 O tender hearts and true,  
Our long lost vigil kept,  
We weep and mourn for you,  
Nor blame us: Jesus wept.
- 8 But soon, at break of day,  
His calm almighty voice,  
Stronger than death shall say  
Awake,—arise,—rejoice.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1870.



BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

856

7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8.

(Or to Requiescat.)

- 1 Now the laborer's task is o'er;  
Now the battle-day is past;  
Now upon the farther shore  
Lands the voyager at last.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 2 There the tears of earth are dried;  
There its hidden things are clear;  
There the work of life is tried  
By a juster Judge than here.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 3 There the sinful souls, that turn  
To the cross their dying eyes,  
All the love of Christ shall learn  
At His feet in Paradise.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 4 There no more the powers of hell  
Can prevail to mar their peace;  
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,  
He who died for their release.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 5 "Eearth to earth, and dust to dust,"  
Calmly now the words we say;  
Left behind, we wait in trust  
For the resurrection-day.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1871.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

857

6. 6. 6. 6. D.

- 1 One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
I'm nearer home to-day  
Than e'er I've been before:  
Nearer my Father's house ,  
Where many mansions be,  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea.
- 2 Nearer the bound of life,  
Where burdens are laid down,  
Nearer to leave the cross,  
And nearer to the crown;  
But, lying dark between,  
And winding through the night,  
There rolls the unknown stream,  
That leads at last to light.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my trust;  
Strengthen the hand of faith  
To feel Thee, when I stand  
Upon the shore of death,  
Be near me when my feet  
Are slipping o'er the brink,  
For I am nearer home,  
Perhaps than now I think.

Phoebe Cary, 1852.

858

C. M.

- 1 When downward to the darksome tomb  
I thoughtful turn my eyes,  
Frail nature trembles at the gloom,  
And anxious fears arise.
- 2 Why shrinks my soul?—in death's embrace  
Once Jesus captive slept;  
And angels, hovering o'er the place,  
His lowly pillow kept.

## BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

- 3 Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,  
And, as the Saviour rose,  
The grave again shall yield her trust,  
And end my sleep repose.
- 4 My Lord, before to glory gone,  
Shall bid me come away;  
And calm and bright shall break the dawn  
Of heaven's eternal day.
- 5 Then let my faith each fear dispel,  
And gild with light the grave;  
To Him my loftiest praises swell,  
Who died, from death to save.

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1843.

**859**

L. M. 61.

- 1 Who knows how near my end may be?  
Time speeds away, and death comes on.  
How swiftly, ah, how suddenly,  
May death be here, and life be gone!  
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray  
Thy peace may bless my dying day.
- 2 O Father, cover all my sins  
With Jesus' merits, who alone  
The pardon that I covet wins,  
And makes His long-sought Rest my own.  
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray  
Thy peace may bless my dying day.
- 3 Then death may come or tarry yet;  
I know in Christ I perish not.  
He never will His own forget;  
He gives me robes without a spot.  
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray  
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

## BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

- 4 And thus I live in God at peace,  
And die without a thought of fear,  
Content to take what God decrees,  
For through His Son my faith is clear;  
His grace shall be in death my stay,  
And peace shall bless my dying day.

Emilia Juliana, Countess of Schwarzburg-  
Rudolstadt, 1688.

Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1858.

**860**

4. 6. 4. 6. D.

- 1 Sleep, thy last sleep,  
Free from care and sorrow;  
Rest, where none weep,  
Till th'eternal morrow;  
Though dark waves roll  
O'er the silent river,  
Thy fainting soul  
Jesus can deliver.
- 2 Life's dream is past,  
All its sin, its sadness;  
Brightly at last  
Dawns a day of gladness:  
Under thy sod,  
Earth, receive our treasure,  
To rest in God,  
Waiting all His pleasure.
- 3 Though we may mourn  
Those in life the dearest,  
They shall return,  
Christ, when Thou appearest:  
Soon shall Thy voice  
Comfort those now weeping,  
Bidding rejoice  
All in Jesus sleeping.

Rev. Edward A. Dayman, 1868.

## Burial of a Child.

861

6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

- 1 Safe home, safe home in port!  
Rent cordage, shatter'd deck,  
Torn sails, provisions short,  
And only not a wreck:  
But, O! the joy upon the shore  
To tell our voyage-perils o'er!
- 2 No more the foe can harm:  
No more of leaguered camp,  
And cry of night-alarm,  
And need of ready lamp:  
And yet how nearly had he failed,  
How nearly had that foe prevailed!
- 3 The lamb is in the fold  
In perfect safety penned:  
The lion once had hold,  
And thought to make an end;  
But One came by with wounded side,  
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

St. Joseph of the Studium, 850.  
Rev. John Mason Neale, 1862, ab.

862

C. M.

- 1 Ye mourning saints, whose streaming tears  
Flow o'er our children dead,  
Say not in transports of despair  
That all your hopes are fled.
- 2 If, cleaving to that darling dust,  
In fond distress ye lie,  
Rise, and with joy and reverence view  
A heavenly Parent nigh.
- 3 Though, your young branches torn away,  
Like withered trunks ye stand,  
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,  
Touched by the Almighty's hand.

BURIAL OF A CHILD.

- 4 I'll give the mourner, saith the Lord,  
In my own house a place;  
No names of daughters nor of sons  
Could yield so high a grace.
- 5 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,  
Through which Thy face we see;  
And bless those wounds which through our  
Prepare a way for Thee. [hearts  
Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1750.

**863**

C. M.

- 1 'Tis Jesus speaks: I fold, says He,  
These lambs within my breast;  
Protection they shall find in Me,  
In Me be ever blest.
- 2 Death may the bands of life unloose,  
But can't dissolve My love;  
Millions of infant souls compose  
The family above.
- 3 Their feeble frames My power shall raise  
And mould with heavenly skill;  
I'll give them tongues to sing My praise  
And hands to do My will.
- 4 His words the happy parents hear,  
And shout with joy Divine,  
O Saviour, all we have and are  
Shall be forever Thine!

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1787.

**864**

7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

(Or to Ulich.)

- 1 Gentle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled  
Now Thy little lamb's long weeping:  
Ah how peaceful, pale, and mild,  
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!  
And no sigh of anguish sore  
Heaves that little bosom more.

## THE RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

- 2 In this world of care and pain,  
    Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;  
    To the sunny, heavenly plain  
    Thou dost now with joy receive it;  
    Clothed in robes of spotless white,  
    Now it dwells with Thee in light.
- 3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we  
    Where it lives may soon be living,  
    And the lovely pastures see  
    That its heavenly food are giving;  
    Then the gain of death we prove,  
    Though Thou take what most we love.

Rev. Johann W. Meinhold, 1835.  
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1858.

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### The Resurrection and Judgment.

**865**

9. 6. 5. 7. 4.

- 1 Thou shalt rise! my dust, thou shalt arise!  
    Not always closed thine eyes:  
    Thy life's first Giver  
    Will give thee life for ever,  
    Hallelujah!
- 2 Sown in darkness, but to bloom again,  
    When, after winter's reign,  
    Jesus is reaping,  
    The seed now quietly sleeping,  
    Hallelujah!
- 3 Day of praise! for thee, thou wondrous day,  
    In my own grave I stay;  
    And, when I number  
    My days and nights of slumber,  
    Thou wakest me!



THE RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

- 4 Then, as they who dream, we shall arise  
With Jesus to the skies,  
And find that morrow,  
The weary pilgrim's sorrow,  
All past and gone!
- 5 Then shall I the path to Holiest tread,  
By my Redeemer led,  
Through heavèn soaring,  
His holy Name adoring,  
Eternally!

Friedr. Gottl. Klopstock, 1724-1803.

**866** Follow me ye who will 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

- 1 Jesus, my eternal Trust  
And my Saviour, ever liveth;  
This I know; and deep and just  
Is the peace this knowledge giveth,  
Though death's lingering night may start  
Many a question in my heart.
- 2 Christ is risen from the dead,  
"Thou shalt rise too," saith the Saviour;  
Of what should I be afraid?  
I with Him shall live for ever:  
Shall I fear then? Can the Head  
Rise and leave the members dead?
- 3 Hope's strong chain around me bound,  
Still shall twine my Saviour grasping:  
And my hand of faith be found  
As death left it, Jesus clasping:  
Death itself shall never part  
Mine and my Redeemer's heart.
- 4 God Himself in that blest place,  
Shall a glorious body give me;  
I shall see His blissful face,  
To His heavens He will receive me,  
To His joyful presence raise  
Ever upon Christ to gaze.

## THE RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

5 Then these eyes my Lord shall know,  
My Redeemer and my Brother,  
In His love my soul shall glow,—  
I myself, and not another!  
Then from this rejoicing heart,  
Every weakness shall depart.

6 Let us raise our souls above  
Pleasures in which earth delighteth;  
Give our hearts to Him in love  
To whom death so soon uniteth;  
Thither oft in spirit flee  
Where we would forever be!

Louisa Henrietta v. Brandenburg, 1667.  
Tr. Moravian Coll., alt.

**867**

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

1 Great God, what do I see and hear!  
The end of things created!  
The Judge of man I see appear  
On clouds of glory seated.  
The trumpet sounds: the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before;  
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
At the last trumpet's sounding,  
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding;  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
Behold His wrath prevailing,  
For they shall rise, and find their tears •  
And sighs are unavailing;  
The day of grace is past and gone;  
Trembling they stand before the throne  
All unprepared to meet Him.

## THE RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

- 4 O Christ, who diedst and yet dost live,  
To me impart Thy merit;  
My pardon seal, my sins forgive,  
And cleanse me by Thy Spirit.  
Beneath Thy Cross I view the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet Thee.

V. 1, Barth. Ringwaldt, 1585.

V. 2-4, Rev. William B. Collyer, 1812.

### 868

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

- 1 When all with awe shall stand around  
To hear their doom allotted,  
O may my worthless name be found  
In the Lamb's book unblotted!  
Grant me a firm, unshaken faith;  
For Thou, my Saviour, by Thy Death,  
Hast purchased my salvation.

- 2 Before Thou shalt as Judge appear,  
Plead as my Intercessor;  
And on that awful day declare  
That I am Thy confessor.  
Then bring me to that blessed place  
Where I may see, with open face,  
The glory of Thy kingdom.

- 3 O Jesus! shorten the delay,  
And hasten Thy salvation,  
That we may see that glorious Day  
Produce a new creation;  
Lord Jesus, come, our Judge and King!  
Come, change our mournful notes, to sing  
Thy praise for ever. Amen.

Johann Madgeburg, 1565.

Tr. Johann Christian Jacobi, 1722.

## The Life Everlasting.

869

7. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.

- 1 Ten thousand times ten thousand  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steps of light:  
'Tis finished, all is finished,  
Their fight with death and sin:  
Fling open wide the golden gates,  
And let the victors in.
- 2 What rush of Hallelujahs  
Fills all the earth and sky!  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!  
O day, for which creation  
And all its tribes were made;  
O joy, for all its former woes  
A thousand fold repaid!
- 3 O then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore;  
What knitting severed friendships up,  
Where partings are no more!  
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,  
That brimmed with tears of late,  
Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.
- 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,  
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;  
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,  
Then take Thy power and reign:  
Appear, Desire of nations,  
Thine exiles long for home;  
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign;  
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

Rev. Henry Alford, 1867.

THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

870

S. M.

- 1 "Forever with the Lord!"  
Amen! so let it be!  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here, in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,  
Thy golden gates appear!
- 4 Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above!
- 5 "Forever with the Lord!"  
Father, if 'tis Thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word  
E'en here to me fulfill.
- 6 Be Thou at my right hand,  
Then can I never fail;  
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;  
Fight, and I must prevail.
- 7 So when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.
- 8 Knowing as I am kown,  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat, before the throne,  
"Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery, 1835.

THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

**871**

C. M.

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labors have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and Thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold?  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know:  
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,  
Or feel at death dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home!  
My soul still pants for thee  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

Anon. (ascribed to J. Montgomery.)  
Eckington Coll., c. 1796.

**872**

6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

- 1 I'm but a stranger here,  
Heav'n is my home;  
Earth is a desert drear,  
Heav'n is my home.

## THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

Danger and sorrow stand  
Round me on ev'ry hand,  
Heav'n is my fatherland,  
Heav'n is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,  
Heav'n is my home;  
Short is my pilgrimage,  
Heav'n is my home.  
And time's wild wintry blast  
Soon will be over-past;  
I shall reach home at last,  
Heav'n is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,  
Heav'n is my home;  
I shall be glorified,  
Heav'n is my home.  
There are the good and blest,  
Those I love most and best;  
And there I too shall rest,  
Heav'n is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,  
Heav'n is my home;  
Whate'er my earthly lot,  
Heav'n is my home.  
And I shall surely stand  
There at my Lord's right hand;  
Heav'n is my fatherland,  
Heav'n is my home.

Rev. Thomas R. Taylor, 1836.

**873** .6.1.0.1.0

C. M.

1 There is a fold whence none can stray,  
And pastures ever green.  
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,  
Or night is never seen.



## THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

- 2 Far up the everlasting hills,  
In God's own light it lies;  
His smile its vast dimension fills  
With joy that never dies.
- 3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,  
Divides that land from this:  
I have a Shepherd pledged to save  
And bear me home to bliss.
- 4 Soon at His feet my soul will lie  
In life's last struggling breath;  
But I shall only seem to die,  
I shall not taste of death.
- 5 Far from this guilty world to be  
Exempt from toil and strife;  
To spend eternity with Thee,  
My Saviour, this is life!

John East, 1836.

## 874

C. M. 5 l.

- 1 There is an hour of peaceful rest  
To mourning wanderers giv'n;  
There is a joy for souls distress'd,  
A balm for ev'ry wounded breast:  
'Tis found above in heav'n.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls  
By sin and sorrow driven;  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,  
To brighter prospects given;  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.

THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

- 4 'Tnere, fragrant flowers, immortal, bloom  
And joys supreme are given;  
There, rays Divine disperse the gloom:  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

Rev. William Bingham Tappan, 1880, ab.

**875**

11. 10. 11. 10. With Refrain.

- 1 Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are  
swelling  
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-  
beat shore;  
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are  
telling  
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

REFRAIN.

Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the  
night!

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you  
come;"

And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ring-  
ing, [Ref.

The music of the gospel leads us home.—

- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to  
Thee.—Ref.

- 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and  
dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be  
past;

## THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

Faith's journeys end in welcomes to the  
weary,

And heaven, the heart's true home, will  
come at last.—Ref.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keep-  
ing;

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of  
weeping,

And life's long shadows break in cloudless  
love.—Ref.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1854.

**876** 10. 7. 10. 7.

1 Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,  
Beyond death's cloudy portal,  
There is a land where beauty never dies,  
Where love becomes immortal.

2 A land, whose life is never dimmed by shade  
Whose fields are ever vernal  
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade  
But blooms for age eternal.

3 We may not know how sweet its balmy air  
How bright and fair its flowers  
We may not hear the songs that echo there  
Through these enchanted bowers.

4 But sometimes when adown the western sky  
A fiery sunset lingers  
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly  
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

5 And while they stand a moment half ajar  
Gleams from the inner glory  
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar  
And half reveal the story.

THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

- 6 O land unknown, O land of love Divine  
Father, all-wise, eternal,  
O guide these wandering, way-worn feet of  
Into these pastures vernal! [mine  
Nancy Amelia Woodbury Priest, 1895.

**877**

8. 7. 8. 7.

(Or to Debenham.)

- 1 Daily, daily sing the praises  
Of the city God hath made;  
In the bounteous fields of Eden  
Its foundation-stones are laid.
- 2 From the throne a river issues,  
Clear as crystal, passing bright,  
And it traverses the City  
Like a sudden beam of light.
- 3 There the wind is sweetly fragrant  
And is laden with the song  
Of the seraphs, and the elders,  
And the great redeemed throng.
- 4 O I would my ears were open  
Here to catch that happy strain!  
O I would my eyes some visions  
Of that Eden could attain!

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1867.

**878**

10. 6. 10. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6.

- 1 O city fair, Jerusalem on high!  
Would God I were in thee!  
My longing heart fain, fain to thee would fly!  
It would not stay with me;  
Far over vale and mountain,  
Far over field and plain,  
It hastes to seek its Fountain  
And quit this world of pain.

THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

2 O happy day, and yet far happier hour,  
When wilt thou come at last?  
When fearless to my Father's love and power,  
Whose promise standeth fast,  
My soul I gladly render,  
For surely will His hand  
Lead her with guidance tender  
To heaven, her fatherland.

3 O Zion, hail! Bright city, now unfold  
The gates of grace to me!  
How many a time I longed for thee of old,  
Ere yet I was set free  
From yon dark life of sadness,  
Yon world of shadowy naught,  
And God had given the gladness,  
There heritage I sought.

4 O what the tribe, or what the glorious host,  
Comes sweeping swiftly down?  
The chosen ones on earth who wrought the  
The Church's brightest crown, [most,  
Our Lord hath sent to meet me,  
As in the far-off years,  
Their words oft came to greet me  
In yonder land of tears.

5 Innumerable choirs before the shining throne  
Their joyful anthems rise,  
Till heaven's glad halls are echoing with the  
Of that great hymn of praise, [tone  
And all its host rejoices,  
And all its blessed throng  
Unite their myriad voices  
In one eternal song.

John Matthew Meyfart, 1626.  
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1858.

THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

879

7. 6. 7. 6.

- 1 Brief life is here our portion,  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life, is there.
- 2 O happy retribution!  
Short toil, eternal rest;  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest!
- 3 And now we fight the battle  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown;
- 4 And now we watch and struggle  
And now we live in hope,  
And Zion in her anguish  
With Babylon must cope;
- 5 But He, whom now we trust in,  
Shall then be seen and known;  
And they that know and see Him  
Shall have Him for their own.
- 6 The morning shall awaken,  
And shadows shall decay,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day.
- 7 Yes, God, my King and Portion,  
In fullness of His grace,  
We then shall see for ever,  
And worship face to face.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145.  
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851.

THE LIFE EVERLAST NG.

880

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

1 The Homeland! O, the Homeland!

The land of souls free-born!

No gloomy night is known there,

But aye the fadeless morn:

I'm sighing for that Country,

My heart is aching here;

There is no pain in Homeland,

To which I'm drawing near.

2 My Lord is in the Homeland,

With angels bright and fair;

No sinful thing nor evil,

Can ever enter there;

The music of the ransomed

Is ringing in my ears,

And when I think of Homeland,

My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the Homeland

Are waiting me to come

Where neither death nor sorrow

Invades their holy home:

O dear, dear native Country!

O rest and peace above!

Christ bring us all to Homeland

Of His eternal love.

Hugh Reginald Haweis, 1855.

881

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

1 For thee O dear country,

Mine eyes their vigils keep;

For very love, beholding

Thy happy name, they weep:

The mention of thy glory

Is unction to the breast,

And medicine in sickness,

And love, and life, and rest.



## THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

- 2 O one, O only mansion:  
O Paradise of joy!  
Where tears are ever banished,  
And smiles have no alloy;  
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,  
The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in the rays;
- 3 Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced;  
The saints build up thy fabric,  
The Corner-stone is Christ.  
The cross is all thy splendor,  
The Crucified thy praise;  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise.
- 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!  
Thou hast no time bright day!  
Dear Fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away!  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
They raise thy holy tower;  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower.
- 5 O sweet and blessèd Country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessèd Country  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest;  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145. .  
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851.

THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

882

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

(Or to Urbs Beata.)

- 1 Jerusalem, the golden,  
    With milk and honey blest!  
Beneath thy contemplation  
    Sink heart and voice opprest.  
I know not, O I know not,  
    What joys await us there;  
What radiancy of glory,  
    What bliss beyond compare.
- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,  
    All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
    And all the martyr throng.  
The Prince is ever in them,  
    The daylight is serene;  
The pastures of the blessed  
    Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David;  
    And there, from care released,  
The song of them that triumph,  
    The shout of them that feast;  
And they, who with their Leader  
    Have conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
    Are clad in robes of white.
- 4 O mine, my golden Zion!  
    O lovelier far than gold!  
With laurel-girt battalions,  
    And safe, victorious fold:  
O sweet and blessed country,  
    Shall I e'er see thy face?  
O sweet and blessed country,  
    Shall I e'er win thy grace?

THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

- 5 Exult, O dust and ashes,  
The Lord shall be thy part:  
His only and for ever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art;  
Exult, O dust and ashes,  
The Lord shall be thy part  
His only and for ever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

Bernard of Cluny. c. 1145.

Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851.

**883**

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

- 1 Those eternal bowers  
Man hath never trod,  
Those unfading flowers  
Round the throne of God:  
Who may hope to gain them  
After weary fight?  
Who at length attain them,  
Clad in robes of white?
- 2 He who wakes from slumber  
At the Spirit's voice,  
Daring here to number  
Things unseen his choice:  
He who casts his burden  
Down at Jesus' cross;  
Christ's reproach his guerdon,  
All beside but loss.
- 3 He who gladly barter  
All on earthly ground;  
He who, like the martyrs,  
Says, "I will be crowned:"  
He whose one oblation  
Is a life of love,  
Knit in God's salvation  
To the blest above.

THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

4 Shame upon you, legions  
Of the heavenly King,  
Citizens of regions  
Past imagining!  
What, with pipe and tabor  
Dream away the light!  
When He bids you labor,  
When He tells you, "Fight?"

5 Jesus, Lord of Glory,  
As we breast the tide,  
Whisper Thou the story  
Of the other side;  
Where the saints are casting  
Crowns before Thy feet,  
Safe for everlasting  
In Thyself complete.

St. John of Damascus, 750.  
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1862.

**884**

8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

1 Upward where the stars are burning,  
Silent, silent in their turning  
Round the never changing pole;  
Upward where the sky is brightest,  
Upward where the blue is lightest,  
Lift I now my longing soul.

2 Far above that arch of gladness,  
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,  
Are the many mansions fair.  
Far from pain and sin and folly,  
In that palace of the holy,  
I would find my mansions there.

3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,  
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,  
And the discord never comes;

### THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

Where life's stream is ever laving,  
And the palm is ever waving,  
That must be the home of homes.

4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,  
By ten thousand voices greeted,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings.  
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,  
Son of God, they own, they own Him;  
With His Name the palace rings.

5 Blessing, honor, without measure,  
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,  
Lay we at His blessed feet:  
Poor the praise that now we render,  
Loud shall be our voices yonder,  
When before His throne we meet.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866.

**885**

6. 6. 6. 6. D.

1 There is a blessed home  
Beyond this land of woe,  
Where trials never come,  
Nor tears of sorrow flow;  
Where faith is lost in sight,  
And patient hope is crowned,  
And everlasting light  
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace,  
Good angels know it well;  
Glad songs that never cease  
Within its portals swell;  
Around its glorious throne  
Ten thousand saints adore  
Christ; with the Father One,  
And spirit, evermore.

THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

3 O joy all joy beyond,  
To see the Lamb who died,  
And count each sacred wound  
In hands, and feet, and side;  
To give to Him the praise  
Of every triumph won,  
And sing through endless days  
The great things He hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,  
Nor fear to tread below  
The path your Saviour trod  
Of daily toil and woe:  
Wait but a little while  
In uncomplaining love,  
His own most gracious smile  
Shall welcome you above.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1861.

886

C. M.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 O could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unclouded eyes;

THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

- 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707.

**887** S. M.

- 1 There is no night in heav'n;  
In that blest world above  
Work never can bring weariness,  
For work itself is love.
- 2 There is no grief in heaven;  
For life is one glad day;  
And tears are of those former things  
Which all have passed away.
- 3 There is no sin in heaven;  
Behold that blessèd throng—  
All holy is their spotless robe,  
All holy is their song.
- 4 There is no death in heaven;  
For they who gain that shore  
Have won their immortality,  
And they can die no more.
- 5 Lord Jesus, be our Guide;  
O lead us safely on,  
Till night and grief and sin and death  
Are past and heaven is won!

Francis Minden Knollis, 1859.  
Verse 5, Rev. John Ellerton, 1871.

**888** 8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

- 1 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
Who doth not crave for rest?  
Who would not seek the happy land  
Where they that loved are blest;



## THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

Where loyal hearts and true,  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight?

- 2 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold?  
Where loyal hearts, etc.
- 3 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
'Tis weary waiting here;  
We long to be where Jesus is,  
To feel, to see Him near;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.
- 4 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
We long to sin no more;  
We long to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.
- 5 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
We greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest Lord  
Is destining for me;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.
- 6 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
We shall not wait for long;  
E'en now the loving ear may catch  
Faint fragments of thy song;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.
- 7 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
O keep us in Thy love,  
And guide us to that happy land  
Of perfect rest above,  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1862.  
Hy. Anc. and Mod. 1868.

# DOXOLOGIES.

---

1.

S. M.

We give Thee glory, Lord,  
Thy majesty adore;  
Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
We bless for evermore.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866.

2.

C. M.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
The God, whom we adore,  
Be glory as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady, 1796.

3.

C. M. D.

The God of mercy be adored,  
Who calls our souls from death,  
Who saves by His redeeming Word  
And new-creating Breath;  
To praise the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit all-Divine,  
The One in Three, and Three in One,  
Let saints and angels join.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

4.

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1693.

DOXOLOGIES.

5.

L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honor, praise, and glory given,  
By all on earth and all in heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707.

6.

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, Three in One,  
All Praise be given!  
Crown Him in every song;  
To Him your hearts belong,  
Let all His praise prolong  
On earth, in heaven.

Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield, 1843.

7.

6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

O God, forever blest,  
To Thee all praise be given;  
Thy Name Triune confest  
By all in earth and heaven;  
As heretofore it was, is now,  
And shall be so for evermore.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1870.

8. Nun danket. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

To God, the Father, Son,  
And ever bless'd Spirit,  
Eternal Three in One,  
Be glory due Thy merit;  
As was in ages past,  
Is now, and still shall be,  
While endless ages last  
Most Holy Trinity.

DOXOLOGIES.

**9.** 7. 6. 7. 6.

To Father, Son, and Spirit,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be loftiest praises given,  
Now and for evermore.

**10.** 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

O Father ever glorious,  
O everlasting Son,  
O Spirit all victorious,  
Thrice holy Three in One,  
Great God of our salvation,  
Whom earth and heaven adore,  
Praise, glory, adoration,  
Be Thine for evermore.

**11.** 7. 7. 7. 7.

Sing we to our God above  
Praise eternal as His love;  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740.

**12.** 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Praise the Name of God, Most High,  
Praise Him, all below the sky,  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;  
As through countless ages past,  
Evermore His praise shall last.

Anon, 1827.

DOXOLOGIES.

**13.**                7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Praise our glorious King and Lord,  
Angels waiting on His word,  
Saints that walk with Him in white,  
Pilgrims walking in His light:  
Glory to the Eternal One,  
Glory to His Only Son,  
Glory to the Spirit, be  
Now, and through eternity.

Rev. Alexander Thompson, 1869.

**14.**                8. 7. 8. 7.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,  
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;  
As it was, and is, be given  
Glory through eternal days.

Anon, 1827.

**15.**    8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. or 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Glory be to God the Father,  
Glory be to God the Son,  
Glory be to God the Spirit,  
Great Jehovah, Three in One:  
Glory, glory,  
While eternal ages run.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866.

**16.**                8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Praise the God of all creation,  
Praise the Father's boundless love;  
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,  
Priest and King enthroned above;  
Praise the Fountain of Salvation,  
Him by whom our spirits live:  
Undivided adoration  
To the One Jehovah give.

Josiah Conder, 1836.

DOXOLOGIES.

17.

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Praise the Father, throned in heaven;  
Praise the everlasting Son;  
Praise the Spirit freely given;  
Praise the blessèd Three in One.  
As of old, the Trinity  
Still is worshipped, still shall be.

Anon.

18.

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

To Father, Son and Spirit blest,  
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,  
Eternal Three in One confest,  
Be highest glory given,  
As hath been from the ages past,  
And shall be while the ages last,  
By all in earth and heaven.

Anon.

19.

L. M. 6 l.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honor, praise, and glory given,  
By all on earth, and all in heaven;  
As was through ages heretofore,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

Rev. Isaac Watts (first 4 lines), 1709.

20.

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host  
And suff'ring saints on earth adore,  
Be glory as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last  
When time itself shall be no more.

DOXOLOGIES.

**21. Ein feste Burg. 8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. 7.**

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God of our Salvation.  
The everlasting Three in One,  
Be endless adoration!  
Now loud His praise proclaim  
And bless His Holy Name;  
Honor and Majesty  
And highest Glory be,  
To God, our Strength, eternal.

**22. 10. 10. 10. 10.**

To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,  
Eternal praise and worship be address;  
From age to age, ye saints, His Name adore,  
And spread His fame, till time shall be no  
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Rev. Simon Browne, 1710; alt.





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